This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

1837
ARTES VERITAS SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE
LIBRARY
OF
RHETORIC AND
CRITICISM

THE GIFT OF
FRED NEWTON SCOTT

J69
B7
188

E LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

UNIV. OF MICH.

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQRE.

From an original sketch by the late George Lambert, Esq.

THE LIFE OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

TOGETHER WITH

THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES

BY

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

NEW EDITIONS

WITH NOTES AND APPENDICES

BY THE LATE

ALEXANDER NAPIER, M.A.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, VICAR OF HOLKHAM,

Editor of the Cambridge Edition of the Theological Works of Barrow.

VOL. IV.

LONDON

GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET

COVENT GARDEN

1889

CHISWICK PRESS:—C WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOL. IV.

		Page
781.	*Lives of the Poets completed*	1
72.	Remarks on Life of Cowley	4
	—— Waller	5
	—— Milton	6-8
	—— Dryden	8-10
	—— Pope	10-15
	—— Addison	15-17
	—— Parnell	17
	—— Blackmore	17-18
	—— Lyttelton	19-20
	—— Swift	23-24
	Letters to and from Warren Hastings	27-31
	Boswell's ninth visit to London	32
	Johnson's agreeable manner to ladies	34
	He dictates to Boswell a note on the registration of deeds	34-35
	His ideal clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Zachariah Mudge	37-38
	Death of Mr. Thrale	43
	Johnson one of his executors	43
	Johnson's dislike of mere "patriots"	44
	Defends caste	45
	Conversation with Mr. Berenger	47
	Johnson's opinion of instruction by lectures	48
	On the resurrection of the body	49
	On apparitions	49-50
	Dinner at Mrs. Garrick's	51
	Note on it by Hannah More	52
	Dinner at Mr. Dilly's, with Wilkes	55-60
	The Blue-stocking Clubs	61
	Boswell tries Johnson's indulgence	61-62
	Various anecdotes	63-67
	Johnson on Whig and Tory	68
	Boswell leaves London	69
	Johnson accompanies him part of the way	69
	They visit Mr. Young, son of the author of Night Thoughts	70-71

		Page
	And arrive at Squire Dilly's	72
	Johnson on original sin	73-74
	They visit Luton-Hoe	77
	Argument for a law case	79-80
	Dr. Burney's story of his joke with Mr. Bewley	84
	Johnson visits Oxford, Birmingham, Lichfield, and Ashbourne	85
1782.	*Death of Robert Levett*	87
Æt. 73.	Johnson's beautiful verses on the occasion	87-88
	Johnson's regard for Mr. Malone	90
	Johnson and his physician, Dr. Lawrence	91
	Curious passage in Johnson's register on the dissolution of the Ministry	96
	Johnson's letter to Boswell on the death of his father	102-103
	Johnson takes leave of Streatham	107
1783.	*Boswell's tenth visit to London*	110
Æt. 74.	Finds Johnson very ill	110
	Vigorous remarks on non-success in life	116
	Anecdotes and sayings	117-129
	On precision and clearness of style	130
	"Lend me sixpence, not to be repaid"	131
	Johnson's ease with Boswell	132
	Mr. Windham "will soon make a very pretty rascal"	138
	Johnson's intercession for Lowe, the painter	139
	"Clear your mind of cant"	154
	Boswell returns to Scotland	157
	Johnson has a severe stroke of palsy	160
	His affection for Tom Davies	162
	He recovers, and pays some visits	164
	Attacked with gout and other complaints	169
	Receives a visit from Mrs. Siddons	172
	Letter to Mrs. Chapone on Lord Carlisle's play	176-177
	Letter to Boswell	177
	Meeting of the old Club in Ivy Lane	181
	A new club instituted	182
	Johnson seized with asthma	184
1784.	*Letters to Boswell and others*	185-193
Æt. 75.	Boswell obtains medical opinions	190
	Melancholy letters to Boswell, Langton, and Taylor	191-197
	Letter to Miss Jane Langton	197
	Boswell's eleventh visit to London	198
	Johnson in fine spirits at the Essex Head Club	200-201
	Dinner at Mr. Hoole's	205-206
	Testimony and argument	206
	Johnson and Boswell visit Oxford	207
	On forms of Prayer	216
	Dr. Nowel's sermon	218
	Adams and Johnson discourse on death and life	220-222
	Johnson and Boswell return to London	228
	List of books recommended to young Mr. Astle	229

PAGE
Some anecdotes of Johnson by Mr. Steevens . . 238
Johnson's last dinner at the Literary Club . . . 240
His friends desire that he should winter in Italy . . 240
Captain Carleton's memoirs 244
The Lord Chancellor's answer to the application for assistance to winter in Italy 247
Boswell stays a day longer in London to talk over the plan with Johnson 247-248
Boswell's farewell to Johnson, and return to Scotland . 249
Mrs. Thrale becomes Mrs. Piozzi 250
Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes 250-256
The negotiation concerning the journey to Italy . 257-259
Johnson erects a stone to the memory of his wife . . 261
Makes a visit to Staffordshire and Derbyshire . . 262
Letters to Dr. Brocklesby 262-268
—— Mr. Hoole and others 269-281
Johnson at Lichfield for the last time 282
He relates the circumstance of his penance at Uttoxeter 283
Visits Birmingham and Mr. Hector 285
Proceeds to Oxford and is received by Dr. Adams . 286
Returns to London 287
Sad state of ill health 290
Imitations of Johnson's style 293
Johnson orders a tombstone to be placed over his parents' grave in St. Michael's Church, Lichfield . 300
Johnson prepares for death 301
Makes his will 308
Receives the affectionate attentions of many friends 312-313
Dec. 13, 1784. Departs this life 320
Buried in Westminster Abbey 322
Portraits of Johnson 324
Monument and epitaph 326
Description of Johnson's person and character . . 328
Chronological Catalogue of Prose works . . . 335

APPENDIX.

Letters from Johnson to different persons . . . 349
Malone's note on certain quotations 364
—— the Rev. James Compton 365
Mr. Croker's treatment of Miss Burney (note by Editor) 368
Churton's remarks on Boswell's work 371
On Captain Carleton's memoirs (note by Editor) . . 375
Justification of Dr. Strahan (note by Editor) . . 377
Johnson's catalogue of schemes 380
Johnson's relations with the Lowes (note by Editor) . 385
Hoole's narrative 394
Portraits of Johnson (note by Editor) 404

THE LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

IN 1781, Johnson at last completed his "Lives of the Poets," of which he gives this account: "Some time in March I finished the 'Lives of the Poets,' which I wrote in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste."[1] In a memorandum previous to this, he says of them: "Written, I hope, in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety."[2]

This is the work which, of all Dr. Johnson's writings, will perhaps be read most generally, and with most pleasure. Philology and biography were his favourite pursuits, and those who lived most in intimacy with him, heard him upon all occasions, when there was a proper opportunity, take delight in expatiating upon the various merits of the English poets: upon the niceties of their characters, and the events of their progress through the world which they contributed to illuminate. His mind was so full of that kind of information, and it was so well arranged in his memory, that in performing what he had undertaken in this way, he had little more to do than to put his thoughts upon paper; exhibiting first each poet's life, and then subjoining a critical examination of his genius and works. But when he began to write, the subject swelled in such a manner, that instead of prefaces to each poet, of no more

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 184. First Edit. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 168.

than a few pages, as he had originally intended,[1] he produced an ample, rich, and most entertaining view of them in every respect. In this he resembled Quintilian, who tells us, that in the composition of his "Institutions of Oratory," "*Latiùs se tamen aperiente materiâ, plus quàm imponebatur oneris sponte suscepi.*" The booksellers, justly sensible of the great additional value of the copyright, presented him with another hundred pounds, over and above two hundred, for which his agreement was to furnish such prefaces as he thought fit.[2]

This was, however, but a small recompense for such a collection of biography, and such principles and illustrations of criticism, as, if digested and arranged in one system, by some modern Aristotle or Longinus, might form a code upon that subject, such as no other nation can show. As he was so good as to make me a present of the greatest part of the original, and indeed only, manuscript of this admirable work, I have an opportunity of observing with wonder the correctness with which he rapidly struck off such glowing composition. He may be assimilated to the lady in Waller, who could impress with "love at first sight:"

> "Some other nymphs with colours faint,
> And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
> And a weak heart in time destroy:
> She has a stamp, and prints the boy."

[1] His design is thus announced in his advertisement: "The booksellers having determined to publish a body of English poetry, I was persuaded to promise them a preface to the works of each author; an undertaking, as it was then presented to my mind, not very tedious or difficult.

"My purpose was only to have allotted to every poet an advertisement, like that which we find in the French Miscellanies, containing a few dates, and a general character; but I have been led beyond my intention, I hope by the honest desire of giving useful pleasure."

[2] He had bargained for two hundred guineas, and the booksellers spontaneously added a *third* hundred. On this occasion the great moralist observed to the writer of this article, "Sir, I always said, the booksellers were a generous set of men. Nor, in the present instance, have I reason to complain. The fact is, not that they have paid me too little, but that I have written too much." The Lives were soon published in a separate edition; when, for a very few corrections, he was presented with another hundred guineas.—*Nichols' Anecdotes*, viii. p. 416.—*Editor.*

That he, however, had a good deal of trouble, and some anxiety, in carrying on the work, we see from a series of letters to Mr. Nichols, the printer,[1] whose variety of literary inquiry and obliging disposition rendered him useful to Johnson.

Mr. Steevens appears, from the papers in my possession, to have supplied him with some anecdotes and quotations; and I observe the fair hand[2] of Mrs. Thrale as one of his copyists of select passages. But he was principally in-

[1] Thus :—" In the Life of Waller, Mr. Nichols will find a reference to the Parliamentary History, from which a long quotation is to be inserted. If Mr. Nichols cannot easily find the book, Mr. Johnson will send it from Streatham.

" Clarendon is here returned.

" By some accident I laid *your* note upon Duke up so safely, that I cannot find it. Your informations have been of great use to me. I must beg it again, with another list of our authors, for I have laid that with the other. I have sent Stepney's Epitaph. Let me have the revises as soon as can be. December, 1778.

" I have sent Philips, with his Epitaphs, to be inserted. The fragment of a preface is hardly worth the impression, but that we may seem to do something. It may be added to the Life of Philips. The Latin page is to be added to the Life of Smith. I shall be at home to revise the two sheets of Milton. March 1, 1779.

" Please to get me the last edition of Hughes's Letters; and try to get Dennis upon Blackmore and upon Cato, and any thing of the same writer against Pope. Our materials are defective.

" As Waller professed to have imitated Fairfax, do you think a few pages of Fairfax would enrich our edition? Few readers have seen it, and it may please them. But it is not necessary.

" An account of the Lives and Works of some of the most eminent English Poets, by, &c. The English Poets, biographically and critically considered, by Sam. Johnson. Let Mr. Nichols take his choice, or make another to his mind. May, 1781.

" You somehow forgot the advertisement for the new edition. It was not enclosed. Of Gay's Letters I see not that any use can be made, for they give no information of any thing. That he was a member of a philosophical society is something; but surely he could be but a corresponding member. However, not having his life here, I know not how to put it in, and it is of little importance."

See several more in The Gentleman's Magazine, 1785. The editor of that miscellany, in which Johnson wrote for several years, seems justly to think that every fragment of so great a man is worthy of being preserved.

[2] A *fair hand*, in more than one sense—her writing is an almost perfect specimen of caligraphy, as beautiful, I think, as I ever saw; and this power remained unimpaired to the last years of her long life.—*Croker.*

debted to my steady friend, Mr. Isaac Reed, of Staple-inn, whose extensive and accurate knowledge of English literary history I do not express with exaggeration, when I say it is wonderful: indeed, his labours have proved it to the world; and all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance can bear testimony to the frankness of his communications in private society.

It is not my intention to dwell upon each of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," or attempt an analysis of their merits, which, were I able to do it, would take up too much room in this work; yet I shall make a few observations upon some of them, and insert a few various readings.

The Life of COWLEY he himself considered as the best of the whole, on account of the dissertation which it contains on the *Metaphysical Poets*. Dryden, whose critical abilities were equal to his poetical, had mentioned them in his excellent Dedication of his Juvenal, but had barely mentioned them. Johnson has exhibited them at large, with such happy illustration from their writings, and in so luminous a manner, that indeed he may be allowed the full merit of novelty, and to have discovered to us, as it were, a new planet in the poetical hemisphere.

It is remarked by Johnson, in considering the works of a poet,[1] that "amendments are seldom made without some token of a rent;" but I do not find that this is applicable to prose.[2] We shall see, that though his amendments in this work are for the better, there is nothing of the *pannus assutus;* the texture is uniform; and indeed, what had been there at first, is very seldom unfit to have remained.

Various Readings[3] *in the Life of* COWLEY.

"All [future votaries of] *that may hereafter pant for* solitude.

Life of Sheffield.

See, however, vol. iii., p. 433, where the same remark is made, and Johnson is there speaking of *prose*. In his Life of Dryden, his observations on the opera of King Arthur furnish a striking instance of the truth of this remark.—*Malone.*

[3] The original reading is enclosed in crotchets and the present one is printed in italics.

"To conceive and execute the [agitation or perception] *pains and the pleasures* of other minds.

"The wide effulgence of [the blazing] *a summer* noon."

In the Life of WALLER, Johnson gives a distinct and animated narrative of public affairs in that variegated period, with strong yet nice touches of character; and having a fair opportunity to display his political principles, does it with an unqualified manly confidence, and satisfies his readers how nobly he might have executed a *Tory History* of his country.

So easy is his style in these Lives, that I do not recollect more than three uncommon or learned words: one, when giving an account of the approach of Waller's mortal disease, he says, "he found his legs grow *tumid;*" by using the expression his legs *swelled*, he would have avoided this; and there would have been no impropriety in its being followed by the interesting question to his physician, "What that *swelling* meant?" Another, when he mentions that Pope had *emitted* proposals; when *published* or *issued* would have been more readily understood; and a third, when he calls Orrery and Dr. Delaney writers both undoubtedly *veracious;* when *true, honest*, or *faithful* might have been used. Yet, it must be owned, that none of these are *hard* or *too big* words; that custom would make them seem as easy as any others; and that a language is richer and capable of more beauty of expression, by having a greater variety of synonymes.

His dissertation upon the unfitness of poetry for the awful subjects of our holy religion, though I do not entirely agree with him, has all the merit of originality, with uncommon force and reasoning.

Various Readings in the Life of WALLER.

"Consented to [the insertion of their names] *their own nomination.*

"[After] *paying* a fine of ten thousand pounds.

"Congratulating Charles the Second on his [coronation] *recovered rights.*

"He that has flattery ready for all whom the vicissitudes of

the world happen to exalt, must be [confessed to degrade his powers] *scorned as a prostituted mind.*

"The characters by which Waller intended to distinguish his writings are [elegance] *sprightliness* and dignity.

"Blossoms to be valued only as they [fetch] *foretell* fruits.

"Images such as the superficies of nature [easily] *readily* supplies.

"[His] *Some* applications [are sometimes] *may be thought* too remote and unconsequential.

"His images are [sometimes confused] *not always distinct.*"

Against his "Life of Milton," the hounds of whiggism have opened in full cry. But of Milton's great excellence as a poet, where shall we find such a blazon as by the hand of Johnson? I shall select only the following passage concerning "Paradise Lost:"—

"Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked his reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current, through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting, without impatience, the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation."

Indeed even Dr. Towers, who may be considered as one of the warmest zealots of *The Revolution Society* itself, allows, that "Johnson has spoken in the highest terms of the abilities of that great poet, and has bestowed on his principal poetical compositions the most honourable encomiums."[1]

[1] See An Essay on the Life, Character, and Writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson, London, 1787; which is very well written, making a proper allowance for the democratical bigotry of its author; whom I cannot however but admire for his liberality in speaking thus of my illustrious friend:—

"He possessed extraordinary powers of understanding, which were much cultivated by study, and still more by meditation and reflection. His memory was remarkably retentive, his imagination uncommonly vigorous, and his judgment keen and penetrating. He had a strong sense of the importance of religion; his piety was sincere, and sometimes ardent; and his zeal for the interests of virtue was often manifested in

That a man, who venerated the church and monarchy as Johnson did, should speak with a just abhorrence of Milton as a politician, or rather as a daring foe to good polity, was surely to be expected; and to those who censure him, I would recommend his commentary on Milton's celebrated complaint of his situation, when by the lenity of Charles the Second, "a lenity of which," as Johnson well observes, "the world has had perhaps no other example, he, who had written in justification of the murder of his sovereign, was safe under an *Act of Oblivion*." "No sooner is he safe than he finds himself in danger, *fallen on evil days and evil tongues, with darkness and with dangers compassed round.* This darkness, had his eyes been better employed, had undoubtedly deserved compassion; but to add the mention of danger was ungrateful and unjust. He was fallen, indeed, on *evil days;* the time was come in which regicides could no longer boast their wickedness. But of *evil tongues* for Milton to complain, required impudence at least equal to his other powers; Milton, whose warmest advocates must allow, that he never spared any asperity of reproach, or brutality of insolence."

I have, indeed, often wondered how Milton, "an acrimonious and surly republican,"[1]—"a man who in his domestic relations was so severe and arbitrary," and whose head was filled with the hardest and most dismal tenets of Calvinism, should have been such a poet; should not only have written with sublimity, but with beauty, and even gaiety; should have exquisitely painted the sweetest sensations of which our nature is capable; imaged the delicate raptures of connubial love; nay, seemed to be animated with all the spirit of revelry. It is a proof that in the human mind the departments of judgment and imagination, perception and temper, may sometimes be divided by

his conversation and in his writings. The same energy which was displayed in his literary productions was exhibited also in his conversation, which was various, striking and instructive; and perhaps no man ever equalled him for nervous and pointed repartees. His Dictionary, his Moral Essays, and his productions in polite literature will convey useful instruction, and elegant entert which they are written shall be

[1] Johnson's Life of Mil

strong partitions; and that the light and shade in the same character may be kept so distinct as never to be blended.[1]

In the "Life of Milton," Johnson took occasion to maintain his own and the general opinion of the excellence of rhyme over blank verse, in English poetry; and quotes this apposite illustration of it by "an ingenious critic," that *it seems to be verse only to the eye.*[2] The gentleman whom he thus characterises is (as he told Mr. Steward) Mr. Lock, of Norbury Park, in Surrey, whose knowledge and taste in the fine arts is universally celebrated; with whose elegance of manners the writer of the present work has felt himself much impressed, and to whose virtues a common friend, who has known him long and is not much addicted to flattery, gives the highest testimony.

Various Readings in the Life of MILTON.

"I cannot find any meaning but this which [his most bigoted advocates] *even kindness and reverence* can give.

"[Perhaps no] *scarcely any* man ever wrote so much, and praised so few.

"A certain [rescue] *preservative* from oblivion.

"Let me not be censured for this digression, as [contracted] *pedantic* or paradoxical.

"Socrates rather was of opinion, that what we had to learn was how to [obtain and communicate happiness] *do good and avoid evil.*

"Its elegance [who can exhibit?] *is less attainable.*"

I could, with pleasure, expatiate upon the masterly execution of the "Life of Dryden," which we have seen was one of Johnson's literary projects at an early period, and which it is remarkable, that after desisting from it, from a sup-

[1] Mr. Malone thinks it is rather a proof that he felt nothing of those cheerful sensations which he has described: that on these topics it is the *poet* and not the *man*, that writes.

[2] One of the most natural instances of the effect of blank verse occurred to the late Earl of Hopeton. His lordship observed one of his shepherds poring in the fields upon Milton's Paradise Lost; and having asked him what book it was, the man answered, "An't please your lordship, this is a very odd sort of an author: he would fain rhyme, but cannot get at it."

posed scantiness of materials, he should, at an advanced age, have exhibited so amply.

His defence of that great poet against the illiberal attacks upon him, as if his embracing the Roman Catholic communion had been a time-serving measure, is a piece of reasoning at once able and candid. Indeed, Dryden himself, in his "Hind and Panther," hath given such a picture of his mind, that they who know the anxiety for repose as to the awful subject of our state beyond the grave, though they may think his opinion ill-founded, must think charitably of his sentiment:—

"But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O! teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd;
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
But Her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promised never to forsake.
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires;
My manhood long misled by wand'ring fires,
Follow'd false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
Good life be now my task; my doubts are done;
What more could shock my faith than Three in One?"

In drawing Dryden's character, Johnson has given, though I suppose unintentionally, some touches of his own. Thus: "The power that predominated in his intellectual operations was rather strong reason than quick sensibility. Upon all occasions that were presented, he studied rather than felt; and produced sentiments not such as nature enforces, but meditation supplies. With the simple and elemental passions, as they spring separate in the mind, he seems not much acquainted. He is, therefore, with all his variety of excellence, not often pathetic, and had so little sensibility of the power of effusions purely natural, that he did not esteem them in others." It may indeed be observed, that

in all the numerous writings of Johnson, whether in prose or verse, and even in his tragedy, of which the subject is the distress of an unfortunate princess, there is not a single passage that ever drew a tear.[1]

Various Readings in the Life of DRYDEN.

"The reason of this general perusal, Addison has attempted to [find in] *derive from* the delight which the mind feels in the investigation of secrets.

"His best actions are but [convenient] *inability of* wickedness.

"When once he had engaged himself in disputation, [matter] *thoughts* flowed in on either side.

"The abyss of an un-ideal [emptiness] *vacancy.*

"These, like [many other harlots], *the harlots of other men,* had his love, though not his approbation.

"He [sometimes displays] *descends to display* his knowledge with pedantic ostentation.

"French words which [were then used in] *had then crept into* conversation."

The Life of POPE[2] was written by Johnson *con amore,* both from the early possession which that writer had taken of his mind, and from the pleasure which he must have felt, in for ever silencing all attempts to lessen his poetical fame, by demonstrating his excellence, and pronouncing the following triumphant eulogium:

"After all this, it is surely superfluous to answer the question that has once been asked, Whether Pope was a poet? otherwise than by asking in return, if Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition, will only show the narrowness of the definer; though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us inquire to

[1] The deep and pathetic morality of the Vanity of Human Wishes, has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over the pages of professed sentimentality.—*Walter Scott.*

[2] Mr. D'Israeli has, in the third volume of his Literary Curiosities, favoured the public with an original memorandum of Dr. Johnson's, of hints for the Life of Pope, written down as they were suggested to his mind in the course of his researches.—*Chalmers.*

whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined, and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed."

I remember once to have heard Johnson say, "Sir, a thousand years may elapse before there shall appear another man with a power of versification equal to that of Pope." That power must undoubtedly be allowed its due share in enhancing the value of his captivating composition.

Johnson, who had done liberal justice to Warburton in his edition of Shakspeare, which was published during the life of that powerful writer, with still greater liberality took an opportunity, in the life of Pope, of paying the tribute due to him when he was no longer in "high place," but numbered with the dead.[1]

[1] Of Johnson's conduct towards Warburton, a very honourable notice is taken by the Editor of "Tracts by Warburton, and a Warburtonian, not admitted into the Collection of their respective Works." After an able and "fond, though not undistinguishing," consideration of Warburton's character, he says,—

"In two immortal works, Johnson has stood forth in the foremost rank of his admirers. By the testimony of such a man, impertinence must be abashed, and malignity itself must be softened. Of literary merit, Johnson, as we all know, was a sagacious but a most severe judge. Such was his discernment, that he pierced into the most secret springs of human actions; and such was his integrity, that he always weighed the moral characters of his fellow-creatures in the 'balance of the sanctuary.' He was too courageous to propitiate a rival, and too proud to truckle to a superior. Warburton he knew, as I know him, and as every man of sense and virtue would wish to be known,—I mean, both from his own writings, and from the writings of those who dissented from his principles or who envied his reputation. But, as to favours, he had never received or asked any from the Bishop of Gloucester; and, if my memory fails me not, he had seen him only once, when they met almost without design, conversed without much effort, and parted without any lasting impression of hatred or affection. Yet, with all the ardour of sympathetic genius, Johnson had done that spontaneously and ably, which, by some writers, had been before attempted injudiciously, and which, by others, from whom more successful attempts might have been expected, has not *hitherto* been done at all. He spoke well of Warburton, without insulting those whom Warburton despised. He suppressed not the imperfections of this extraordinary man, while he endeavoured to do justice to his numerous and transcendental excellences. He defended him when living, amidst the clamours of his enemies; and praised him when dead, amidst the *silence of his friends*."

Having availed myself of the eulogy of this editor [Dr. Parr], on my

It seems strange, that two such men as Johnson and Warburton, who lived in the same age and country, should not only not have been in any degree of intimacy, but been almost personally unacquainted.[1] But such instances, though we must wonder at them, are not rare. If I am rightly informed, after a careful inquiry, they never met but once, which was at the house of Mrs. French, in London, well known for her elegant assemblies and bringing eminent characters together. The interview proved to be mutually agreeable.

I am well informed, that Warburton said of Johnson, "I admire him, but I cannot bear his style:" and that Johnson being told of this, said, "That is exactly my case as to him." The manner in which he expressed his admiration of the fertility of Warburton's genius and of the variety of his materials, was, "The table is always full, Sir. He brings things from the north, and the south, and from every quarter. In his 'Divine Legation,' you are always

departed friend, for which I warmly thank him, let me not suffer the lustre of his reputation, honestly acquired by profound learning and vigorous eloquence, to be tarnished by a charge of illiberality. He has been accused of invidiously dragging again into light certain writings of a person [Bishop Hurd] respectable by his talents, his learning, his station, and his age, which were published a great many years ago, and have since, it is said, been silently given up by their author. But when it is considered that these writings were not *sins of youth*, but deliberate works of one well advanced in life, overflowing at once with flattery to a great man of great interest in the church, and with unjust and acrimonious abuse of two men of eminent merit; and that, though it would have been unreasonable to expect an humiliating recantation, no apology whatever has been made in the cool of the evening, for the oppressive fervour of the heat of the day; no slight relenting indication has appeared in any note, or any corner of later publications; is it not fair to understand him as superciliously persevering? When he allows the shafts to remain in the wounds, and will not stretch forth a lenient hand, is it wrong, is it not generous, to become an indignant avenger?

[1] "Were you ever, Sir," said a person to Johnson, "in company with Dr. Warburton?" He answered, "I never saw him till one evening, about a week ago, at the Bishop of St. [Asaph's]: at first he looked surlily at me; but after we had been jostled into conversation, he took me to a window, asked me some questions, and before we parted, was so well pleased with me, that he patted me." "You always, Sir, preserved a respect for him?" "Yes, and justly: when as yet I was in no favour with the world, he spoke well of me, and I hope I never forgot the obligation."—Hawkins's Apoph., Johnson's Works, vol. xi., p. 213.—*Croker.* [Johnsoniana, p. 135.]

entertained. He carries you round and round, without carrying you forward to the point, but then you have no wish to be carried forward." He said to the Reverend Mr. Strahan, "Warburton is perhaps the last man who has written with a mind full of reading and reflection."

It is remarkable that in the Life of Broome, Johnson takes notice of Dr. Warburton's using a mode of expression which he himself used, and that not seldom, to the great offence of those who did not know him. Having occasion to mention a note, stating the different parts which were executed by the associated translators of "The Odyssey," he says, "Dr. Warburton told me, in his warm language, that he thought the relation given in the note *a lie.*" The language is *warm* indeed; and, I must own, cannot be justified in consistency with a decent regard to the established forms of speech. Johnson had accustomed himself to use the word *lie,* to express a mistake or an error in relation; in short, when the *thing was not so as told,* though the relator did not *mean* to deceive. When he thought there was intentional falsehood in the relator, his expression was, "He *lies,* and he *knows* he *lies.*"

Speaking of Pope's not having been know to excel in conversation, Johnson observes, that "traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery, or sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, wise or merry; and that one apophthegm only is recorded." In this respect, Pope differed widely from Johnson, whose conversation was, perhaps, more admirable than even his writings, however excellent. Mr. Wilkes has, however, favoured me with one repartee of Pope, of which Johnson was not informed. Johnson, after justly censuring him for having "nursed in his mind a foolish disesteem of kings," tells us, "yet a little regard shown him by the Prince of Wales melted his obduracy; and he had not much to say when he was asked by his royal highness, *how he could love a prince while he disliked kings?*" The answer which Pope made was, "The young lion is harmless, and even playful; but when his claws are full grown, he becomes cruel, dreadful, and mischievous."

But although we have no collection of Pope's sayings, it is not therefore to be concluded, that he was not agreeable

and I request that my readers may consider it with particular attention. It will be afterwards referred to in this work.

Various Readings in the Life of ADDISON.

"[But he was our first example.] *He was, however, one of our earliest examples* of correctness.

"And [overlook] *despise* their masters.

"His instructions were such as the [state] *character* of his [own time] *readers* made [necessary] proper.

"His purpose was to [diffuse] *infuse* literary curiosity by gentle and unsuspected conveyance [among] *into* the gay, the idle, and the wealthy.

"Framed rather for those that [wish] *are learning* to write.

"Domestic [manners] *scenes.*"

In his Life of PARNELL, I wonder that Johnson omitted to insert an epitaph which he had long before composed for that amiable man, without ever writing it down, but which he was so good as, at my request, to dictate to me, by which means it has been preserved.

"Hic requiescit THOMAS PARNELL, S. T. P.

"Qui sacerdos pariter et poeta,
Utrasque partes ita implevit,
Ut neque sacerdoti suavitas poetæ,
Nec poetæ sacerdotis sanctitas, deesset."

Various Readings in the Life of PARNELL.

"About three years [after] *afterwards.*

"[Did not much want] *was in no great need of* improvement.

"But his prosperity *did not last long* [was clouded with that which took away all his powers of enjoying either profit or pleasure, the death of his wife, whom he is said to have lamented with such sorrow, as hastened his end.] His end, whatever was the cause, was now approaching.

"In the Hermit, the [composition] *narrative*, as it is less airy, is less pleasing."

In the Life of BLACKMORE, we find that writer's reputation generously cleared by Johnson from the cloud of

prejudice which the malignity of contemporary wits had raised around it. In the spirited exertion of justice, he has been imitated by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his praise of the architecture of Vanbrugh.

We trace Johnson's own character in his observations on Blackmore's "magnanimity as an author." "The incessant attacks of his enemies, whether serious or merry, are never discovered to have disturbed his quiet, or to have lessened his confidence in himself." Johnson, I recollect, once told me, laughing heartily, that he understood it has been said of him, "He *appears* not to feel; but when he is *alone*, depend upon it, he *suffers sadly*." I am as certain as I can be of any man's real sentiments, that he *enjoyed* the perpetual shower of little hostile arrows, as evidences of his fame.

Various Readings in the Life of BLACKMORE.

"To [not] *engage* poetry [on the side] *in the cause* of virtue.

"He likewise [established] *enforced* the truth of Revelation.

"[Kindness] *benevolence* was ashamed to favour.

"His practice, which was once [very extensive] *invidiously great*.

"There is scarcely any distemper of dreadful name [of] which he has not [shown] *taught his reader* how [it is to be opposed] *to oppose*.

"Of this [contemptuous] *indecent* arrogance.

"[He wrote] *but produced* likewise a work of a different kind.

"At least [written] *compiled* with integrity.

"Faults which many tongues [were desirous] *would have made haste* to publish.

"But though he [had not] *could not boast of* much critical knowledge.

"He [used] *waited for* no felicities of fancy.

"Or had ever elated his [mind] *views* to that ideal perfection which every [mind] *genius* born to excel is condemned always to pursue and never to overtake.

"The [first great] *fundamental* principle of wisdom and of virtue.

Various Readings in the Life of PHILIPS.

"His dreaded [rival] *antagonist* Pope.

"They [have not often much] *are not loaded with* thought.

"In his translation from Pindar, he [will not be denied to have reached] *found the art of reaching* all the obscurity of the Theban bard."

Various Readings in the Life of CONGREVE.

"Congreve's conversation must surely have been *at least* equally pleasing with his writings.

"It apparently [requires] *presupposes* a similar knowledge of many characters.

"Reciprocation of [similes] *conceits.*

"The dialogue is [quick and various] *sparkling.*

"Love for Love; a comedy [more drawn from life] *of nearer alliance to life.*

"The general character of his miscellanies is, that they show little wit and [no] *little* virtue.

"[Perhaps] *certainly* he had not the fire requisite for the higher species of lyric poetry."

Various Readings in the Life of TICKELL.

"[Longed] *long wished* to peruse it.

"At the [accession] *arrival* of King George.

"Fiction [unnaturally] *unskilfully* compounded of Grecian deities and Gothic fairies."

Various Readings in the Life of AKENSIDE.

"For [another] *a different* purpose.

"[A furious] *an unnecessary*, and outrageous zeal.

"[Something which] *what* he called and thought liberty.

"[A favourer of innovation] *lover of contradiction.*

"Warburton's [censure] *objections.*

"His rage [for liberty] *of patriotism.*

"Mr. Dyson with [a zeal] *an ardour* of friendship.

In the Life of LYTTELTON, Johnson seems to have been not favourably disposed towards that nobleman. Mrs. Thrale suggests that he was offended by *Molly Aston's* preference of his lordship to him.[1] I can by no means join

[1] Let not my readers smile to think of Johnson's being a candidate for female favour; Mr. Peter G[illegible] told by

in the censure bestowed by Johnson on his lordship, whom he calls "poor Lyttelton," for returning thanks to the critical reviewers, for having "kindly commended" his "Dialogues of the Dead." Such "acknowledgments," says my friend, "never can be proper, since they must be paid either for flattery or for justice." In my opinion, the most upright man, who has been tried on a false accusation, may, when he is acquitted, make a bow to his jury. And when those, who are so much the arbiters of literary merit, as in a considerable degree to influence the public opinion, review an author's work, *placido lumine*, when I I am afraid mankind in general are better pleased with severity, he may surely express a grateful sense of their civility.

Various Readings in the Life of LYTTELTON.

"He solaced [himself] *his grief* by writing a long poem to her memory.

"The production rather [of a mind that means well, than thinks vigorously] *as it seems of leisure than of study, rather effusions than compositions.*

"His last literary [work] *production.*

"[Found the way] *undertook* to persuade."

a lady, that, in her opinion, Johnson was "a very *seducing man.*" Disadvantages of person and manner may be forgotten, where intellectual pleasure is communicated to a susceptible mind; and that Johnson was capable of feeling the most delicate and disinterested attachment appears from the following letter, which is published by Mrs. Thrale, with some others to the same person, of which the excellence is not so apparent:

"TO MISS BOOTHBY.

"January, 1755.

"DEAREST MADAM,—Though I am afraid your illness leaves you little leisure for the reception of airy civilities, yet I cannot forbear to pay you my congratulations on the new year; and to declare my wishes that your years to come may be many and happy. In this wish, indeed, I include myself, who have none but you on whom my heart reposes; yet surely I wish your good, even though your situation were such as should permit you to communicate no gratifications, to, dearest, dearest Madam, your, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

There is here a slight mistake in the text. It was not Molly Aston, but Hill Boothby, for whose affections Johnson and Lord Lyttelton were rival candidates. See Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 160-1.—*Malone.* [Johnsoniana, pp. 66, 67.]

As the introduction to his critical examination of the genius and writings of YOUNG, he did Mr. Herbert Croft, then a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, now a clergyman, the honour to adopt a Life of Young, written by that gentleman, who was the friend of Dr. Young's son, and wished to vindicate him from some very erroneous remarks to his prejudice. Mr. Croft's performance was subjected to the revision of Dr. Johnson, as appears from the following note to Mr. John Nichols:[1]

"This life of Dr. Young was written by a friend of his son. What is crossed with black is expunged by the author, what is crossed with red is expunged by me. If you find any thing more that can be well omitted, I shall not be sorry to see it yet shorter."

It has always appeared to me to have a considerable share of merit, and to display a pretty successful imitation of Johnson's style. When I mentioned this to a very eminent literary character,[2] he opposed me vehemently, exclaiming, "No, no, it is *not* a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength." This was an image so happy, that one might have thought he would have been satisfied with it; but he was not. And setting his mind again to work, he added, with exquisite felicity, "It has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration."

Mr. Croft very properly guards us against supposing that Young was a gloomy man; and mentions, that "his parish was indebted to the good-humour of the author of the 'Night Thoughts' for an assembly and a bowling-green." A letter from a noble foreigner is quoted, in which he is said to have been "very pleasant in conversation."

Mr. Langton, who frequently visited him, informs me that there was an air of benevolence in his manner, but that he could obtain from him less information than he

[1] Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lv., p. 10.
[2] Burke.—*Malone.*

had hoped to receive from one who had lived so much in intercourse with the brightest men of what has been called the Augustan age of England; and that he showed a degree of eager curiosity concerning the common occurrences that were then passing, which appeared somewhat remarkable in a man of such intellectual stores, of such an advanced age, and who had retired from life with declared disappointment in his expectations.

An instance at once of his pensive turn of mind, and his cheerfulness of temper, appeared in a little story, which he himself told to Mr. Langton, when they were walking in his garden: "Here (said he) I had put a handsome sundial, with this inscription, *Eheu fugaces!* which (speaking with a smile) was sadly verified, for by the next morning my dial had been carried off."[1]

It gives me much pleasure to observe, that however Johnson may have casually talked, yet when he sits, as "an ardent judge zealous to his trust, giving sentence" upon the excellent works of Young, he allows them the high praise to which they are justly entitled. "The *Universal Passion*," says he, "is indeed a very great performance,—his distichs have the weight of solemn sentiment, and his points the sharpness of resistless truth."

But I was most anxious concerning Johnson's decision upon "Night Thoughts," which I esteem as a mass of the grandest and richest poetry that human genius has ever produced; and was delighted to find this character of that work: "In his 'Night Thoughts' he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflection and striking allusions: a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme, but with disadvantage." And afterwards, "Particular lines

[1] The late Mr. James Ralph told Lord Macartney, that he passed an evening with Dr. Young at Lord Melcombe's (then Mr. Doddington), at Hammersmith. The doctor happening to go out into the garden, Mr. Doddington observed to him, on his return, that it was a dreadful night, as in truth it was, there being a violent storm of rain and wind. "No, Sir," replied the doctor, "it is a very fine night. The Lord is abroad!"

are not to be regarded; the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity."

But there is in this poem not only all that Johnson so well brings in view, but a power of the *pathetic* beyond almost any example that I have seen. He who does not feel his nerves shaken and his heart pierced by many passages in this extraordinary work, particularly by that most affecting one, which describes the gradual torment suffered by the contemplation of an object of affectionate attachment visibly and certainly decaying into dissolution, must be of a hard and obstinate frame.

To all the other excellences of "Night Thoughts" let me add the great and peculiar one,—that they contain not only the noblest sentiments of virtue and contemplations on immortality, but the *Christian sacrifice*, the *divine propitiation*, with all its interesting circumstances, and consolations to a "wounded spirit," solemnly and poetically displayed in such imagery and language, as cannot fail to exalt, animate, and soothe the truly pious. No book whatever can be recommended to young persons, with better hopes of seasoning their minds with *vital religion*, than "Young's Night Thoughts."

In the Life of SWIFT, it appears to me that Johnson had a certain degree of prejudice against that extraordinary man, of which I have elsewhere had occasion to speak. Mr. Thomas Sheridan imputed it to a supposed apprehension in Johnson, that Swift had not been sufficiently active in obtaining for him an Irish degree when it was solicited; but of this there was not sufficient evidence; and let me not presume to charge Johnson with injustice, because he did not think so highly of the writings of this author, as I have done from my youth upwards. Yet that he had an unfavourable bias is evident, were it only from that passage in which he speaks of Swift's practice of saving, as "first ridiculous, and at last detestable;" and yet, after some examination of circumstances, finds himself obliged to own, that "it will perhaps appear that he only liked one mode of expense better than another, and saved merely that he might have something to give."

One observation which Johnson makes in Swift's life should be often inculcated: "It may be justly supposed, that there was in his conversation what appears so frequently in his letters, an affectation of familiarity with the great, an ambition of momentary equality, sought and enjoyed by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another. This transgression of regularity was by himself and his admirers termed greatness of soul; but a great mind disdains to hold any thing by courtesy, and therefore never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away. He that encroaches on another's dignity, puts himself in his power; he is either repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension."

Various Readings in the Life of SWIFT.

"Charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of *a* peculiar [opinions] *character*, without ill intention.

"He did not [disown] *deny* it.

"[To] *by* whose kindness it is not unlikely that he was [indebted for] *advanced to* his benefices.

"[With] *for* this purpose he had recourse to Mr. Harley.

"Sharpe, whom he [represents] *describes* as 'the harmless tool of others' hate.'

"Harley was slow because he was [irresolute] *doubtful.*

"When [readers were not many] *we were not yet a nation of readers.*

"[Every man who] *he that could say he* knew him.

"Every man of known influence has so many [more] petitions [than] *which* [he can] *cannot* grant, that he must necessarily offend more than he [can gratify] *gratifies.*

"Ecclesiastical [preferments] *benefices.*

"Swift [procured] *contrived* an interview.

"[As a writer] *In his works* he has given very different specimens.

"On all common occasions he habitually [assumes] *affects* a style of [superiority] *arrogance.*

"By the [omission] *neglect* of those ceremonies.

"That their merits filled the world [and] *or that* there was no [room for] *hope of* more."

I have not confined myself to the order of the "Lives," in making my few remarks. Indeed a different order is observed in the original publication, and in the collection of Johnson's works. And should it be objected, that many of my various readings are inconsiderable, those who make an objection will be pleased to consider, that such small particulars are intended for those who are nicely critical in composition, to whom they will be an acceptable selection.[1]

"Spence's Anecdotes," which are frequently quoted and referred to in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," are in a manuscript collection, made by the Reverend Mr. Joseph Spence,[2] containing a number of particulars concerning eminent men. To each anecdote is marked the name of the person on whose authority it is mentioned. This valuable collection is the property of the Duke of Newcastle, who, upon the application of Sir Lucas Pepys, was pleased to permit it to be put into the hands of Dr. Johnson, who I am sorry to think made but an awkward return. "Great assistance," says he, "has been given me by Mr. Spence's Collection, of which I consider the communication as a favour worthy of public acknowledgement:" but he has not owned to whom he was obliged; so that the acknowledgment is unappropriated to his grace.

While the world in general was filled with admiration of

[1] Mr. Chalmers here records a curious literary anecdote—that when a new and enlarged edition of the Lives of the Poets was published in 1783, Mr. Nichols, in justice to the purchasers of the preceding editions, printed the additions in a separate pamphlet, and advertised that it might be had *gratis*. Not ten copies were called for. It may be presumed that the owners of the former editions had *bound* their sets; but it must also be observed, that the alterations were not considerable.—*Croker.*

[2] The Rev. Joseph Spence, A.M., Rector of Great Harwood, in Buckinghamshire, and Prebendary of Durham, died at Byfleet in Surrey, August 20, 1768. He was a fellow of New College in Oxford, and held the office of Professor of Poetry in that University from 1728 to 1738.—*Malone.*

These Anecdotes were first published in 1820 (London, Murray), under the title: Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men, by the Rev. Joseph Spence; arranged with notes, by the late Edmund Malone, Esq. Another Edition, with notes and a life of the author, by Samuel Weller Singer, appeared in the same year. Lond., W. H. Carpenter.—*Editor.*

Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," there were narrow circles in which prejudice and resentment were fostered, and from which attacks of different sorts issued against him.[1] By some violent Whigs he was arraigned of injustice to Milton; by some Cambridge men, of depreciating Gray; and his expressing with a dignified freedom what he really thought of George, Lord Lyttelton, gave offence to some of the friends of that nobleman, and particularly produced a declaration of war against him from Mrs. Montagu, the ingenious essayist on Shakspeare, between whom and his lordship a commerce of reciprocal compliments had long been carried on. In this war the smaller powers in alliance with him were of course led to engage, at least on the defensive, and thus I for one was excluded from the enjoyment of "a Feast of Reason," such as Mr. Cumberland has described, with a keen yet just and delicate pen, in his "Observer." These minute inconveniences gave not the least disturbance to Johnson. He nobly said, when I talked to him of the feeble though shrill outcry which had been raised, "Sir, I considered myself as entrusted with a certain portion of truth. I have given my opinion sincerely; let them show where they think me wrong."

While my friend is thus contemplated in the splendour derived from his last and perhaps most admirable work, I introduce him with peculiar propriety as the correspondent of Warren Hastings! a man whose regard reflects dignity even upon Johnson; a man, the extent of whose abilities was equal to that of his power; and who, by those who are fortunate enough to know him in private life, is admired for his literature and taste, and beloved for the candour, moderation, and mildness of his character. Were I capable of paying a suitable tribute of admiration to him, I should certainly not withhold it a moment[2] when it is not possible

[1] From this disreputable class, I except an ingenious, though not satisfactory, defence of Hammond, which I did not see till lately, by the favour of its author, my amiable friend, the Reverend Mr. Bevil, who published it without his name. It is a juvenile performance, but elegantly written, with classical enthusiasm of sentiment, and yet with a becoming modesty, and great respect for Dr. Johnson.

[2] January, 1791.

At this date Mr. Hasting's impeachment was still lingering on, but with a certainty of his ultimate acquittal.—*Croker.*

that I should be suspected of being an interested flatterer. But how weak would be my voice after that of the millions whom he governed! His condescending and obliging compliance with my solicitation, I with humble gratitude acknowledge; and while by publishing his letter to me, accompanying the valuable communication, I do eminent honour to my great friend, I shall entirely disregard any invidious suggestions, that, as I in some degree participate in the honour, I have, at the same time, the gratification of my own vanity in view.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Park Lane, Dec. 2, 1790."

"SIR,

"I have been fortunately spared the troublesome suspense of a long search, to which, in performance of my promise, I had devoted this morning, by lighting upon the objects of it among the first papers that I laid my hands on; my veneration for your great and good friend, Dr. Johnson, and the pride, or I hope something of a better sentiment, which I indulge in possessing such memorials of his good will towards me, having induced me to bind them in a parcel containing other select papers, and labelled with the titles appertaining to them. They consist but of three letters, which I believe were all that I ever received from Dr. Johnson. Of these, one, which was written in quadruplicate, under the different dates of its respective despatches, has already been made public, but not from any communication of mine. This, however, I have joined to the rest; and have now the pleasure of sending them to you, for the use to which you informed me it was your desire to destine them.

"My promise was pledged with the condition, that if the letters were found to contain anything which should render them improper for the public eye, you would dispense with the performance of it. You will have the goodness, I am sure, to pardon my recalling this stipulation to y[illegible] recollecti[illegible] as I shall be loth to appear negligent [illegible]
always implied in an epistolary co[illegible]
of that right I have read them [illegible]

attention, and have not seen in them the slightest cause on that ground to withhold them from you. But, though not on that, yet on another ground, I own I feel a little, yet but a little, reluctance to part with them: I mean on that of my own credit, which I fear will suffer by the information conveyed by them, that I was early in possession of such valuable instructions for the beneficial employment of the influence of my late station, and (as it may seem) have so little availed myself of them. Whether I could, if it were necessary, defend myself against such an imputation, it little concerns the world to know. I look only to the effect which these relics may produce, considered as evidences of the virtues of their author; and believing that they will be found to display an uncommon warmth of private friendship, and a mind ever attentive to the improvement and extension of useful knowledge, and solicitous for the interests of mankind, I can cheerfully submit to the little sacrifice of my own fame, to contribute to the illustration of so great and venerable a character. They cannot be better applied, for that end, than by being intrusted to your hands. Allow me, with this offering, to infer from it a proof of the very great esteem with which I have the honour to profess myself, Sir, your, &c.,

"WARREN HASTINGS."

"P.S. At some future time, and when you have no further occasion for these papers, I shall be obliged to you if you will return them."

The last of the three letters thus graciously put into my hands, and which has already appeared in public, belongs to this year; but I shall previously insert the first two in the order of their dates. They altogether form a grand group in my biographical picture.

TO THE HONOURABLE WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

"March 30, 1774.

"SIR,

"Though I have had but little personal knowledge of you, I have had enough to make me wish for more; and though

it be now a long time since I was honoured by your visit, I had too much pleasure from it to forget it. By those whom we delight to remember, we are unwilling to be forgotten; and therefore I cannot omit this opportunity of reviving myself in your memory by a letter which you will receive from the hands of my friend Mr. Chambers;[1] a man whose purity of manners and vigour of mind are sufficient to make every thing welcome that he brings.

"That this is my only reason for writing will be too apparent by the uselessness of my letter to any other purpose. I have no questions to ask; not that I want curiosity after either the ancient or present state of regions in which have been seen all the power and splendour of wide-extended empire; and which as by some grant of natural superiority, supply the rest of the world with all that pride desires and luxury enjoys. But my knowledge of them is too scanty to furnish me with proper topics of inquiry: I can only wish for information and hope that a mind comprehensive like yours will find leisure, amidst the cares of your important station, to inquire into many subjects of which the European world either thinks not at all, or thinks with deficient intelligence and uncertain conjecture. I shall hope that he who once intended to increase the learning of his country by the introduction of the Persian language will examine nicely the traditions and histories of the East; that he will survey the wonders of its ancient edifices and trace the vestiges of its ruined cities; and that, at his return, we shall know the arts and opinions of a race of men from whom very little has been hitherto derived.

"You, Sir, have no need of being told by me how much may be added by your attention and patronage to experimental knowledge and natural history. There are arts of manufacture practised in the countries in which you preside, which are yet very imperfectly known here, either to artificers or philosophers. Of the natural productions, animate and inanimate, we yet have so little intelligence, that our books are filled, I fear, with conjectures about things which an Indian peasant knows by his senses.

"Many of those things my first wish is to see; my second,

[1] Afterwards Sir Robert Chambers, one of his majesty's judges in India.

to know, by such accounts as a man like you will be able to give.

"As I have not skill to ask proper questions, I have likewise no such access to great men as can enable me to send you any political information. Of the agitations of an unsettled government, and the struggles of a feeble ministry, care is doubtless taken to give you more exact accounts than I can obtain. If you are inclined to interest yourself much in public transactions, is it no misfortune to you to be distant from them.

"That literature is not totally forsaking us, and that your favourite language is not neglected, will appear from the book,[1] which I should have pleased myself more with sending, if I could have presented it bound: but time was wanting. I beg, however, Sir, that you will accept it from a man very desirous of your regard; and that if you think me able to gratify you by anything more important, you will employ me.

"I am now going to take leave, perhaps a very long leave, of my dear friend Mr. Chambers. That he is going to live where you govern may justly alleviate the regret of parting; and the hope of seeing both him and you again, which I am not willing to mingle with doubt, must at present comfort as it can, Sir, your, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WARREN HASTINGS.

"London, Dec. 20, 1774.

"SIR,

"Being informed that by the departure of a ship there is now an opportunity of writing to Bengal, I am unwilling to slip out of your memory by my own negligence, and therefore take the liberty of reminding you of my existence by sending you a book which is not yet made public.

"I have lately visited a region less remote and less illustrious than India, which afforded some occasions for speculation. What has occurred to me, I have put into the volume,[2] of which I beg your acceptance.

[1] Jones's Persian Grammar.
[2] The Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland.

"Men in your station seldom have presents totally disinterested: my book is received, let me now make my request. There is, Sir, somewhere within your government, a young adventurer, one Chauncey Lawrence, whose father is one of my oldest friends. Be pleased to show the young man what countenance is fit; whether he wants to be restrained by your authority, or encouraged by your favour. His father is now president of the college of physicians; a man venerable for his knowledge, and more venerable for his virtue.

"I wish you a prosperous government, a safe return, and a long enjoyment of plenty and tranquillity. I am, Sir, your, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WARREN HASTINGS.

"Jan. 9, 1781.

"SIR,

"Amidst the importance and multiplicity of affairs in which your great office engages you, I take the liberty of recalling your attention for a moment to literature, and will not prolong the interruption by an apology which your character makes needless.

"Mr. Hoole, a gentleman long known and long esteemed in the India House, after having translated Tasso, has undertaken Ariosto. How well he is qualified for his undertaking he has already shown. He is desirous, Sir, of your favour in promoting his proposals, and flatters me by supposing that my testimony may advance his interest.

"It is a new thing for a clerk of the India House to translate poets;—it is new for a governor of Bengal to patronise learning. That he may find his ingenuity rewarded, and that learning may flourish under your protection, is the wish of, Sir, your, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

I wrote to him in February, complaining of having been troubled by a recurrence of the perplexing question of Liberty and Necessity; and mentioning that I hoped soon to meet him again in London.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"March 14, 1781.

"DEAR SIR,

"I hoped you had got rid of all this hypocrisy of misery. What have you to do with Liberty and Necessity? Or what more than to hold your tongue about it? Do not doubt but I shall be most heartily glad to see you here again, for I love every part about you but your affectation of distress.

"I have at last finished my Lives, and have laid up for you a load of copy, all out of order, so that it will amuse you a long time to set it right. Come to me, my dear Bozzy, and let us be as happy as we can. We will go again to the Mitre, and talk old times over. I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

On Monday, March 19, I arrived in London, and on Tuesday, the 20th, met him in Fleet Street, walking, or rather indeed moving along: for his peculiar march is thus described in a very just and picturesque manner, in a short Life[1] of him published very soon after his death:—"When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head, and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion, independent of his feet."[2] That he was often much stared at while he advanced in this manner may easily be believed; but it was not safe to make sport of one so robust as he was. Mr. Langton saw him one day, in a fit of absence, by a sudden start, drive the load off a porter's back, and walk forward briskly, without being conscious of what he had done. The porter was very angry, but stood still, and eyed the huge figure with much earnestness, till he was satisfied that his wisest course was to be quiet, and take up his burthen again.

[1] Published by Kearsley (1785), with this well-chosen motto:—

——"From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing Heaven."
—*Shakspeare.*

[2] P. 82.

Our accidental meeting in the street after a long separation was a pleasing surprise to us both. He stepped aside with me into Falcon Court, and made kind inquiries about my family; and as we were in a hurry, going different ways, I promised to call on him next day. He said he was engaged to go out in the morning. "Early, Sir?" said I. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, a London morning does not go with the sun."

I waited on him next evening, and he gave me a great portion of his original manuscript of his "Lives of the Poets," which he had preserved for me.

I found on visiting his friend, Mr. Thrale, that he was now very ill, and had removed, I suppose by the solicitation of Mrs. Thrale, to a house in Grosvenor Square. I was sorry to see him sadly changed in his appearance.

He told me I might now have the pleasure to see Dr. Johnson drink wine again, for he had lately returned to it. When I mentioned this to Johnson, he said, "I drink it now sometimes, but not socially." The first evening that I was with him at Thrale's, I observed he poured a large quantity of it into a glass, and swallowed it greedily. Every thing about his character and manners was forcible and violent; there never was any moderation. Many a day did he fast, many a year did he refrain from wine: but when he did eat, it was voraciously; when he did drink wine, it was copiously. He could practise abstinence, but not temperance.

Mrs. Thrale and I had a dispute whether Shakspeare or Milton had drawn the most admirable picture of a man.[1]

[1] Shakspeare makes Hamlet thus describe his father:—

"See what a grace was seated on his brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald, Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

Milton thus portrays our first parent, Adam:—

"His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad."

I was for Shakspeare, Mrs. Thrale for Milton; and, after a fair hearing, Johnson decided for my opinion.

I told him of one of Mr. Burke's playful sallies upon Dean Marlay:[1] "I don't like the Deanery of *Ferns:* it sounds so like a *barren* title." "Dr. *Heath*[2] should have it," said I. Johnson laughed, and, condescending to trifle in the same mode of conceit, suggested Dr. *Moss.*[3]

"He said, "Mrs. Montagu has dropt me.[4] Now, Sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropt by." He certainly was vain of the society of ladies, and could make himself very agreeable to them when he chose it: Sir Joshua Reynolds agreed with me that he could. Mr. Gibbon, with his usual sneer, controverted it, perhaps in resentment of Johnson's having talked with some disgust of his ugliness, which one would think a *philosopher* would not mind. Dean Marlay wittily observed, "A lady may be vain when she can turn a wolf-dog into a lap-dog."

The election for Ayrshire, my own county, was this spring tried upon a petition before a committee of the House of Commons, I was one of the counsel for the sitting member,[5] and took the liberty of previously stating different points to Johnson, who never failed to see them clearly, and to supply me with some good hints. He dictated to me the following note upon the registration of deeds:—

"All laws are made for the convenience of the community.

[1] Dr. Richard Marlay, afterwards Lord Bishop of Waterford; a very amiable, benevolent, and ingenious man. He was chosen a member of the Literary Club in 1777, and died in Dublin, July 2, 1802, in his seventy-fifth year.—*Malone.*

In very early life, I had the honour of the bishop's acquaintance, and indulgent notice of my first attempts in literature. He was all that Mr. Malone says of him.—*Croker.*

[2] Dr. Benjamin Heath, celebrated for a curious library, which was sold in 1810, at very high prices.—*Croker.*

[3] Dr. Charles Moss had been already better provided for, having been, in 1766, Bishop of St. David's, and in 1774, of Bath and Wells. He died in 1802.—*Croker.*

[4] Mrs. Montagu, with, I think, an over nicety of feeling (if that was the real cause) "dropt" him on account of his Life of Lord Lyttelton. —*Croker.*

[5] Hugh Montgomery, Esq. The petitioner, however, William Macdowall, Esq., was declared duly elected.—*Croker.*

What is legally done should be legally recorded, that the state of things may be known, and that wherever evidence is requisite, evidence may be had. For this reason, the obligation to frame and establish a legal register is enforced by a legal penalty, which penalty is the want of that perfection and plenitude of right which a register would give. Thence it follows that this is not an objection merely legal; for the reason on which the law stands being equitable, makes it an equitable objection."

"This," said he, "you must enlarge on when speaking to the committee. You must not argue there as if you were arguing in the schools; close reasoning will not fix their attention: you must say the same thing over and over again in different words. If you say it but once, they miss it in a moment of inattention. It is unjust, Sir, to censure lawyers for multiplying words when they argue; it is often *necessary* for them to multiply words."

His notion of the duty of a member of parliament, sitting upon an election-committee, was very high; and when he was told of a gentleman upon one of those committees, who read the newspapers part of the time, and slept the rest, while the merits of a vote were examined by the counsel; and as an excuse, when challenged by the chairman for such behaviour, bluntly answered, "I had made up my mind upon that case;" Johnson, with an indignant contempt, said, "If he was such a rogue as to make up his mind upon a case without hearing it, he should not have been such a fool as to tell it." "I think," said Mr. Dudley Long,[1] now North, "the Doctor has pretty plainly made him out to be both rogue and fool."

Johnson's profound reverence for the hierarchy made him expect from bishops the highest degree of decorum; he was offended even at their going to taverns: "A bishop," said he, "has nothing to do at a tippling-house. It is not indeed immoral in him to go to a tavern; neither would it be immoral in him to whip a top in Grosvenor Square: but, if he did, I hope the boys would fall upon him, and apply the whip to *him*. There are gradations in conduct;

[1] This ingenious and pleasant gentleman died in 1829, at the age of eighty, after an illness which had for some years secluded him from society.—*Croker.*

there is morality,—decency,—propriety. None of these should be violated by a bishop. A bishop should not go to a house where he may meet a young fellow leading out a wench." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, every tavern does not admit women." JOHNSON. "Depend upon it, Sir, any tavern will admit a well-dressed man and a well-dressed woman: they will not perhaps admit a woman whom they see every night walking by their door, in the street. But a well-dressed man may lead in a well-dressed woman to any tavern in London. Taverns sell meat and drink, and will sell them to any body who can eat and can drink. You may as well say that a mercer will not sell silks to a woman of the town."

He also disapproved of bishops going to routs; at least of their staying at them longer than their presence commanded respect. He mentioned a particular bishop. "Poh!" said Mrs. Thrale, "the Bishop of ——[1] is never minded at a rout." BOSWELL. "When a bishop places himself in a situation where he has no distinct character, and is of no consequence, he degrades the dignity of his order." JOHNSON. "Mr. Boswell, Madam, has said it as correctly as it could be."

Nor was it only in the dignitaries of the church that Johnson required a particular decorum and delicacy of behaviour; he justly considered that the clergy, as persons set apart for the sacred office of serving at the altar, and impressing the minds of men with the awful concerns of a future state, should be somewhat more serious than the generality of mankind, and have a suitable composure of manners. A due sense of the dignity of their profession, independent of higher motives, will ever prevent them from losing their distinction in an indiscriminate sociality; and did such as affect this know how much it lessens them in the eyes of those whom they think to please by it, they would feel themselves much mortified.

Johnson and his friend Beauclerk were once together in company with several clergymen, who thought that they should appear to advantage, by assuming the lax jollity of *men of the world;* which, as it may be observed in similar

[1] Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph.—*Croker.*

cases, they carried to noisy excess. Johnson, who they expected would be *entertained*, sat grave and silent for some time; at last, turning to Beauclerk, he said, by no means in a whisper, "This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive."

Even the dress of a clergyman should be in character, and nothing can be more despicable than conceited attempts at avoiding the appearance of the clerical order; attempts, which are as ineffectual as they are pitiful. Dr. Porteus, now Bishop of London, in his excellent charge when presiding over the diocese of Chester, justly animadverts upon this subject; and observes of a reverend fop, that he "can be but *half a beau*."

Addison, in "The Spectator," has given us a fine portrait of a clergyman, who is supposed to be a member of his *Club;* and Johnson has exhibited a model, in the character of Mr. Mudge, which has escaped the collectors of his works, but which he owned to me, and which indeed he showed to Sir Joshua Reynolds at the time when it was written. It bears the genuine marks of Johnson's best manner, and is as follows:—

"The Rev. Mr. Zachariah Mudge, prebendary of Exeter, and vicar of St. Andrew's, in Plymouth; a man equally eminent for his virtues and abilities, and at once beloved as a companion and reverenced as a pastor. He had that general curiosity to which no kind of knowledge is indifferent or superflous; and that general benevolence by which no order of men is hated or despised.

"His principles both of thought and action were great and comprehensive. By a solicitous examination of objections, and judicious comparison of opposite arguments, he attained what inquiry never gives but to industry and perspicuity, a firm and unshaken settlement of conviction. But his firmness was without asperity; for, knowing with how much difficulty truth was sometimes found, he did not wonder that many missed it.

"The general course of his life was determined by his profession; he studied the [illegible] ages; with what diligence [illegible] sufficient evi[illegible] of Arabic to[illegible]

diverted from other studies, after some time desisted from his purpose.

"His discharge of parochial duties was exemplary. How his Sermons were composed, may be learned from the excellent volume which he has given to the public; but how they were delivered, can be known only to those that heard them; for, as he appeared in the pulpit, words will not easily describe him. His delivery, though unconstrained, was not negligent, and though forcible, was not turbulent; disdaining anxious nicety of emphasis, and laboured artifice of action, it captivated the hearer by its natural dignity; it roused the sluggish and fixed the volatile, and detained the mind upon the subject without directing it to the speaker.

"The grandeur and solemnity of the preacher did not intrude upon his general behaviour; at the table of his friends he was a companion communicative and attentive, of unaffected manners, of manly cheerfulness, willing to please, and easy to be pleased. His acquaintance was universally solicited, and his presence obstructed no enjoyment which religion did not forbid. Though studious, he was popular; though argumentative, he was modest; though inflexible, he was candid; and though metaphysical, yet orthodox."[1]

On Friday, March 30, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, with the Earl of Charlemont, Sir Annesley Stewart, Mr. Eliot of Port-Eliot, Mr. Burke, Dean Marlay, Mr. Langton; a most agreeable day, of which I regret that every circumstance is not preserved: but it is unreasonable to require such a multiplication of felicity.

Mr. Eliot, with whom Dr. Walter Harte[2] had travelled, talked to us of his "History of Gustavus Adolphus," which he said was a very good book in the German translation. JOHNSON. "Harte was excessively vain. He put copies of his book in manuscript into the hands of Lord Chesterfield and Lord Granville, that they might revise it. Now how

[1] London Chronicle, May 2, 1769. This respectable man is there mentioned to have died on the 3rd of April, that year, at Coffleet [near Exeter], the seat of Thomas Veale, Esq., in his way to London.

[2] Mr. Eliot, afterwards Lord Eliot, had accompanied Mr. Stanhope, the natural son of Lord Chesterfield, for whom the celebrated Letters were written, and is frequently mentioned in them. Mr. Harte was travelling tutor to both these young gentlemen.—*Croker.*

absurd was it to suppose that two such noblemen would revise so big a manuscript. Poor man! he left London the day of the publication of his book, that he might be out of the way of the great praise he was to receive; and he was ashamed to return, when he found how ill his book had succeeded. It was unlucky in coming out on the same day with Robertson's 'History of Scotland.' His husbandry, however, is good." BOSWELL. "So he was fitter for that than heroic history: he did well when he turned his sword into a ploughshare."

Mr. Eliot mentioned a curious liquor peculiar to his country, which the Cornish fishermen drink. They call it *mahogany;* and it is made of two parts gin and one part treacle, well beaten together. I begged to have some of it made, which was done with proper skill by Mr. Eliot. I thought it very good liquor; and said it was a counterpart of what is called *Athol porridge* in the Highlands of Scotland, which is a mixture of whisky and honey. Johnson said, "that must be a better liquor than the Cornish, for both its component parts are better." He also observed, "*Mahogany* must be a modern name; for it is not long since the wood called mahogany was known in this country." I mentioned his scale of liquors:—claret for boys,—port for men,—brandy for heroes. "Then," said Mr. Burke, "let me have claret: I love to be a boy; to have the careless gaiety of boyish days." JOHNSON. "I should drink claret too, if it would give me that; but it does not: it neither makes boys men, nor men boys. You'll be drowned by it before it has any effect upon you."

I ventured to mention a ludicrous paragraph in the newspapers, that Dr. Johnson was learning to dance of Vestris. Lord Charlemont, wishing to excite him to talk, proposed in a whisper, that he should be asked whether it was true. "Shall I ask him?" said his lordship. We were, by a great majority, clear for the experiment. Upon which his lordship very gravely, and with a courteous air, said, "Pray, Sir, is it true that you are taking lessons of Vestris?" This was risking a good deal, and required the boldness of a general of Irish volunteers to make the attempt. Johnson was at first startled, and in some heat answered, "How can your lordship ask so simple a ques-

tion?" But immediately recovering himself, whether from unwillingness to be deceived or to appear deceived, or whether from real good humour, he kept up the joke: "Nay, but if any body were to answer the paragraph, and contradict it, I'd have a reply, and would say, that he who contradicted it was no friend either to Vestris or me. For why should not Doctor Johnson add to his other powers a little corporeal agility? Socrates learnt to dance at an advanced age, and Cato learnt Greek at an advanced age. Then it might proceed to say, that this Johnson, not content with dancing on the ground, might dance on the rope; and they might introduce the elephant dancing on the rope. A nobleman[1] wrote a play called 'Love in a Hollow Tree.' He found out that it was a bad one, and therefore wished to buy up all the copies and burn them. The Duchess of Marlborough had kept one; and when he was against her at an election, she had a new edition of it printed, and prefixed to it, as a frontispiece, an elephant dancing on a rope, to show that his lordship's writing comedy was as awkward as an elephant dancing on a rope."

On Sunday, April 1, I dined with him at Mr. Thrale's, with Sir Philip Jennings Clerk and Mr. Perkins, who had the superintendence of Mr. Thrale's brewery, with a salary of five hundred pounds a year. Sir Philip had the appearance of a gentleman of ancient family, well advanced in life. He wore his own white hair in a bag of goodly size, a black velvet coat, with an embroidered waistcoat, and very rich laced ruffles; which Mrs. Thrale said were old-fashioned, but which, for that reason, I thought the more respectable, more like a Tory; yet Sir Philip was then in opposition in parliament. "Ah! Sir," said Johnson, "ancient ruffles and modern principles do not agree." Sir Philip defended the opposition to the American war ably and with temper, and I joined him. He said the majority of the nation was against the ministry. JOHNSON. "*I*, Sir, am against the ministry; but it is for having too little of that of which opposition thinks they have too much. Were I minister, if any man wagged his finger against me, he should be turned out; for that which it is in the power

[1] William, the first Viscount Grimston.

of government to give at pleasure to one or to another should be given to the supporters of government. If you will not oppose at the expense of losing your place, your opposition will not be honest, you will feel no serious grievance; and the present opposition is only a contest to get what others have. Sir Robert Walpole acted as I would do. As to the American war, the *sense* of the nation is *with* the ministry. The majority of those who can *understand* is with it; the majority of those who can only *hear* is against it; and as those who can only hear are more numerous than those who can understand, and opposition is always loudest, a majority of the rabble will be for opposition."

This boisterous vivacity entertained us; but the truth in my opinion was, that those who could understand the best were against the American war, as almost every man now is, when the question has been coolly considered.

Mrs. Thrale gave high praise to Mr. Dudley Long (now North). JOHNSON. "Nay, my dear lady, don't talk so. Mr. Long's character is very *short*.[1] It is nothing. He fills a chair. He is a man of genteel appearance, and that is all. I know nobody who blasts by praise as you do: for whenever there is exaggerated praise, every body is set against a character. They are provoked to attack it. Now there is Pepys:[2] you praised that man with such disproportion, that I was incited to lessen him, perhaps more than he deserves. His blood is upon your head. By the same principle, your malice defeats itself; for your censure is too violent. And yet (looking to her with a leering smile)

[1] Here Johnson condescended to play upon the word *long* and *short*. But little did he know that, owing to Mr. Long's reserve in his presence, he was talking thus of a gentleman distinguished amongst his acquaintance for acuteness of wit; and to whom, I think, the French expression, "*Il pétille d'esprit*," is particularly suited. He has gratified me by mentioning that he heard Dr. Johnson say, "Sir, if I were to lose Boswell, it would be a limb amputated."

[2] William Weller Pepys, Esq., one of the masters in the High Court of Chancery, and well known in polite circles. My acquaintance with him is not sufficient to enable me to speak of him from my own judgment. But I know that both at Eton and Oxford he was the intimate friend of the late Sir James Macdonald, the *Marcellus* of Scotland, whose extraordinary talents, learning, and virtues will ever be remembered with admiration and regret.

she is the first woman in the world, could she but restrain that wicked tongue of hers;—she would be the only woman, could she but command that little whirligig."

Upon the subject of exaggerated praise I took the liberty to say, that I thought there might be very high praise given to a known character which deserved it, and therefore it would not be exaggerated. Thus, one might say of Mr. Edmund Burke, he is a very wonderful man. JOHNSON. "No, Sir you would not be safe, if another man had a mind perversely to contradict. He might answer, 'Where is all the wonder? Burke is, to be sure a man of uncommon abilities; with a great quantity of matter in his mind, and a great fluency of language in his mouth. But we are not to be stunned and astonished by him.' So you see, Sir, even Burke would suffer, not from any fault of his own, but from your folly."

Mrs. Thrale mentioned a gentleman who had acquired a fortune of four thousand a year in trade, but was absolutely miserable because he could not talk in company; so miserable, that he was impelled to lament his situation in the street to *****, whom he hates, and who he knows despises him. "I am a most unhappy man," said he. "I am invited to *conversations;* I go to *conversations;* but, alas! I have no conversation." JOHNSON. "Man commonly cannot be successful in different ways. This gentleman has spent, in getting four thousand pounds a year, the time in which he might have learnt to talk; and now he cannot talk." Mr. Perkins make a shrewd and droll remark: "If he had got his four thousand a year as a mountebank, he might have learnt to talk at the same time that he was getting his fortune."

Some other gentlemen came in. The conversation concerning the person whose character Dr. Johnson had treated so slightingly, as he did not know his merit, was resumed. Mrs. Thrale said, "You think so of him, Sir, because he is quiet, and does not exert himself with force. You'll be saying the same thing of Mr. ***** there, who sits as quiet." This was not well bred; and Johnson did not let it pass without correction. "Nay, Madam, what right have you to talk thus? Both Mr. ***** and I have reason to take it ill. *You* may talk so of Mr. *****; but why do you

make *me* do it? Have I said anything against Mr.***** ? You have *set* him; that I might shoot him: but I have not shot him."

One of the gentlemen said he had seen three folio volumes of Dr. Johnson's sayings collected by me. "I must put you right, Sir," said I; "for I am very exact in authenticity. You could not see folio volumes, for I have none: you might have seen some in quarto and octavo. This is an inattention which one should guard against." JOHNSON, "Sir, it is a want of concern about veracity. He does not know that he saw *any* volumes. If he had seen them, he could have remembered their size."

Mr. Thrale appeared very lethargic to-day. I saw him again on Monday evening, at which time he was not thought to be in immediate danger: but early in the morning of Wednesday the 4th he expired. Johnson was in the house and thus mentions the event: "I felt almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last time upon the face that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me but with respect and benignity."[1] Upon that day there was a *call* of the Literary Club, but Johnson apologised for his absence by the following note:—

"Wednesday (4th April).

"Mr. Johnson knows that Sir Joshua Reynolds and the other gentlemen will excuse his incompliance with the call, when they are told that Mr. Thrale died this morning."

Mr. Thrale's death was a very essential loss to Johnson, who, although he did not foresee all that afterwards happened, was sufficiently convinced that the comforts which Mr. Thrale's family afforded him would now in a great measure cease. He, however, continued to show a kind attention to his widow and children as long as it was acceptable; and he took upon him, with a very earnest concern, the office of one of his executors; the importance of which seemed greater than usual to him, from his circumstances having been always such that he had scarcely any share in the real business of life. His friends of the Club were in hopes that Mr. Thrale might have made a

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 184. First Edition, 1785.

liberal provision for him for his life, which, as Mr. Thrale left no son and a very large fortune, it would have been highly to his honour to have done; and, considering Dr. Johnson's age, could not have been of long duration; but he bequeathed him only two hundred pounds, which was the legacy given to each of his executors. I could not but be somewhat diverted by hearing Johnson talk in a pompous manner of his new office, and particularly of the concerns of the brewery, which it was at last resolved should be sold. Lord Lucan tells a very good story, which, if not precisely exact, is certainly characteristical; that when the sale of Thrale's brewery was going forward, Johnson appeared bustling about, with an ink-horn and pen in his button-hole, like an exciseman; and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property, which was to be disposed of, answered, "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."[1]

On Friday, April 6,[2] he carried me to dine at a club, which, at his desire, had been lately formed at the Queen's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard. He told Mr. Hoole that he wished to have a city Club, and asked him to collect one; but, said he, "Don't let them be *patriots*," The company were to-day very sensible, well-behaved men. I have

[1] The brewery was sold by Dr. Johnson and his brother executor, to Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, & Co., for £135,000. While on his Tour to the Hebrides, in 1773, Johnson mentioned that Thrale "paid £20,000 a year to the revenue, and that he had *four* vats, each of which held 1,600 barrels, above a thousand hogsheads." The establishment in Park Street, in the Borough, is now the largest of its kind in the world. The buildings extend over ten acres, and the machinery includes two steam-engines. The store-cellars contain 126 vats, varying in their contents from 4,000 barrels down to 500. About 160 horses are employed in conveying beer to different parts of London. The quantity brewed in 1826 was 380,180 barrels, upon which a duty of ten shillings the barrel, £180,090, was paid to the revenue; and, in the last year, the malt consumed exceeded 100,000 quarters.—*Wright*, 1835.

[2] It seems unfeeling to have dined at a tavern the day but one after poor Thrale's death; but he was afraid to indulge his own morbid grief. He writes, April 9, to Mrs. Thrale, "Our sorrow has different effects; you are withdrawn into solitude, and I am driven into company." And again (April 12), "I give it (my uneasiness) little vent, and amuse it as I can." *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 195-198.—*Croker*.

preserved only two particulars of his conversation. He said he was glad Lord George Gordon had escaped, rather than that a precedent should be established for hanging a man for *constructive treason*, which, in consistency with his true, manly, constitutional Toryism, he considered would be a dangerous engine of arbitrary power. And upon its being mentioned that an opulent and very indolent Scotch nobleman, who totally resigned the management of his affairs to a man of knowledge and abilities, had claimed some merit by saying, "The next best thing to managing a man's own affairs well is being sensible of incapacity, and not attempting it, but having a full confidence in one who can do it:" —JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, this is paltry. There is a middle course. Let a man give application; and depend upon it he will soon get above a despicable state of helplessness, and attain the power of acting for himself."

On Saturday, April 7, I dined with him at Mr. Hoole's with Governor Bouchier and Captain Orme, both of whom had been long in the East Indies; and, being men of good sense and observation, were very entertaining. Johnson defended the oriental regulation of different *castes* of men, which was objected to as totally destructive of the hopes of rising in society by personal merit. He showed that there was a *principle* in it sufficiently plausible by analogy. "We see," said he, "in metals that there are different species; and so likewise in animals, though one species may not differ very widely from another, as, in the species of dogs, the cur, the spaniel, the mastiff. The Bramins are the mastiffs of mankind."

On Thursday, April 12, I dined with him at a bishop's, where were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Berenger, and some more company. He had dined the day before at another bishop's. I have unfortunately recorded none of his conversation at the bishop's where we dined together: but I have preserved his ingenious defence of his dining twice abroad in Passion-week; a laxity in which I am convinced he would not have indulged himself at the time when he wrote his solemn paper in "The Rambler" upon that awful season. It appeared to me, that by l[illegible] much more in company, and enjoying more l[illegible]
tracted a keener relish for p[illegible]

less rigorous in his religious rites. This he would not acknowledge; but he reasoned with admirable sophistry as follows: "Why, Sir, a bishop's calling company together in this week is, to use the vulgar phrase, not *the thing*. But you must consider laxity is a bad thing; but preciseness is also a bad thing; and your general character may be more hurt by preciseness than by dining with a bishop in Passion-week. There might be a handle for reflection. It might be said, 'He refuses to dine with a bishop in Passion-week, but was three Sundays absent from church.'" BOSWELL. "Very true, Sir. But suppose a man to be uniformly of good conduct, would it not be better that he should refuse to dine with a bishop in this week, and so not encourage a bad practice by his example?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, you are to consider whether you might not do more harm by lessening the influence of a bishop's character by your disapprobation in refusing him, than by going to him."

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER IN LICHFIELD.

"London, April 12, 1781.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Life is full of troubles. I have just lost my dear friend Thrale. I hope he is happy; but I have had a great loss. I am otherwise pretty well. I require some care of myself, but that care is not ineffectual; and when I am out of order, I think it often my own fault.

"The spring is now making quick advances. As it is the season in which the whole world is enlivened and invigorated, I hope that both you and I shall partake of its benefits. My desire is to see Lichfield; but being left executor to my friend, I know not whether I can be spared; but I will try, for it is now long since we saw one another; and how little we can promise ourselves many more interviews, we are taught by hourly examples of mortality. Let us try to live so as that mortality may not be an evil. Write to me soon, my dearest: your letters will give me great pleasure.

"I am sorry that Mr. Porter has not had his box; but by sending it to Mr. Mathias, who very readily undertook its con-

veyance, I did the best I could, and perhaps before now he has it. Be so kind as to make my compliments to my friends. I have a great value for their kindness, and hope to enjoy it before summer is past. Do write to me.

"I am, dearest love, your, &c.,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

On Friday, April 13, being Good Friday, I went to St. Clement's church with him as usual. There I saw again his old fellow-collegian, Edwards, to whom I said, "I think, Sir, Dr. Johnson and you meet only at church." "Sir," said he, "it is the best place we can meet in, except heaven, and I hope we shall meet there too." Dr. Johnson told me that there was very little communication between Edwards and him after their unexpected renewal of acquaintance. "But," said he, smiling, "he met me once and said, 'I am told you have written a very pretty book called "The Rambler."' I was unwilling that he should leave the world in total darkness, and sent him a set."

Mr. Berenger[1] visited him to-day, and was very pleasing. We talked of an evening society for conversation at a house in town, of which we were all members, but of which Johnson said, "It will never do, Sir. There is nothing served about there; neither tea, nor coffee, nor lemonade, nor anything whatever; and depend upon it, Sir, a man does not love to go to a place from whence he comes out exactly as he went in." I endeavoured, for argument's sake, to maintain that men of learning and talents might have very good intellectual society, without the aid of any little gratifications of the senses. Berenger joined with Johnson, and said that without these any meeting would be dull and insipid. He would therefore have all the slight refreshments; nay, it would not be amiss to have some cold meat, and a bottle of wine upon a sideboard.

[1] Richard Berenger, many years Gentleman of the Horse to his present majesty, and author of the History and Art of Horsemanship, 2 vols. 4to. 1771.—*Malone.* He died Sept. 1782, aged 62.—*Croker.*

I dined at Mrs. Boscawen's the other day very pleasantly, for Berenger was there, and was all himself, all chivalry, and blank verse and anecdote. He told me some curious stories of Pope, with whom he used to spend the summer at his uncle's, Lord Cobham.—Hannah More's Memoirs, vol. i., p. 175.—*Croker.*

"Sir," said Johnson to me, with an air of triumph, "Mr. Berenger knows the world. Everybody loves to have good things furnished to them without any trouble. I told Mrs. Thrale once, that, as she did not choose to have card-tables, she should have a profusion of the best sweetmeats, and she would be sure to have company enough come to her." I agreed with my illustrious friend upon this subject; for it has pleased God to make man a composite animal, and where there is nothing to refresh the body, the mind will languish.

On Sunday, April 15, being Easter-day, after solemn worship in St. Paul's church, I found him alone. Dr. Scott, of the Commons, came in. He talked of its having been said, that Addison wrote some of his best papers in "The Spectator" when warm with wine. Dr. Johnson did not seem willing to admit this. Dr. Scott, as a confirmation of it, related that Blackstone, a sober man, composed his "Commentaries" with a bottle of port before him; and found his mind invigorated and supported in the fatigue of his great work, by a temperate use of it.

I told him, that in a company where I had lately been, a desire was expressed to know his authority for the shocking story of Addison's sending an execution into Steele's house. "Sir," said he, "it is generally known; it is known to all who are acquainted with the literary history of that period: it is as well known as that he wrote 'Cato.' Mr. Thomas Sheridan once defended Addison to me, by alleging that he did it in order to cover Steele's goods from other creditors, who were going to seize them."

We talked of the difference between the mode of education at Oxford and that in those colleges where instruction is chiefly conveyed by lectures. JOHNSON. "Lectures were once useful; but now, when all can read, and books are so numerous, lectures are unnecessary. If your attention fails, and you miss a part of the lecture, it is lost; you cannot go back as you do upon a book." Dr. Scott agreed with him. "But yet," said I, "Dr. Scott, you yourself gave lectures at Oxford." He smiled. "You laughed," then said I, "at those who came to you."

Dr. Scott left us, and soon afterwards we went to dinner.

Our company consisted of Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins, Mr. Levett, Mr. Allen, the printer, [Mr. Macbean],[1] and Mrs. Hall, sister of the Reverend Mr. John Wesley, and resembling him, as I thought, both in figure and manner. Johnson produced now, for the first time, some handsome silver salvers, which he told me he had bought fourteen years ago; so it was a great day. I was not a little amused by observing Allen perpetually struggling to talk in the manner of Johnson, like the little frog in the fable blowing himself up to resemble the stately ox.

I mentioned a kind of religious Robin-Hood society, which met every Sunday evening at Coachmakers'-Hall for free debate; and that the subject for this night was, the text which relates, with other miracles which happened at our Saviour's death, "And the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." Mrs. Hall said it was a very curious subject, and she should like to hear it discussed. JOHNSON (somewhat warmly). "One would not go to such a place to hear it,—one would not be seen in such a place, to give countenance to such a meeting." I, however, resolved that I would go. "But, Sir," said she to Johnson, "I should like to hear *you* discuss it." He seemed reluctant to engage in it. She talked of the resurrection of the human race in general, and maintained that we shall be raised with the same bodies. JOHNSON. "Nay, Madam, we see that it is not to be the same body; for the scripture uses the illustration of grain sown, and we know that the grain which grows is not the same with what is sown. You cannot suppose that we shall rise with a diseased body; it is enough if there be such a sameness as to distinguish identity of person." She seemed desirous of knowing more, but he left the question in obscurity.

Of apparitions, he observed, "A total disbelief of them is adverse to the opinion of the existence of the soul between death and the last day; the question simply is, whether departed spirits ever have the power of making themselves perceptible to us: a man who thinks he has

[1] This name is supplied by Malone.—*Editor.*

seen an apparition can only be convinced himself; his authority will not convince another; and his conviction, if rational, must be founded on being told something which cannot be known but by supernatural means."

He mentioned a thing as not unfrequent, of which I had never heard before,—being *called*, that is, hearing one's name pronounced by the voice of a known person at a great distance, far beyond the possibility of being reached by any sound uttered by human organs. "An acquaintance, on whose veracity I can depend, told me, that walking home one evening to Kilmarnock, he heard himself *called* from a wood, by the voice of a brother who had gone to America: and the next packet brought accounts of that brother's death. Macbean asserted that this inexplicable *calling* was a thing very well known. Dr. Johnson said, that one day at Oxford, as he was turning the key of his chamber, he heard his mother distinctly call—*Sam.* She was then at Lichfield; but nothing ensued. This phenomenon is, I think, as wonderful as any other mysterious fact, which many people are very slow to believe, or rather, indeed, reject with an obstinate contempt.

Some time after this, upon his making a remark which escaped my attention, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Hall were both together striving to answer him. He grew angry, and called out loudly, "Nay, when you both speak at once, it is intolerable." But checking himself, and softening, he said, "This one may say, though, you *are* ladies." Then he brightened into gay humour, and addressed them in the words of one of the songs in "The Beggar's Opera,"

"But two at a time there's no mortal can bear."

"What, Sir," said I, "are you going to turn Captain Macheath?" There was something as pleasantly ludicrous in this scene as can be imagined. The contrast between Macheath, Polly, and Lucy—and Dr. Samuel Johnson, blind, peevish Mrs. Williams, and lean, lank, preaching Mrs. Hall, was exquisite.

I stole away to Coachmakers'-Hall, and heard the difficult text of which we had talked, discussed with great decency, and some intelligence, by several speakers. There was a difference of opinion as to the appearance of ghosts in

modern times, though the argument for it, supported by Mr. Addison's authority, preponderated. The immediate subject of debate was embarrassed by the *bodies* of the saints having been said to rise, and by the question what became of them afterwards:—did they return again to their graves? or were they translated to heaven? Only one evangelist mentions the fact (Matthew, xxvii. 52, 53), and the commentators whom I have looked at do not make the passage clear. There is, however, no occasion for our understanding it further than to know that it was one of the extraordinary manifestations of divine power which accompanied the most important event that ever happened.

On Friday, April 20, I spent with him one of the happiest days that I remember to have enjoyed in the whole course of my life. Mrs. Garrick, whose grief for the loss of her husband was, I believe, as sincere as wounded affection and admiration could produce, had this day, for the first time since his death, a select party of his friends to dine with her.[1] The company was, Miss Hannah More, who lived with her, and whom she called her chaplain; Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Burney, Dr. Johnson, and myself. We found ourselves very elegantly entertained at her house in the Adelphi, where I have passed many a pleasing hour with him "who gladdened life." She looked well, talked of her husband with complacency, and while she cast her eyes on his portrait, which hung over the chimney-piece, said, that "death was now the most agreeable object to her." The very semblance of David Garrick was cheering. Mr. Beauclerk, with happy propriety, inscribed under that fine portrait of him, which by Lady Diana's kindness is now the property of my friend Mr. Langton, the following passage from his beloved Shakspeare:—

> "———————— A merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal.
> His eye begets occasion for his wit;

[1] Garrick died Jan. 20, 1779.

For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (Conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."[1]

We were all in fine spirits; and I whispered to Mrs. Boscawen, "I believe this is as much as can be made of life." In addition to a splendid entertainment, we were regaled with Lichfield ale, which had a peculiar appropriate value. Sir Joshua, and Dr. Burney, and I drank cordially of it to Dr. Johnson's health; and though he would not join us, he as cordially answered, "Gentlemen I wish you all as well as you do me."

The general effect of this day dwells upon my mind in fond remembrance; but I do not find much conversation recorded.[2] What I have preserved shall be faithfully given.

One of the company mentioned Mr. Thomas Hollis, the strenuous Whig, who used to send over Europe presents of democratical books, with their boards stamped with daggers and caps of liberty. Mrs. Carter said, "He was a bad man: he used to talk uncharitably." JOHNSON. "Poh! poh! Madam; who is the worse for being talked of very uncharitably? Besides, he was a dull poor creature as ever lived: and I believe he would not have done harm to a man whom he knew to be of very opposite principles to his own. I remember once at the Society of Arts, when an advertisement was to be drawn up, he pointed me out

[1] Rosaline's character of Biron. Love's Labour's Lost, act ii. sc. 1.—*Croker.*

[2] Hannah More records remarks made by Johnson, which seemed to have escaped the recollection of Boswell. "Johnson was in full song, and I quarrelled with him sadly. I accused him of not having done justice to the Allegro and Penseroso. He spoke disparagingly of both. I praised Lycidas, which he absolutely abused, adding, if Milton had not written the Paradise Lost, he would have only ranked among the minor poets: he was a Phidias that could cut a 'Colossus out of a rock, but could not cut heads out of cherry stones.'" Memoirs, vol. i., p. 212.—*Editor*

as the man who could do it best. This, you will observe, was kindness to me. I however slipt away, and escaped it."

Mrs. Carter having said of the same person, "I doubt he was an atheist:"—JOHNSON. "I don't know that. He might, perhaps, have become one, if he had had time to ripen (smiling). He might have *exuberated* into an atheist."

Sir Joshua Reynolds praised "Mudge's Sermons." JOHNSON. "Mudge's Sermons are good, but not practical. He grasps more sense than he can hold; he takes more corn than he can make into meal; he opens a wide prospect, but it is so distant, it is indistinct. I love 'Blair's Sermons.' Though the dog is a Scotchman, and a presbyterian, and every thing he should not be, I was the first to praise them. Such was my candour" (smiling). MRS. BOSCAWEN. "Such his great merit, to get the better of all your prejudices." JOHNSON. "Why, Madam, let us compound the matter; let us ascribe it to my candour, and his merit."

In the evening we had a large company in the drawing-room; several ladies, the Bishop of Killaloe (Dr. Barnard), Dr. Percy, Mr. Chamberlayne[1] of the Treasury, &c. &c. Somebody said, the life of a mere literary man could not be very entertaining. JOHNSON. "But it certainly may. This is a remark which has been made, and repeated, without justice. Why should the life of a literary man be less entertaining than the life of any other man? Are there not as interesting varieties in such a life? As *a literary life* it may be very entertaining." BOSWELL. "But it must be better surely when it is diversified with a little active variety—such as his having gone to Jamaica;—or—his having gone to the Hebrides." Johnson was not displeased at this.

Talking of a very respectable author, he told us a curious circumstance in his life, which was, that he had married a printer's devil. REYNOLDS. "A printer's devil, Sir! why, I thought a printer's devil was a creature with a black face

[1] There is a long and painful account of his suicide in Hannah More's Memoirs, vol. i., pp. 245-246.—*Editor.*

and in rags." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir. But I suppose he had her face washed, and put clean clothes on her." Then, looking very serious, and very earnest. "And she did not disgrace him;—the woman had a bottom of good sense." The word *bottom* thus introduced was so ludicrous when contrasted with his gravity, that most of us could not forbear tittering and laughing; though I recollect that the Bishop of Killaloe kept his countenance with perfect steadiness, while Miss Hannah More slily hid her face behind a lady's back who sat on the same settee with her. His pride could not bear that any expression of his should excite ridicule, when he did not intend it: he therefore resolved to assume and exercise despotic power, glanced sternly around, and called out in a strong tone, "Where's the merriment?" Then collecting himself, and looking awful, to make us feel how he could impose restraint, and as it were searching his mind for a still more ludicrous word, he slowly pronounced, "I say the *woman* was *fundamentally* sensible;" as if he had said, Hear this now, and laugh if you dare. We all sat composed as at a funeral.

He and I walked away together: we stopped a little while by the rails of the Adelphi, looking on the Thames, and I said to him with some emotion, that I was now thinking of two friends we had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us, Beauclerk and Garrick. "Ay, Sir, (said he, tenderly) and two such friends as cannot be supplied."

For some time after this day I did not see him very often, and of the conversation which I did enjoy, I am sorry to find I have preserved but little. I was at this time engaged in a variety of other matters which required exertion and assiduity, and necessarily occupied almost all my time.

One day, having spoken very freely of those who were then in power, he said to me, "Between ourselves, Sir, I do not like to give Opposition the satisfaction of knowing how much I disapprove of the ministry." And when I mentioned that Mr. Burke had boasted how quiet the nation was in George the Second's reign, when whigs were in power, compared the present reign, when tories governed;

—"Why, Sir," said he, "you are to consider that tories having more reverence for government, will not oppose with the same violence as whigs, who, being unrestrained by that principle, will oppose by any means."

This month he lost not only Mr. Thrale, but another friend, Mr. William Strahan, junior, printer, the eldest son of his old and constant friend, printer to his Majesty.

TO MRS. STRAHAN

"23rd April, 1781.

"DEAR MADAM,

"The grief which I feel for the loss of a very kind friend is sufficient to make me know how much you suffer by the death of an amiable son: a man of whom I think it may be truly said, that no one knew him who does not lament him. I look upon myself as having a friend, another friend, taken from me.

"Comfort, dear Madam, I would give you, if I could; but I know how little the forms of consolation can avail. Let me, however, counsel you not to waste your health in unprofitable sorrow, but go to Bath, and endeavour to prolong your own life. But when we have all done all that we can, one friend must in time lose the other. I am, dear Madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

On Tuesday, May 8, I had the pleasure of again dining with him and Mr. Wilkes, at Mr. Dilly's. No *negotiation* was now required to bring them together; for Johnson was so well satisfied with the former interview, that he was very glad to meet Wilkes again, who was this day seated between Dr. Beattie and Dr. Johnson (between *Truth* and *Reason*, as General Paoli said, when I told him of it). WILKES. "I have been thinking, Dr. Johnson, that there should be a bill brought into parliament that the controverted elections for Scotland should be tried in that country, at their own Abbey of Holyrood-house, and not here; for the consequence of trying them here is, that we have an inundation of Scotchmen, who come up and never go back again. Now, here is Boswell, who is come upon the election for his own county, which will not last a fort-

night." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, I see no reason why they should be tried at all; for, you know, one Scotchman is as good as another." WILKES. "Pray, Boswell, how much may be got in a year by an advocate of the Scotch bar?" BOSWELL. "I believe, two thousand pounds." WILKES. "How can it be possible to spend that money in Scotland?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, the money may be spent in England; but there is a harder question. If one man in Scotland gets possession of two thousand pounds, what remains for all the rest of the nation?" WILKES. "You know, in the last war, the immense booty which Thurot carried off by the complete plunder of seven Scotch isles; he re-embarked with *three and sixpence*." Here again Johnson and Wilkes joined in extravagant sportive raillery upon the supposed poverty of Scotland, which Dr. Beattie and I did not think it worth our while to dispute.

The subject of quotation being introduced, Mr. Wilkes censured it as pedantry. JOHNSON. "No, Sir, it is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world." WILKES. "Upon the continent they all quote the Vulgate Bible. Shakspeare is chiefly quoted here: and we quote also Pope, Prior, Butler, Waller, and sometimes Cowley."

We talked of letter-writing. JOHNSON. "It is now become so much the fashion to publish letters, that, in order to avoid it, I put as little into mine as I can." BOSWELL. "Do what you will, Sir, you cannot avoid it. Should you even write as ill as you can, your letters would be published as curiosities:

> 'Behold a miracle, instead of wit!
> See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.'"

He gave us an entertaining account of Bet Flint, a woman of the town, who, with some eccentric talents and much effrontery, forced herself upon his acquaintance. "Bet," said he, "wrote her own Life in verse,[1] which she brought to me, wishing that I would furnish her with a

[1] Johnson, whose memory was wonderfully retentive, remembered the first four lines of this curious production, which have been communicated to me by a young lady of his acquaintance:—

preface to it (laughing). I used to say of her, that she was generally slut and drunkard; occasionally whore and thief. She had, however, genteel lodgings, a spinnet on which she played, and a boy that walked before her chair. Poor Bet was taken up on a charge of stealing a counterpane, and tried at the Old Bailey. Chief Justice ——, who loved a wench, summed up favourably, and she was acquitted.[1] After which, Bet said, with a gay and satisfied air, 'Now that the counterpane is *my own*, I shall make a petticoat of it.'"

Talking of oratory, Mr. Wilkes described it as accompanied with all the charms of poetical expression. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; oratory is the power of beating down your adversary's arguments, and putting better in their place." WILKES. "But this does not move the passions." JOHNSON: "He must be a weak man who is to be so moved." WILKES (naming a celebrated orator). "Amidst all the brilliancy of [Burke's] imagination, and the exuberance of his wit, there is a strange want of *taste*. It was observed of Apelles's Venus, that her flesh seemed as if she had been nourished by roses: his oratory would sometimes makes one suspect that he eats potatoes and drinks whisky."

Mr. Wilkes observed, how tenacious we are of forms in this country; and gave as an instance, the vote of the House of Commons for remitting money to pay the army in America in Portugal pieces, when, in reality, the remittance is made not in Portugal money, but in our specie. JOHNSON. "Is there not a law, Sir, against exporting the current coin of the realm?" WILKES. "Yes, Sir; but

> "When first I drew my vital breath,
> A little minikin I came upon earth;
> And then I came from a dark abode,
> Into this gay and gaudy world."

[1] Johnson was here guilty, not merely of coarseness, but, it seems, of scandal; for James Boswell, junior, ascertained from the Sessions paper that Bet was tried at the Old Bailey in September, 1758, not by the Chief Justice here alluded to, but before Sir William Moreton, recorder; and she was acquitted not in consequence of any favourable summing up of the judge, but because the prosecutrix could not prove that the goods charged to have been stolen were her property.—*Malone.*—*Croker.*

might not the House of Commons, in case of real evident necessity, order our own current coin to be sent into our own colonies?" Here Johnson, with that quickness of recollection which distinguished him so eminently, gave the Middlesex patriot an admirable retort upon his own ground. "Sure, Sir, *you* don't think a *resolution of the House of Commons* equal to *the law of the land.*" WILKES (at once perceiving the application). "God forbid, Sir."—To hear what had been treated with such violence in "The False Alarm" now turned into pleasant repartee, was extremely agreeable. Johnson went on:—"Locke observes well, that a prohibition to export the current coin is impolitic; for when the balance of trade happens to be against a state, the current coin *must* be exported."[1]

Mr. Beauclerk's great library was this season sold in London by auction. Mr. Wilkes said, he wondered to find in it such a numerous collection of sermons: seeming to think it strange that a gentleman of Mr. Beauclerk's character in the gay world should have chosen to have many compositions of that kind. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, you are to consider that sermons make a considerable branch of English literature; so that a library must be very imperfect if it has not a numerous collection of sermons:[2] and in all collections, Sir, the desire of

[1] This is probably a quotation from memory of the passage: Whenever the whole of our foreign trade and consumption exceeds our exportation of commodities, our money must go to pay our debts so contracted, whether melted or not melted down. If the Law makes the exportation of our coin penal, it will be melted down; if it leaves the exportation of our coin free, as in Holland, it will be carried out in specie.—Further Considerations concerning revising the Value of Money, p. 160. Locke's Works, vol. iv., Lond., 1824.—*Editor.*

[2] Mr. Wilkes probably did not know that there is in an English sermon the most comprehensive and lively account of that entertaining faculty for which he himself was so much admired. It is in Dr. Barrow's first volume, and fourteenth sermon, "Against foolish Talking and Jesting." My old acquaintance, the late Corbyn Morris, in his ingenious "Essay on Wit, Humour, and Ridicule," calls it "a *profuse* description of wit;" but I do not see how it could be curtailed, without leaving out some good circumstance of discrimination. As it is not generally known, and may dispose some to read sermons, from which they may receive real advantage, while looking only for entertainment, I shall here subjoin it.

"But first (says the learned preacher) it may be demanded, what the

augmenting them grows stronger in proportion to the advance in acquisition; as motion is accelerated by the continuance of the *impetus*. Besides, Sir," looking at Mr.

thing we speak of is? Or what this facetiousness (or *wit*, as he calls it before) doth import? To which questions I might reply, as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man, 'Tis that which we all see and know.' Any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description. It is, indeed, a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it is wrapt in a dress of humorous expression: sometimes is lurketh under an odd similitude: sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being: sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange: sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable; being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which, by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression, doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit, and reach of wit more than vulgar; it seeming to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him: together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. (Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed ἐπιδέξιοι, dexterous men, and εὔτροποι, men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves.) It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness, as semblance of difficulty: (as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not [illegible] are beheld with pleasure:) by [illegible] thoughts; by instilling [illegible]

Wilkes, with a placid but significant smile, "a man may collect sermons with intention of making himself better by them. I hope Mr. Beaulerk intended that some time or other that should be the case with him."

Mr. Wilkes said to me, loud enough for Dr. Johnson to hear, "Dr. Johnson should make me a present of his 'Lives of the Poets,' as I am a poor patriot, who cannot afford to buy them." Johnson seemed to take no notice of this hint; but in a little while he called to Mr. Dilly, "Pray, Sir, be so good as to send a set of my Lives to Mr. Wilkes, with my compliments." This was accordingly done; and Mr. Wilkes paid Dr. Johnson a visit, was courteously received, and sat with him a long time.

The company gradually dropped away. Mr. Dilly himself was called downstairs upon business; I left the room for some time; when I returned, I was struck with observing Dr. Samuel Johnson and John Wilkes, Esq., literally *tête-à-tête;* for they were reclined upon their chairs, with their heads leaning almost close to each other, and talking earnestly, in a kind of confidential whisper, of the personal quarrel between George the Second and the King of Prussia. Such a scene of perfectly easy sociality between two such opponents in the war of political controversy, as that which I now beheld, would have been an excellent subject for a picture. It presented to my mind the happy days which are foretold in the scripture, when the lion shall lie down with the kid.[1]

After this day there was another pretty long interval, during which Dr. Johnson and I did not meet. When I mentioned it to him with regret, he was pleased to say, "Then, Sir, let us live double."

About this time it was much the fashion for several

such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang."—[Barrow's Works, Cambridge Edition, vol. ii., p. 4-6.—*Editor.*]

[1] When I mentioned this to the Bishop of Killaloe (Dr. Barnard), "With the *goat*," said his lordship. Such, however, was the engaging politeness and pleasantry of Mr. Wilkes, and such the social good-humour of the bishop, that when they dined together at Mr. Dilly's, where I also was, they were mutually agreeable.

ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue-stocking Clubs;* the origin of which title being little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of those societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet[1], whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, that his absence was felt as so great a loss, that it used to be said, "We can do nothing without the *blue stockings;* and thus by degrees the title was established. Miss Hannah More has admirably described a *Blue-stocking Club* in her "*Bas Bleu,*" a poem in which many of the persons who were most conspicuous there are mentioned.

Johnson was prevailed with to come sometimes into these circles, and did not think himself too grave even for the lively Miss Monckton (now Countess of Cork), who used to have the finest *bit of blue* at the house of her mother, Lady Galway. Her vivacity enchanted the sage, and they used to talk together with all imaginable ease. A singular instance happened one evening, when she insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly denied it. "I am sure," said she, "they have affected me." "Why," said Johnson, smiling and rolling himself about, "that is because, dearest, you're a dunce." When she some time afterwards mentioned this to him, he said, with equal truth and politeness, "Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it."

Another evening Johnson's kind indulgence towards me

[1] Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, author of tracts relating to natural history, &c.

He died Dec. 15, 1771, in his seventieth year; and his Literary Life and Select Works were edited, 1811, by the Rev. William Coxe, in three vols, 8vo. Had Dr. Doran, (Life of Mrs. Montagu, 1873, p. 66,) carefully read Boswell's account of the *Blue-stocking Clubs*, he would have seen that Boswell does not speak of Stillingfleet as alive in 1781, but as being one of the most eminent members of those [illegible] *commenced;* and Dr. Doran, p. 65, [illegible] "blue stockings," first occurs in [illegible] 1757.—*Editor.*

had a pretty difficult trial. I had dined at the Duke of Montrose's with a very agreeable party; and his grace, according to his usual custom, had circulated the bottle very freely. Lord Graham and I went together to Miss Monckton's, where I certainly was in extraordinary spirits, and above all fear or awe. In the midst of a great number of persons of the first rank, amongst whom I recollect, with confusion, a noble lady of the most stately decorum, I placed myself next to Johnson, and thinking myself now fully his match, talked to him in a loud and boisterous manner, desirous to let the company know how I could contend with *Ajax*. I particularly remember pressing him upon the value of the pleasures of the imagination, and, as an illustration of my argument, asking him, "What, Sir, supposing I were to fancy that the —— (naming the most charming duchess in his majesty's dominions) were in love with me, should I not be very happy?" My friend with much address evaded my interrogatories, and kept me as quiet as possible; but it may easily be conceived how he must have felt.[1] However, when a few days afterwards I

[1] Next day I endeavoured to give what had happened the most ingenious turn I could by the following verses:—

TO THE HONOURABLE MISS MONCKTON.

Not that with th' excellent Montrose
  I had the happiness to dine;
Not that I late from table rose,
  From Graham's wit, from generous wine.

It was not these alone which led
  On sacred manners to encroach;
And made me feel what most I dread,
  Johnson's just frown, and self-reproach.

But when I enter'd not abash'd,
  From your bright eyes were shot such rays,
At once intoxication flash'd,
  And all my frame was in a blaze!

But not a brilliant blaze, I own;
  Of the dull smoke I'm yet ashamed;
I was a dreary ruin grown,
  And not enlighten'd, though inflamed.

waited upon him and made an apology, he behaved with the most friendly gentleness.

While I remained in London this year, Johnson and I dined together at several places. I recollect a placid day at Dr. Butter's, who had now removed from Derby to Lower Grosvenor Street, London; but of his conversation on that and other occasions during this period I neglected to keep any regular record, and shall therefore insert here some miscellaneous articles which I find in my Johnsonian notes.

His disorderly habits, when "making provision for the day that was passing over him," appear from the following anecdote communicated to me by Mr. John Nichols: "In the year 1763 a young bookseller, who was an apprentice to Mr. Whiston, waited on him with a subscription to his 'Shakspeare;' and observing that the doctor made no entry in any book of the subscriber's name, ventured diffidently to ask whether he would please to have the gentleman's address, that it might be properly inserted in the printed list of subscribers. '*I shall print no list of subscribers*,' said Johnson, with great abruptness; but almost immediately recollecting himself, added, very complacently, 'Sir, I have two very cogent reasons for not printing any list of subscribers: one, that I have lost all the names; the other, that I have spent all the money."

Johnson could not brook appearing to be worsted in argument, even when he had taken the wrong side, to show the force and dexterity of his talents. When, therefore, he perceived that his opponent gained ground, he had recourse to some sudden mode of robust sophistry. Once when I was pressing upon him with visible advantage, he stopped me thus: "My dear Boswell, let's have no more of this; you'll make nothing of it. I'd rather have you whistle a Scotch tune."

Victim at once to wine and love,
I hope, Maria, you'll forgive;
While I invoke the powers above,
That henceforth I may wiser live.

The lady was generously forgiving, returned me an obliging ans
I thus obtained an *act of oblivion*, and took care never to offend

Care, however, must be taken to distinguish between Johnson when he "talked for victory," and Johnson when he had no desire but to inform and illustrate. "One of Johnson's principal talents," says an eminent friend of his, "was shown in maintaining the wrong side of an argument, and in a splendid perversion of the truth. If you could contrive to have his fair opinion on a subject, and without any bias from personal prejudice, or from a wish to be victorious in argument, it was wisdom itself, not only convincing, but overpowering."

He had, however, all his life habituated himself to consider conversation as a trial of intellectual vigour and skill: and to this, I think, we may venture to ascribe that unexampled richness and brilliancy which appeared in his own. As a proof at once of his eagerness for colloquial distinction, and his high notion of this eminent friend,[1] he once addressed him thus: "——, we have now been several hours together, and you have said but one thing for which I envied you."

He disliked much all speculative desponding considerations, which tended to discourage men from diligence and exertion. He was in this like Dr. Shaw, the great traveller, who, Mr. Daines Barrington told me, used to say, "I hate a *cui bono* man." Upon being asked by a friend what he should think of a man who was apt to say *non est tanti*; "That he's a stupid fellow, Sir," answered Johnson. "What would these *tanti* men be doing the while?" When I, in a low-spirited fit, was talking to him with indifference of the pursuits which generally engage us in a course of action, and inquiring a *reason* for taking so much trouble; "Sir," said he, in an animated tone, "it is driving on the system of life."

He told me that he was glad that I had, by General Oglethorpe's means, become acquainted with Dr. Shebbeare. Indeed that gentleman, whatever objections were made to him, had knowledge and abilities much above the class of ordinary writers, and deserves to be remembered as a respectable name in literature, were it only for his admirable "Letters on the English Nation," under the name of "Battista Angeloni, a Jesuit."

[1] The Right Hon. William Gerrard Hamilton.—*Malone.*

Johnson and Shebbeare[1] were frequently named together, as having in former reigns had no predilection for the family of Hanover. The author of the celebrated "Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers" introduced them in one line in a list of those "who tasted the sweets of his present majesty's reign." Such was Johnson's candid relish of the merit of that satire, that he allowed Dr. Goldsmith, as he told me, to read it to him from beginning to end, and did not refuse his praise to its execution.

Goldsmith could sometimes take adventurous liberties with him, and escape unpunished. Beauclerk told me, that when Goldsmith talked of a project for having a third theatre in London solely for the exhibition of new plays, in order to deliver authors from the supposed tyranny of managers, Johnson treated it slightingly; upon which Goldsmith said, "Ay, ay, this may be nothing to you, who can now shelter yourself behind the corner of a pension;" and Johnson bore this with good humour.

Johnson praised the Earl of Carlisle's poems,[2] which his lordship had published with his name, as not disdaining to be a candidate for literary fame. My friend was of opinion that when a man of rank appeared in that character, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed.[3]

[1] I recollect a ludicrous paragraph in the newspapers, that the king had pensioned both a *He*-bear and a *She*-bear.

[2] Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, born in 1748; died in 1825.—*Croker.*

The kinsman and guardian of Byron, to whom Byron dedicated the second edition of his Hours of Idleness.—*Editor.*

[3] Men of rank and fortune, however, should be pretty well assured of having a real claim to the approbation of the public, as writers, before they venture to stand forth. Dryden, in his preface to "All for Love," thus expresses himself: "Men of pleasant conversation (at least esteemed so) and endued with a trifling kind of fancy, perhaps helped out by a smattering of Latin, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the herd of gentlemen by their poetry:

'Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illa
Fortuna.'————*Juv.* viii. 72.

And is not this a wretched affectation, not to be contented with what fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their estates, but they must call their wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to public view? Not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober men which they have found from their flatterers after the third bottle: if a little glittering in discourse has

In this I think he was more liberal than Mr. William Whitehead, in his "Elegy to Lord Villiers," in which, under the pretext of "superior toils, demanding all their care," he discovers a jealousy of the great paying their court to the Muses:—

> "——— to the chosen few
> Who dare excel, thy fost'ring aid afford;
> Their arts, their magic powers, with honours due
> Exalt;—but be thyself what they record."

Johnson had called twice on the Bishop of Killaloe before his lordship set out for Ireland, having missed him the first time. He said, "It would have hung heavy on my heart if I had not seen him. No man ever paid more attention to another than he has done to me;[1] and I have neglected him, not wilfully, but from being otherwise occupied. Always, Sir, set a high value on spontane

passed them on us for witty men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the world? would a man who has an ill title to an estate, but yet is in possession of it—would he bring it out of his own accord to be tried at Westminster? We who write, if we want the talents, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence; but what can be urged their defence, who, not having the vocation of poverty to scribble, [illegible] of mere wantonness make pains to make themselves ridiculous? Horace was certainly in the right where he said, 'That no man is satisfied with his own condition.' A poet is not pleased because he is not rich; and the rich are discontented because the poets will not admit them of their [illegible]mber."

[illegible] This gave me very great pleasure, for there had been once a pretty sm[illegible] altercation between Dr. Barnard and him, upon a question, whe[illegible]r a man could improve himself after the age of forty-five; when John[illegible] in a hasty humour expressed himself in a manner not quite civil. [illegible]r. Barnard made it the subject of a copy of pleasant verses, in which h[illegible]posed himself to learn different perfections from different men. They [illegible]ncluded with delicate irony:

> "Johnson shall teach me how to place
> In fairest light each borrow'd grace:
> From him I'll learn to write,
> Copy his clear familiar style,
> And, by the roughness of his file,
> Grow, like himself, polite."

I know not [illegible]hether Johnson ever saw the poem, but I had occasion to find that, as [illegible]r. Barnard and he knew each other better, their mutual regard increase[illegible] [See Johnsoniana, p. 338-9.]

kindness. He whose inclination prompts him to cultivate your friendship of his own accord, will love you more than one whom you have been at pains to attach to you."

Johnson told me that he was once much pleased to find that a carpenter, who lived near him, was very ready to show him some things in his business which he wished to see; "It was paying," said he, "respect to literature."

I asked him if he was not dissatisfied with having so small a share of wealth, and none of those distinctions in the state which are the objects of ambition. He had only a pension of three hundred a year. Why was he not in such circumstances as to keep his coach? Why had he not some considerable office? JOHNSON. "Sir, I have never complained of the world; nor do I think that I have reason to complain. It is rather to be wondered at that I have so much. My pension is more out of the usual course of things than any instance that I have known. Here, Sir, was a man avowedly no friend to government at the time, who got a pension without asking for it. I never courted the great; they sent for me; but I think they now give me up. They are satisfied: they have seen enough of me." Upon my observing that I could not believe this, for they must certainly be highly pleased by his conversation; conscious of his own superiority, he answered, "No, Sir; great lords and great ladies don't love to have their mouths stopped." This was very expressive of the effect which the force of his understanding and brilliancy of his fancy could not but produce; and, to be sure, they must have found themselves strangely diminished in his company. When I warmly declared how happy I was at all times to hear him,—"Yes, Sir," said he; "but if you were lord chancellor it would not be so: you would then consider your own dignity."

There was much truth and knowledge of human nature in this remark. But certainly one should think that in whatever elevated state of life a man who *knew* the value of the conversation of Johnson might be placed, though he might prudently avoid a situation in which he might appear lessened by comparison, yet he would frequently gratify himself in private with the participation of the rich intellectual entertainment which Johnson could fur-

nish. Strange, however, is it to consider how few of the great sought his society; so that if one were disposed to take occasion for satire on that account, very conspicuous objects present themselves. His noble friend, Lord Elibank, well observed, that if a great man procured an interview with Johnson, and did not wish to see him more, it showed a mere idle curiosity, and a wretched want of relish for extraordinary powers of mind. Mrs. Thrale justly and wittily accounted for such conduct by saying, that Johnson's conversation was much too strong for a person accustomed to obsequiousness and flattery; it was *mustard in a young child's mouth!*

One day, when I told him that I was a zealous Tory, but not enough "according to knowledge," and should be obliged to him for "a reason," he was so candid, and expressed himself so well, that I begged of him to repeat what he had said, and I wrote down as follows:—

"*Of Tory and Whig.*

"A wise Tory and a wise Whig, I believe, will agree. Their principles are the same, though their modes of thinking are different. A high Tory makes government unintelligible; it is lost in the clouds. A violent Whig makes it impracticable: he is for allowing so much liberty to every man, that there is not power enough to govern any man. The prejudice of the Tory is for establishment, the prejudice of the Whig is for innovation. A Tory does not wish to give more real power to government; but that government should have more reverence, Then they differ as to the church. The Tory is not for giving more legal power to the clergy, but wishes they should have a considerable influence, founded on the opinion of mankind: the Whig is for limiting and watching them with a narrow jealousy."

TO MR. PERKINS.

"June 2, 1781.

"SIR,

"However often I have seen you, I have hitherto forgotten the note; but I have now sent it, with my good wishes

for the prosperity of you and your partner,[1] of whom, from our short conversation, I could not judge otherwise than favourably. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

On Saturday, June 2, I set out for Scotland, and had promised to pay a visit, in my way, as I sometimes did, at Southill, in Bedfordshire, at the hospitable mansion of Squire Dilly, the elder brother of my worthy friends, the booksellers, in the Poultry. Dr. Johnson agreed to be of the party this year, with Mr. Charles Dilly and me, and to go and see Lord Bute's seat at Luton Hoe. He talked little to us in the carriage, being chiefly occupied in reading Dr. Watson's[2] second volume of "Chemical Essays," which he liked very well, and his own "Prince of Abyssinia," on which he seemed to be intensely fixed; having told us, that he had not looked at it since it was first finished. I happened to take it out of my pocket this day, and he seized upon it with avidity. He pointed out to me the following remarkable passage:—

"By what means (said the prince) are the Europeans thus powerful? or why, since they can so easily visit Asia and Africa for trade or conquest, cannot the Asiatics and Africans invade their coasts, plant colonies in their ports, and give laws to their natural princes? The same wind that carried them back would bring us thither." "They are more powerful, Sir, than we (answered Imlac), because they are wiser. Knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as man governs the other animals. But why their knowledge is more than ours, I know not what reason can be given but the unsearchable will of the Supreme Being."

[1] Mr. Barclay, a descendant of Robert Barclay, of Ury, the celebrated apologist of the people called Quakers, and remarkable for maintaining the principles of his venerable progenitor, with as much of elegance of modern manners as is consistent with primitive simplicity. Died in 1831,—*Croker*.

[2] Now Bishop of Llandaff, one of the *poorest* bishoprics in this kingdom. His lordship has written with much zeal to show the propriety of *equalising* the revenues of bishops. He has informed us that he has burnt all his chemical papers. The friends of our excellent constitution, now assailed on every side by innovators and levellers, would have less regretted the suppression of some of his lordship's other writings.

He said, "This, Sir, no man can explain otherwise."

We stopped at Welwyn, where I wished much to see, in company with Johnson, the residence of the author of "Night Thoughts," which was then possessed by his son, Mr. Young. Here some address was requisite, for I was not acquainted with Mr. Young; and had I proposed to Dr. Johnson that we should send to him, he would have checked my wish, and perhaps been offended. I therefore concerted with Mr. Dilly, that I should steal away from Dr. Johnson and him, and try what reception I could procure from Mr. Young: if unfavourable, nothing was to be said; but if agreeable, I should return and notify it to them. I hastened to Mr. Young's, found he was at home, sent in word that a gentleman desired to wait upon him, and was shown into a parlour, where he and a young lady, his daughter, were sitting. He appeared to be a plain, civil, country gentleman; and when I begged pardon for presuming to trouble him, but that I wished much to see his place if he would give me leave, he behaved very courteously, and answered, "By all means, Sir. We are just going to drink tea; will you sit down?" I thanked him, but said that Dr. Johnson had come with me from London, and I must return to the inn to drink tea with him: that my name was Boswell; I had travelled with him in the Hebrides. "Sir," said he, "I should think it a great honour to see Dr. Johnson here. Will you allow me to send for him?" Availing myself of this opening, I said that "I would go myself and bring him when he had drunk tea; he knew nothing of my calling here." Having been thus successful, I hastened back to the inn, and informed Dr. Johnson that "Mr. Young, the son of Dr. Young, the author of 'Night Thoughts,' whom I had just left, desired to have the honour of seeing him at the house where his father lived." Dr. Johnson luckily made no inquiry how this invitation had arisen, but agreed to go; and when we entered Mr. Young's parlour, he addressed him with a very polite bow, "Sir, I had a curiosity to come and see this place. I had the honour to know that great man your father." We went into the garden, where we found a gravel walk, on each side of which was a row of trees, planted by Dr. Young, which formed a handsome

Gothic arch. Dr. Johnson calls it a fine grove. I beheld it with reverence.

We sat some time in the summer-house, on the outside wall of which was inscribed, "*Ambulantes in horto audiebant vocem Dei;*" and in the reference to a brook by which it is situated, "*Vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,*" &c. I said to Mr. Young, that I had been told his father was cheerful. "Sir," said he, "he was too well bred a man not to be cheerful in company; but he was gloomy when alone. He never was cheerful after my mother's death, and he had met with many disappointments." Dr. Johnson observed to me afterwards, "That this was no favourable account of Dr. Young; for it is not becoming in a man to have so little acquiescence in the ways of Providence, as to be gloomy because he has not obtained as much preferment as he expected; nor to continue gloomy for the loss of his wife. Grief has its time." The last part of this censure was theoretically made. Practically, we know that grief for the loss of a wife may be continued very long, in proportion as affection has been sincere. No man knew this better than Dr. Johnson.

We went into the church, and looked at the monument erected by Mr. Young to his father. Mr. Young mentioned an anecdote, that his father had received several thousand pounds of subscription-money for his "Universal Passion," but had lost it in the South Sea.[1] Dr. Johnson thought this must be a mistake, for he had never seen a subscription-book.

Upon the road we talked of the uncertainty of profit with which authors and booksellers engage in the publication of literary works. JOHNSON. "My judgment I have found is no certain rule as to the sale of a book." BOSWELL. "Pray, Sir, have you been much plagued with authors sending you their works to revise?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir; I have been thought a sour surly fellow." BOSWELL. "Very lucky for you, Sir,—in that respect." I must however observe, that, notwithstanding what he now said, which he no doubt imagined at the time to be

[1] This assertion is disproved by a comparison of dates. The first four satires of Young were published in 1725. The South Sea scheme (which no doubt was meant) was in 1720.—*Malone.*

the fact, there was, perhaps, no man who more frequently yielded to the solicitations even of very obscure authors to read their manuscripts, or more liberally assisted them with advice and correction.

He found himself very happy at Squire Dilly's, where there is always abundance of excellent fare, and hearty welcome.

On Sunday, June 3, we all went to Southill church, which is very near to Mr. Dilly's house. It being the first Sunday in the month, the holy sacrament was administered, and I stayed to partake of it. When I came afterwards into Dr. Johnson's room, he said, "You did right to stay and receive the communion: I had not thought of it." This seemed to imply that he did not choose to approach the altar without a previous preparation, as to which good men entertain different opinions, some holding that it is irreverent to partake of that ordinance without considerable premeditation; others, that whoever is a sincere Christian, and in a proper frame of mind to discharge any other ritual duty of our religion, may, without scruple, discharge this most solemn one. A middle notion I believe to be the just one, which is, that communicants need not think a long train of preparatory forms indispensably necessary; but neither should they rashly and lightly venture upon so awful and mysterious an institution. Christians must judge, each for himself, what degree of retirement and self-examination is necessary upon each occasion.

Being in a frame of mind which I hope, for the felicity of human nature, many experience,—in fine weather,—at the country-house of a friend,—consoled and elevated by pious exercises,—I expressed myself with an unrestrained fervour to my "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend." "My dear Sir, I would fain be a good man; and I am very good now. I fear God, and honour the king; I wish to do no ill, and to be benevolent to all mankind." He looked at me with a benignant indulgence; but took occasion to give me wise and salutary caution. "Do not, Sir, accustom yourself to trust to *impressions*. There is a middle state of mind between conviction and hypocrisy, of which many are unconscious. By trusting to impressions, a man may

gradually come to yield to them, and at length be subject to them, so as not to be a free agent, or what is the same thing in effect, to *suppose* that he is not a free agent. A man who is in that state should not be suffered to live; if he declares he cannot help acting in a particular way, and is irresistibly impelled, there can be no confidence in him, no more than in a tiger. But, Sir, no man believes himself to be impelled irresistibly; we know that he who says he believes it, lies. Favourable impressions at particular moments, as to the state of our souls, may be deceitful and dangerous. In general, no man can be sure of his acceptance with God; some, indeed, may have had it revealed to them. St. Paul, who wrought miracles, may have had a miracle wrought on himself, and may have obtained supernatural assurance of pardon, and mercy, and beatitude; yet St. Paul, though he expresses strong hope, also expresses fear, lest having preached to others, he himself should be a castaway."

The opinion of a learned bishop of our acquaintance, as to there being merit in religious faith, being mentioned:—

JOHNSON. "Why, yes, Sir, the most licentious man, were hell open before him, would not take the most beautiful strumpet to his arms. We must, as the apostle says, live by faith, not by sight."

I talked to him of original sin, in consequence of the fall of man, and of the atonement made by our Saviour.[1] After some conversation, which he desired me to remember, he, at my request, dictated to me as follows:—

"With respect to original sin, the inquiry is not necessary; for, whatever is the cause of human corruption, men are evi-

[1] Dr. Ogden, in his second sermon "On the Articles of the Christian Faith," with admirable acuteness thus addresses the opposers of that doctrine, which accounts for the confusion, sin, and misery which we find in this life: "It would be severe in God, you think, to *degrade* us to such a sad state as this, for the offence of our first parents: but you can allow him to *place* us in it without any inducement. Are our calamities lessened by not being ascribed to Adam? [illegible] unhappy, is it not still unhappy, whatever [illegible] aggravation of this reflection, that if [illegible] designed, there seems to be some [illegible] amendment."

dently and confessedly so corrupt, that all the laws of heaven and earth are insufficient to restrain them from crimes.

"Whatever difficulty there may be in the conception of vicarious punishments, it is an opinion which has had possession of mankind in all ages. There is no nation that has not used the practice of sacrifices. Whoever, therefore, denies the propriety of vicarious punishments, holds an opinion which the sentiments and practice of mankind have contradicted from the beginning of the world. The great sacrifice for the sins of mankind was offered at the death of the Messiah, who is called in Scripture 'The Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.' To judge of the reasonableness of the scheme of redemption, it must be considered as necessary to the government of the universe that God should make known his perpetual and irreconcileable detestation of moral evil. He might indeed punish, and punish only the offenders: but as the end of punishment is not revenge of crimes but propagation of virtue, it was more becoming the Divine clemency to find another manner of proceeding, less destructive to man, and at least equally powerful to promote goodness. The end of punishment is to reclaim and warn. *That* punishment will both reclaim and warn, which shows evidently such abhorrence of sin in God, as may deter us from it, or strike us with dread of vengeance when we have committed it. This is effected by vicarious punishment. Nothing could more testify the opposition between the nature of God and moral evil, or more amply display his justice, to men and angels, to all orders and successions of beings, than that it was necessary for the highest and purest nature, even for Divinity itself, to pacify the demands of vengeance by a painful death; of which the natural effect will be, that when justice is appeased, there is a proper place for the exercise of mercy; and that such propitiation shall supply, in some degree, the imperfections of our obedience and the inefficacy of our repentance: for obedience and repentance, such as we can perform, are still necessary. Our Saviour has told us, that he did not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil: to fulfil the typical law, by the performance of what those types had foreshown; and the moral law, by precepts of greater purity and higher exaltation."

Here he said, "God bless you with it." I acknowledged myself much obliged to him; but I begged that he would

go on as to the propitiation being the chief object of our most holy faith. He then dictated this one other paragraph.

"The peculiar doctrine of Christianity is, that of an universal sacrifice and perpetual propitiation. Other prophets only proclaimed the will and the threatenings of God. Christ satisfied his justice."

The Reverend Mr. Palmer,[1] fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, dined with us. He expressed a wish that a better provision were made for parish-clerks. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, a parish-clerk should be a man who is able to make a will or write a letter for any body in the parish."

I mentioned Lord Monboddo's notion [2] that the ancient Egyptians, with all their learning and all their arts, were not only black, but woolly-haired. Mr. Palmer asked how did it appear upon examining the mummies? Dr. Johnson approved of this test. [3]

Although upon most occasions I never heard a more strenuous advocate for the advantages of wealth than Dr.

[1] This unfortunate person, whose full name was Thomas Fysche Palmer, afterwards went to Dundee, in Scotland, where he officiated as minister to a congregation of the sect who call themselves Unitarians, from a notion that they distinctly worship one God, because they *deny* the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity. They do not advert that the great body of the Christian church in maintaining that mystery maintain also the *unity* of the Godhead: "the Trinity in Unity—three persons and one God." The church humbly adores the Divinty as exhibited in the holy Scriptures. The Unitarian sect vainly presumes to comprehend and define the Almighty. Mr. Palmer, having heated his mind with political speculations, became so much dissatisfied with our excellent constitution as to compose, publish, and circulate writings, which were found to be so seditious and dangerous, that upon being found guilty by a jury, the court of justiciary in Scotland sentenced him to transportation for fourteen years. A loud clamour against this sentence was made by some members of both houses of parliament; but both houses approved of it by a great majority, and he was conveyed to the settlement for convicts in New South Wales.

Note in Third Edition, vol. iv. p. 129.—*Editor.*

Mr. T. F. Palmer was of Queen's College in Cambridge, where he took the degree of master of arts in 1772, and that of S. T. B. in 1781. He died on his return from Botany Bay in 1803.—*Malone.*

[2] Taken from Herodotus.

[3] It appears from every kind of evidence, that the Egyptians had long hair, and sharp and handsome features. At all events, they were not negroes.—*Croker.*

Johnson, he this day, I know not from what caprice, took the other side. "I have not observed," said he, "that men of very large fortunes enjoy any thing extraordinary that makes happiness. What has the Duke of Bedford? What has the Duke of Devonshire? The only great instance that I have ever known of the enjoyment of wealth was that of Jamaica Dawkins, who going to visit Palmyra, and hearing that the way was infested by robbers, hired a troop of Turkish horse to guard him.[1]

Dr. Gibbons,[2] the dissenting minister, being mentioned, he said, "I took to Dr. Gibbons." And addressing himself to Mr. Charles Dilly added, "I shall be glad to see him. Tell him, if he'll call on me, and dawdle over a dish of tea in an afternoon, I shall take it kind."

The Reverend Mr. Smith, vicar of Southill, a very respectable man, with a very agreeable family, sent an invitation to us to drink tea. I remarked Dr. Johnson's very respectful politeness. Though always fond of changing the scene, he said, "We must have Mr. Dilly's leave. We cannot go from your house, Sir, without your permission." We all went, and were well satisfied with our visit. I, however, remember nothing particular, except a nice distinction which Dr. Johnson made with respect to the power of memory, maintaining that forgetfulness was a man's own fault. "To remember and to recollect," said he, "are different things. A man has not the power to recollect what is not in his mind, but when a thing is in his mind he may remember it."[3]

[1] Henry Dawkins, Esq., the companion of Wood and Bouverie in their travels, and the patron of *Athenian* Stuart.—*Croker.*

[2] Born May 31, 1720, died February 22, 1785. In 1743 he was "called" to the pastoral charge of the Independent Congregation at Haberdashers' Hall, and continued in it, till his death. He wrote a life of Isaac Watts (1780), and assisted Johnson with materials for his life of Watts.—*Editor.*

[3] Mr. Boswell's note was, I suspect, imperfect. A thing to be either *remembered* or *recollected* must equally have been in the mind. In his Dictionary, Johnson defines "*Remember*—to bear in mind, to *recollect*, to call to mind." This would seem to imply that he considered the words as nearly synonymous; but in his definition of "*Recollect*—to recover memory, to gather what is scattered," he makes the true distinction. When the words are to be contradistinguished, it may be said that *remembrance* is *spontaneous*, and *recollection* an effort; and this, I think, is what Johnson meant.—*Croker*

The remark was occasioned by my leaning back on a chair, which a little before I had perceived to be broken, and pleading forgetfulness as an excuse. "Sir," said he, "its being broken was certainly in your mind."

When I observed that a housebreaker was in general very timorous;—JOHNSON. "No wonder, Sir; he is afraid of being shot getting *into* a house, or hanged when he has got *out* of it."

He told us, that he had in one day written six sheets of a translation from the French; adding, "I should be glad to see it now. I wish that I had copies of all the pamphlets written against me, as it is said Pope had. Had I known that I should make so much noise in the world, I should have been at pains to collect them. I believe there is hardly a day in which there is not something about me in the newspapers."

On Monday, June 4, we all went to Luton-Hoe, to see Lord Bute's magnificent seat, for which I had obtained a ticket. As we entered the park, I talked in a high style of my old friendship with Lord Mountstuart, and said, "I shall probably be much at this place." The sage, aware of human vicissitudes, gently checked me: "Don't you be too sure of that." He made two or three peculiar observations; as, when shown the botanical garden, "Is not *every* garden a botanical garden?" When told that there was a shrubbery to the extent of several miles;—"That is making a very foolish use of the ground; a little of it is very well." When it was proposed that we should walk on the pleasure-ground; "Don't let us fatigue ourselves. Why should we walk there? Here's a fine tree, let's get to the top of it." But upon the whole, he was very much pleased. He said, "This is one of the places I do not regret having come to see. It is a very stately place, indeed; in the house, magnificence is not sacrificed to convenience, nor convenience to magnificence. The library is very splendid; the dignity of the rooms is very great; and the quantity of pictures is beyond expectation, beyond hope."

It happened without any previous concert that we visited the seat of Lord Bute upon the king's birthday; we dined and drank his majesty's health at an inn in the village of Luton.

In the evening I put him in mind of his promise to favour me with a copy of his celebrated Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield, and he was at last pleased to comply with this earnest request, by dictating it to me from his memory; for he believed that he himself had no copy. There was an animated glow in his countenance while be thus recalled his high-minded indignation.

He laughed heartily at a ludicrous action in the court of session, in which I was counsel. The society of procurators, or attornies, entitled to practise in the inferior courts at Edinburgh, had obtained a royal charter, in which they had taken care to have their ancient designation of *Procurators* changed into that of *Solicitors*, from a notion, as they supposed, that it was more *genteel;* and this new title they displayed by a public advertisement for a general meeting at their hall.

It has been said that the Scottish nation is not distinguished for humour; and, indeed, what happened on this occasion may, in some degree, justify the remark; for although this society had contrived to make themselves a very prominent object for the ridicule of such as might stoop to it, the only joke to which it gave rise was the following paragraph, sent to the newspaper called "The Caledonian Mercury."

"A correspondent informs us, the Worshipful Society of *Chaldeans*, *Cadies*, or *Running-Stationers* of this city are resolved, in imitation, and encouraged by the singular success of their brethren, of an *equally respectable* Society, to apply for a Charter of their Privileges, particularly of the sole privilege of PROCURING, in the most extensive sense of the word, exclusive of chairmen, porters, penny-post men, and other *inferior* ranks; their brethren, the R—Y—L S—L——RS, *alias* P—C——RS, *before the* INFERIOR Courts of this City, always excepted.

"Should the Worshipful Society be successful, they are further resolved not to be *puffed up* thereby, but to demean themselves with more equanimity and decency than their *r-y-l*, *learned*, and *very modest* brethren above mentioned have done, upon their late dignification and exaltation."

A majority of the members of the society prosecuted Mr. Robertson, the publisher of the paper, for damages;

and the first judgment of the whole court very wisely dismissed the action: *Solventur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis.* But a new trial or review was granted upon a petition, according to the forms in Scotland. This petition I was engaged to answer, and Dr. Johnson, with great alacrity, furnished me this evening with what follows.

"All injury is either of the person, the fortune, or the fame. Now it is a certain thing, it is proverbially known, that *a jest breaks no bones.* They never have gained half-a-crown less in the whole profession since this mischievous paragraph has appeared; and, as to their reputation, what is their reputation but an instrument of getting money? If, therefore, they have lost no money, the question upon reputation may be answered by a very old position,—*De minimis non curat prætor.*

"Whether there was, or was not, an *animus injuriandi* is not worth inquiring, if no *injuria* can be proved. But the truth is, there was no *animus injuriandi.* It was only an *animus irritandi,*[1] which, happening to be exercised upon a *genus irritabile,* produced unexpected violence of resentment. Their irritability arose only from an opinion of their own importance, and their delight in their new exaltation. What might have been borne by a *procurator,* could not be borne by a *solicitor.* Your lordships well know, that *honores mutant mores.* Titles and dignities play strongly on the fancy. As a madman is apt to think himself grown suddenly great, so he that grows suddenly great is apt to borrow a little from the madman. To co-operate with their resentment would be to promote their frenzy; nor is it possible to guess to what they might proceed, if to the new title of Solicitor should be added the elation of victory and triumph.

"We consider your lordships, as the protectors of our rights, and the guardians of our virtues; but believe it not included in your high office, that you should flatter our vices, or solace our vanity; and, as vanity only dictates this prosecution, it is humbly hoped your lordships will dismiss it.

"If every attempt, however light or ludicrous, to lessen another's reputation, is to be punished by a judicial sentence, what punishment can be sufficiently severe for him who attempts to diminish the reputation of the supreme court of justice, by

[1] Mr. Robertson altered this word to *jocandi,* he having found in Blackstone that to *irritate* is actionable.

reclaiming upon a cause already determined, without any change in the state of the question? Does it not imply hopes that the judges will change their opinion? Is not uncertainty and inconstancy in the highest degree disreputable to a court? Does it not suppose, that the former judgment was temerarious or negligent? Does it not lessen the confidence of the public? Will it not be said, that *jus est aut incognitum aut vagum?* and will not the consequence be drawn, *misera est servitus?* Will not the rules of action be obscure? Will not he who knows himself wronged to-day, hope that the courts of justice will think him right to-morrow? Surely, my lords, these are attempts of dangerous tendency, which the solicitors, as men versed in the law, should have foreseen and avoided. It was natural for an ignorant printer to appeal from the lord ordinary; but from lawyers, the descendants of lawyers, who have practised for three hundred years, and have now raised themselves to a higher denomination, it might be expected, that they should know the reverence due to a judicial determination; and, having been once dismissed, should sit down in silence."

I am ashamed to mention, that the court, by a plurality of voices, without having a single additional circumstance before them, reversed their own judgment, made a serious matter of this dull and foolish joke, and adjudged Mr. Robertson to pay to the society five pounds (sterling money) and costs of suit. The decision will seem strange to English lawyers.

On Tuesday, June 5, Johnson was to return to London. He was very pleasant at breakfast: I mentioned a friend of mine having resolved never to marry a pretty woman. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is a very foolish resolution to resolve not to marry a pretty woman. Beauty is of itself very estimable. No, Sir, I would prefer a pretty woman, unless there are objections to her. A pretty woman may be foolish; a pretty woman may be wicked; a pretty woman may not like me. But there is no such danger in marrying a pretty woman as is apprehended; she will not be persecuted if she does not invite persecution. A pretty woman, if she has a mind to be wicked, can find a readier way than another; and that is all."

I accompanied him in Mr. Dilly's chaise to Shefford,

where, talking of Lord Bute's never going to Scotland, he said, "As an Englishman, I should wish all the Scotch gentlemen should be educated in England; Scotland would become a province; they would spend all their rents in England." This is a subject of much consequence, and much delicacy. The advantage of an English education is unquestionably very great to Scotch gentlemen of talents and ambition; and regular visits to Scotland, and perhaps other means, might be effectually used to prevent them from being totally estranged from their native country, any more than a Cumberland or Northumberland gentleman, who has been educated in the south of England. I own, indeed, that it is no small misfortune for Scotch gentlemen, who have neither talents nor ambition, to be educated in England, where they may be perhaps distinguished only by a nickname, lavish their fortune in giving expensive entertainments to those who laugh at them, and saunter about as mere idle, insignificant hangers-on even upon the foolish great; when, if they had been judiciously brought up at home, they might have been comfortable and creditable members of society.

At Shefford I had another affectionate parting from my revered friend, who was taken up by the Bedford coach and carried to the metropolis. I went with Messieurs Dilly to see some friends at Bedford; dined with the officers of the militia of the county, and next day proceeded on my journey.

TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

"Bolt Court, June 16, 1781.

"DEAR SIR,

"How welcome your account of yourself and your invitation to your new house was to me, I need not tell you, who consider our friendship not only as formed by choice, but as matured by time. We have been now long enough acquainted to many images in common, and therefore to have a so versation which neither the learning nor the wit of panion can supply.

"My 'Lives' are now published; and if you will tell me whither I shall send them, that they may come to you, I will take care that you shall not be without them.

"You will perhaps be glad to hear that Mrs. Thrale is disencumbered of her brewhouse; and that it seemed to the purchaser so far from an evil, that he was content to give for it an hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. Is the nation ruined?

"Please to make my respectful compliments to Lady Rothes, and keep me in the memory of all the little dear family, particularly Mrs. Jane. I am, Sir, your, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

Johnson's charity to the poor was uniform and extensive, both from inclination and principle. He not only bestowed liberally out of his own purse, but what is more difficult as well as rare, would beg from others, when he had proper objects in view. This he did judiciously as well as humanely. Mr. Philip Metcalfe tells me, that when he has asked him for some money for persons in distress, and Mr. Metcalfe has offered what Johnson thought too much, he insisted on taking less, saying, "No, no, Sir; we must not *pamper* them."

I am indebted to Mr. Malone, one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's executors, for the following note, which was found among his papers after his death, and which, we may presume, his unaffected modesty prevented him from communicating to me with the other letters from Dr. Johnson with which he was pleased to furnish me. However slight in itself, as it does honour to that illustrious painter and most amiable man, I am happy to introduce it.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"June 23, 1781.

"DEAR SIR,

"It was not before yesterday that I received your splendid benefaction.[1] To a hand so liberal in distributing, I hope nobody will envy the power of acquiring. I am, dear Sir,

"Your obliged and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."[2]

[1] The late Mr. Tom Taylor in his life of Reynolds refers this benefaction of Sir Joshua's to a donation to Johnson's unhappy friend, Mauritius Lowe.—See Life of Reynolds, vol. ii., p. 328.—*Editor.*

[2] The following letter was written at this time by Johnson on receiv-

TO THOMAS ASTLE, ESQ.

"July 17, 1781.

"SIR,

"I am ashamed that you have been forced to call so often for your books, but it has been by no fault on either side. They have never been out of my hands, nor have I ever been at home without seeing you; for to see a man so skilful in the antiquities of my country is an opportunity of improvement not willingly to be missed.

"Your notes on Alfred[1] appear to me very judicious and accurate, but they are too few. Many things familiar to you are unknown to me, and to most others; and you must not think too favourably of your readers: by supposing them knowing, you will leave them ignorant. Measure of land, and value of money, it is of great importance to state with care. Had the Saxons any gold coin?

"I have much curiosity after the manners and transactions of the middle ages, but have wanted either diligence or opportunity, or both. You, Sir, have great opportunities, and I wish you both diligence and success. I am, Sir, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

ing from Mrs. Reynolds, sister to Sir Joshua Reynolds, a copy of her Essay on Taste, privately printed, but never published.

TO MRS. FRANCES REYNOLDS.

"Bolt Court, July 21, 1781.

"DEAREST MADAM,

"There is in these [*papers?*] such force of comprehension, such nicety of observation, as Locke or Pascal might be proud of. This I say with an intention to have you think I speak my opinion. They cannot, however, be printed in their present state. Many of your notions seem not very clear in your own mind; many are not sufficiently developed and expanded for the common reader: the expression almost everywhere wants to be made clearer and smoother. You may, by revisal and improvement, make it a very elegant work. I am, my dearest dear, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

—*Malone.*

The version of the letter however is given from the Reynolds MSS. on Mr. Croker's authority.—*Editor.*

[1] The will of King Alfred, alluded to in this letter, from the original Saxon, in the library of Mr. Astle, has been printed at the expense of the University of Oxford.

The following curious anecdote I insert in Dr. Burney's own words:

"Dr. Burney related to Dr. Johnson the partiality which his writings had excited in a friend of Dr. Burney's, the late Mr. Bewley, well known in Norfolk by the name of the *Philosopher of Massingham;* who, from the Ramblers and plan of his Dictionary, and long before the author's fame was established by the Dictionary itself, or any other work, had conceived such a reverence for him, that he earnestly begged Dr. Burney to give him the cover of the first letter he had received from him, as a relic of so estimable a writer. This was in 1755. In 1760, when Dr. Burney visited Dr. Johnson at the Temple, in London, where he had then chambers, he happened to arrive there before he was up; and being shown into the room where he was to breakfast, finding himself alone, he examined the contents of the apartment, to try whether he could, undiscovered, steal anything to send to his friend Bewley, as another relic of the admirable Dr. Johnson. But finding nothing better to his purpose, he cut some bristles off his hearth-broom, and enclosed them in a letter to his country enthusiast, who received them with due reverence. The Doctor was so sensible of the honour done to him by a man of genius and science, to whom he was an utter stranger, that he said to Dr. Burney, 'Sir, there is no man possessed of the smallest portion of modesty, but must be flattered with the admiration of such a man. I'll give him a set of my Lives, if he will do me the honour to accept of them.' In this he kept his word; and Dr. Burney had not only the pleasure of gratifying his friend with a present more worthy of his acceptance than the segment from the hearth-broom, but soon after introducing him to Dr. Johnson himself in Bolt Court, with whom he had the satisfaction of conversing a considerable time, not a fortnight before his death; which happened[1] in St. Martin's Street, during his visit to Dr. Burney, in the house where the great Sir Isaac Newton had lived and died before."

[1] "The humble but devoted preserver of the bristly tuft of the Bolt Court hearth-broom." So Madame D'Arblay fantastically describes him in the Memoirs of Dr. Burney, vol. ii., p. 350; but is rebuked by Mr. Croker for the inaccuracy of the Bolt Court hearth-brush; whereas the article which furnished the opportunity for this joke, belonged to the furniture of Johnson's chambers in the Temple. Bewley died Sept. 1783.—*Editor.*

In one of his little memorandum-books is the following minute:

"August 9, 3 P.M., ætat. 72, in the summer-house at Streatham.

"After innumerable resolutions formed and neglected, I have retired hither, to plan a life of greater diligence, in hope that I may yet be useful, and be daily better prepared to appear before my Creator and my Judge, from whose infinite mercy I humbly call for assistance and support.

"My purpose is,—To pass eight hours every day in some serious employment.

"Having prayed, I purpose to employ the next six weeks upon the Italian language for my settled study."

How venerably pious does he appear in these moments of solitude! and how spirited are his resolutions for the improvement of his mind, even in elegant literature, at a very advanced period of life, and when afflicted with many complaints!

In autumn he went to Oxford, Birmingham, Lichfield, and Ashbourne, for which very good reasons might be given in the conjectural yet positive manner of writers, who are proud to account for every event which they relate. He himself, however, says,[1] "The motives of my journey I hardly know: I omitted it last year, and am not willing to miss it again." But some good considerations arise, amongst which is the kindly recollection of Mr. Hector, surgeon, of Birmingham. "Hector is likewise an old friend, the only companion of my childhood that passed through the school with me. We have always loved one another; perhaps we may be made better by some serious conversation, of which, however, I have no distinct hope."

He says, too, "At Lichfield, my native place, I hope to show a good example by frequent attendance on public worship."[2]

My correspondence with him during the rest of this year was, I know not why, very scanty, and all on my side. I

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 195. First edition.
[2] Ibid. p. 196.

wrote him one letter to introduce Mr. Sinclair (now Sir John), the member for Caithness,[1] to his acquaintance; and informed him in another that my wife had been again affected with alarming symptoms of illness.

In 1782 his complaints increased, and the history of his life this year is little more than a mournful recital of the variations of his illness, in the midst of which, however, it will appear from his letters, that the powers of his mind were in no degree impaired.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Jan. 5, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

"I sit down to answer your letter on the same day in which I received it, and am pleased that my first letter of the year is to you. No man ought to be at ease while he knows himself in the wrong; and I have not satisfied myself with my long silence. The letter relating to Mr. Sinclair, however, was, I believe, never brought.

"My health has been tottering this last year; and I can give no very laudable account of my time. I am always hoping to do better than I have ever hitherto done. My journey to Ashbourne and Staffordshire was not pleasant; for what enjoyment has a sick man visiting the sick? Shall we ever have another frolic like our journey to the Hebrides?

"I hope that dear Mrs. Boswell will surmount her complaints: in losing her you will lose your anchor, and be tossed, without stability, by the waves of life.[2] I wish both you and her very many years, and very happy.

"For some months past I have been so withdrawn from the world, that I can send you nothing particular. All your friends, however, are well, and will be glad of your return to London. I am, dear Sir, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] The Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, Bart.; a voluminous writer on agriculture and statistics.—*Croker.*

[2] The truth of this has been proved by sad experience.
Mrs. Boswell died June 4, 1789.—*Malone.*

At a time when he was less able than he had once been to sustain a shock, he was suddenly deprived of Mr. Levett; which event he thus communicated to Dr. Lawrence.

"Jan. 17, 1782.

"SIR,

"Our old friend, Mr. Levett, who was last night eminently cheerful, died this morning. The man who lay in the same room, hearing an uncommon noise, got up and tried to make him speak, but without effect. He then called Mr. Holder, the apothecary, who, though when he came he thought him dead, opened a vein, but could draw no blood. So has ended the long life of a very useful and very blameless man. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM JOHNSON."

In one of his memorandum-books in my possession is the following entry:

"January 20, Sunday, Robert Levett was buried in the churchyard of Bridewell, between one and two in the afternoon. He died on Thursday, 17, about seven in the morning, by an instantaneous death. He was an old and faithful friend: I have known him from about 1746. *Commendavi.* May God have mercy on him! May he have mercy on me!"

Such was Johnson's affectionate regard for Levett[1] that he honoured his memory with the following pathetic verses:

"Condemn'd to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blast or slow decline
Our social comforts drop away.

"Well try'd through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend:
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

"Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;

[1] See an account of him in the Gentleman's Magazine, Feb., 1785.

Nor, letter'd arrogance,[1] deny
  Thy praise to merit unrefined.

"When fainting Nature call'd for aid,
  And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
  The power of art without the show.

"In misery's darkest caverns known,
  His ready help was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
  And lonely want retired to die.[2]

"No summons mock'd by chill delay,
  No petty gains disdain'd by pride:
The modest wants of every day
  The toil of every day supply'd.

"His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
  Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the eternal Master found
  His single talent well employ'd.

"The busy day, the peaceful night,
  Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
  Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

"Then, with no throbs of fiery pain,
  No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
  And freed his soul the nearest way."

TO MRS. STRAHAN.

"Feb. 4, 1782.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Mrs. Williams showed me your kind letter. This habitation is now but a melancholy place, clouded with

[1] In both editions of Sir John Hawkins' Life of ignorance" is printed.

[2] Johnson repeated this line to me [illegible]

"And labour [illegible]

But he afterwards altered it to t[illegible]

of disease and death. Of the four inmates, one has been suddenly snatched away; two are oppressed by very afflictive and dangerous illness; and I tried yesterday to gain some relief by a third bleeding from a disorder which has for some time distressed me, and I think myself to-day much better.

"I am glad, dear Madam, to hear that you are so far recovered as to go to Bath. Let me once more entreat you to stay till your health is not only obtained, but confirmed. Your fortune is such as that no moderate expense deserves your care; and you have a husband who, I believe, does not regard it. Stay, therefore, till you are quite well. I am, for my part, very much deserted; but complaint is useless. I hope God will bless you, and I desire you to form the same wish for me. I am, dear Madam, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO EDMUND MALONE, ESQ.

"Feb. 27, 1782.

"SIR,

"I have for many weeks been so much out of order, that I have gone out only in a coach to Mrs. Thrale's, where I can use all the freedom that sickness requires. Do not, therefore, take it amiss, that I am not with you and Dr. Farmer. I hope, hereafter to see you often. I am, Sir, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE SAME.

"March 2, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

"I hope I grow better, and shall soon be able to enjoy kindness of my friends. I think this wild adherence to [illegible] more unaccountable than the obstinate defence of

was in answer to one which accompanied one of the earliest subject of Chatterton's forgery, entitled Cursory Obser- attributed to Thomas Rowley, &c. Mr. Thomas appeared about three months afterwards; Vindication of his Appendix, in the sum- believers in this daring imposture nothing had been said before." Daring,

Ossian. In Ossian there is a national pride, which may be forgiven, though it cannot be applauded. In Chatterton there is nothing but the resolution to say again what has once been said.
I am, Sir, &c., "SAM JOHNSON."

These short letters show the regard which Dr. Johnson entertained for Mr. Malone, who the more he is known is the more highly valued. It is much to be regretted that Johnson was prevented from sharing the elegant hospitality of that gentleman's table, at which he would in every respect have been fully gratified. Mr. Malone, who has so ably succeeded him as an editor of Shakspeare, has, in his Preface, done great and just honour to Johnson's memory.

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD.

"London, March 2, 1782.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I went away from Lichfield ill, and have had a troublesome time with my breath. For some weeks I have been disordered by a cold, of which I could not get the violence abated till I had been let blood three times. I have not, however, been so bad but that I could have written, and am sorry that I neglected it.

"My dwelling is but melancholy. Both Williams and Desmoulins and myself, are very sickly; Frank is not well; and Poor Levett died in his bed the other day by a sudden stroke. I suppose not one minute passed between health and death. So uncertain are human things.

"Such is the appearance of the world about me; I hope your scenes are more cheerful. But whatever befalls us, though it is

however, as this fiction was, and wild as was the adherence to Chatterton, both were greatly exceeded in 1795 and the following year, by a still more audacious imposture, and the pertinacity of one of its adherents, who has immortalized his name by publishing a bulky volume, of which the direct and manifest object was, to prove the authenticity of certain papers attributed to Shakspeare, after the fabricator of the spurious trash had publicly acknowledged the imposture!—*Malone.*

An allusion to Ireland's contemptible imposture of the Shakespeare manuscripts.—*Editor.*

wise to be serious, it is useless and foolish, and perhaps sinful, to be gloomy. Let us, therefore, keep ourselves as easy as we can; though the loss of friends will be felt, and poor Levett had been a faithful adherent for thirty years.

"Forgive me, my dear love, the omission of writing. I hope to mend that and my other fault. Let me have your prayers. Make my compliments to Mrs. Cobb, and Miss Adey, and Mr. Pearson, and the whole company of my friends. I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE SAME.

"Bolt Court, March 1, 17[illegible].

"DEAR MADAM,

"My last was but a dull letter, and I know not that this will be much more cheerful. I am however willing to write, because you are desirous to hear from me. My disorder has now begun its ninth week, for it is not yet over. I was last Thursday blooded for the fourth time, and have since found myself much relieved, but I am very tender and easily hurt; so that since we parted I have had but little comfort. But I hope that the spring will recover me, and that in the summer I shall see Lichfield again, for I will not delay my visit another year to the end of autumn.

"I have, by advertising, found poor Mr. Levett's brothers in Yorkshire, who will take the little he has left; it is but little, yet it will be welcome, for I believe they are of very low condition.

"To be sick, and to see nothing but sickness and death is but a gloomy state; but I hope better times, even in this world, will come; and whatever this world may withhold or give, we shall be happy in a better state. Pray for me, my dear love. Make my compliments to Mrs. Cobb, and Miss Adey, and my old friend, Hetty Bailey, and to all the Lichfield ladies.

I am, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

On the day on which this letter w[illegible] feelingly mentions his respe[illegible] Lawrence:—

"Poor Lawrence has almost

have lost the conversation of a learned intelligent, and communicative companion, and a friend whom long familiarity has much endeared. Lawrence is one of the best men whom I have known.—*Nostrum omnium, miserere Deus.*"[1]

It was Dr. Johnson's custom, when he wrote to Dr. Lawrence concerning his own health, to use the Latin language. I have been favoured by Miss Lawrence with one of these letters as a specimen:

"T. LAWRENCIO, MEDICO S.

"Maiis Calendis, 1782.

"Novum frigus, nova tussis, nova spirandi difficultas, novam sanguinis missionem suadent, quam tamen te inconsulto nolim fieri. Ad te venire vix possum, nec est cur ad me venias. Licere vel non licere uno verbo dicendum est; cætera mihi et Holdero[2] reliqueris. Si per te licet, imperatur nuncio Holderum ad me deducere.

"Postquàm tu discesseris quò me vertam?"[3]

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 200. First edition.

Dr. Lawrence had long been his friend and confidant. The conversation I saw them hold together in Essex Street, one day in the year 1781 or 1782, was a melancholy one, and made a singular impression on my mind. He was himself exceedingly ill, and I accompanied him thither for advice. The physician was, however, in some respects, more to be pitied than the patient: Johnson was panting under an asthma and dropsy; but Lawrence had been brought home that very morning struck with the palsy, from which he had, two hours before we came, strove to awaken himself by blisters: they were both deaf, and scarce able to speak besides; one from difficulty of breathing, the other from paralytic debility. To give and receive medical counsel, therefore, they fairly sat down on each side a table in the doctor's gloomy apartment, adorned with skeletons, preserved monsters, and agreed to write Latin billets to each other. Such a scene did I never see. "You," said Johnson, "are *timidè* and *gelidè*;" finding that his friend had prescribed palliative not drastic remedies. "It is not *me*," replies poor Lawrence, in an interrupted voice; "'tis nature that is *gelidè* and *timidè*." In fact he lived but a few months after, I believe, and retained his faculties a still shorter time. He was a man of strict piety and profound learning, but little skilled in the knowledge of life or manners, and died without ever having enjoyed the reputation he so justly deserved.—*Anecdotes*, Johnsoniana, p. 34.—*Editor.*

[2] Mr. Holder, in the Strand, Dr. Johnson's apothecary.

[3] Soon after the above letter, Dr. Lawrence left London, but not

TO CAPTAIN LANGTON,[1] *in Rochester.*

"Bolt Court, March 20, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

"It is now long since we saw one another: and, whatever has been the reason, neither you have written to me, nor I to you. To let friendship die away by negligence and silence, is certainly not wise. It is voluntarily to throw away one of the greatest comforts of this weary pilgrimage, of which when it is, as it must be, taken finally away, he that travels on alone will wonder how his esteem could be so little. Do not forget me; you see that I do not forget you. It is pleasing in the

before the palsy had made so great a progress as to render him unable to write for himself. The following are extracts from letters addressed by Dr. Johnson to one of his daughters:

"You will easily believe with what gladness I read that you had heard once again that voice to which we have all so often delighted to attend. May you often hear it. If we had his mind, and his tongue, we could spare the rest.

"I am not vigorous, but much better than when dear Dr. Lawrence held my pulse the last time. Be so kind as to let me know, from one little interval to another, the state of his body. I am pleased that he remembers me, and hope that it never can be possible for me to forget him. July 22d, 1782.

"I am much delighted even with the small advances which dear Dr. Lawrence makes towards recovery. If we could have again but his mind, and his tongue in his mind, and his right hand, we should not much lament the rest. I should not despair of helping the swelled hand by electricity, if it were frequently and diligently supplied.

"Let me know from time to time whatever happens; and I hope I need not tell you how much I am interested in every change. Aug. 26, 1782.

"Though the account with which you favoured me in your last letter could not give me the pleasure that I wished, yet I was glad to receive it; for my affection to my dear friend makes me desirous of knowing his state, whatever it be. I beg, therefore, that you continue to let me know, from time to time, all that you observe.

"Many fits of severe illness have, for about three months past, forced my kind physician often upon my mind. I am now better; and hope gratitude, as well as distress, can be a motive to remembrance."—Bolt Court, Fleet Street, Feb. 4, 1783.

[1] Mr. Langton being at this time on duty at Rochester, he is addressed by his military title.

silence of solitude to think that there is one at least, however distant, of whose benevolence there is little doubt, and whom there is yet hope of seeing again.

"Of my life, from the time we parted, the history is mournful. The spring of last year deprived me of Thrale, a man whose eye for fifteen years had scarcely been turned upon me but with respect or tenderness; for such another friend, the general course of human things will not suffer man to hope. I passed the summer at Streatham, but there was no Thrale; and having idled away the summer with a weakly body and neglected mind, I made a journey to Staffordshire on the edge of winter. The season was dreary, I was sickly, and found the friends sickly whom I went to see. After a sorrowful sojourn, I returned to a habitation possessed for the present by two sick women, where my dear old friend, Mr. Levett, to whom, as he used to tell me, I owe your acquaintance, died a few weeks ago, suddenly, in his bed; there passed not, I believe, a minute between health and death. At night, at Mrs. Thrale's, as I was musing in my chamber, I thought with uncommon earnestness, that, however I might alter my mode of life, or whithersoever I might remove, I would endeavour to retain Levett about me; in the morning my servant brought me word that Levett was called to another state, a state for which, I think, he was not unprepared, for he was very useful to the poor. How much soever I valued him, I now wish that I had valued him more.

"I have myself been ill more than eight weeks of a disorder, from which, at the expense of about fifty ounces of blood, I hope I am now recovering.

"You, dear Sir, have, I hope, a more cheerful scene; you see George fond of his book, and the pretty Misses airy and lively, with my own little Jenny, equal to the best; and in whatever can contribute to your quiet or pleasure, you have Lady Rothes ready to concur. May whatever you enjoy of good be increased, and whatever you suffer of evil be diminished. I am, dear Sir, your humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

TO MR. HECTOR,[1] *in Birmingham.*

"London, March 21, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

"I hope I do not very grossly flatter myself to imagine that you and dear Mrs. Careless[2] will be glad to hear some account of me. I performed the journey to London with very little inconvenience, and came safe to my habitation, where I found nothing but ill-health, and, of consequence, very little cheerfulness. I then went to visit a little way into the country, where I got a complaint by a cold which has hung eight weeks upon me, and from which I am, at the expense of fifty ounces of blood, not yet free. I am afraid I must once more owe my recovery to warm weather, which seems to make no advances towards us.

"Such is my health, which will, I hope, soon grow better. In other respects I have no reason to complain. I know not that I have written anything more generally commended than the 'Lives of the Poets;' and have found the world willing enough to caress me, if my health had invited me to be in much company; but this season I have been almost wholly employed in nursing myself.

"When summer comes I hope to see you again, and will not put off my visit to the end of the year. I have lived so long in London, that I did not remember the difference of seasons.

"Your health, when I saw you, was much improved. You will be prudent enough not to put it in danger. I hope, when we meet again, we shall congratulate each other upon fair prospects of longer life; though what are the pleasures of the longest life, when placed in comparison with a happy death? I am, dear Sir, yours, most affectionately, "SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] A part of this letter having been torn off, I have, from the evident meaning, supplied a few words and half words at the ends and beginning of lines.

[2] See vol. iii., p. 43.—*Editor.*

TO THE SAME.

(*Without a date, but supposed to be about this time.*)

"DEAR SIR,

"That you and dear Mrs. Careless should have care or curiosity about my health gives me that pleasure which every man feels from finding himself not forgotten. In age we feel again that love of our native place and our early friends, which, in the bustle or amusements of middle life, were overborne and suspended. You and I should now naturally cling to one another; we have outlived most of those who could pretend to rival us in each other's kindness. In our walk through life we have dropped our companions, and are now to pick up such as chance may offer us, or to travel on alone. You, indeed, have a sister, with whom you can divide the day; I have no natural friend left: but Providence has been pleased to preserve me from neglect; I have not wanted such alleviations of life as friendship could supply. My health has been, from my twentieth year, such as has seldom afforded me a single day of ease; but it is at least not worse; and I sometimes make myself believe that it is better. My disorders are however, still sufficiently oppressive.

"I think of seeing Staffordshire again this autumn, and intend to find my way through Birmingham, where I hope to see you and dear Mrs. Careless well. I am, Sir, your affectionate friend,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

In one of Johnson's registers[1] of this year there occurs the following curious passage: "March. 20. *The ministry is dissolved. I prayed with Francis, and gave thanks.*" It has been the subject of discussion whether there are two distinct particulars mentioned here? Or that we are to understand the giving of thanks to be in consequence of the dissolution of the ministry? In support of the last of

[1] See Prayers and Meditations, p. 201. First edition. Mr. Croker here corrects Boswell's mistake in misdating an entry, which is wrongly given (Jan. 20) in the Life, but correctly in the Prayers and Meditations, as above.—*Editor.*

these conjectures may be urged his mean opinion of that ministry, which has frequently appeared in the course of this work; and it is strongly confirmed by what he said on the subject to Mr. Seward: "I am glad the ministry is removed.[1] Such a bunch of imbecility never disgraced a country. If they sent a messenger into the city to take up a printer, the messenger was taken up instead of the printer, and committed by the sitting alderman. If they sent one army to the relief of another, the first army was defeated and taken before the second arrived. I will not say that what they did was always wrong; but it was always done at a wrong time."

I wrote to him at different dates; regretted that I could not come to London this spring, but hoped we should meet somewhere in the summer; mentioned the state of my affairs, and suggested hopes of some preferment; informed him, that as "The Beauties of Johnson" had been published in London, some obscure scribbler had published at Edinburgh[2] what he called "The Deformities of Johnson."

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, March 28, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

"The pleasure which we used to receive from each other on Good-Friday and Easter-day, we must be this year content to miss. Let us, however, pray for each other, and hope to see one another yet from time to time with mutual delight. My disorder has been a cold, which impeded the organs of respiration, and kept me many weeks in a state of great uneasiness; but by repeated phlebotomy it is now relieved: and next to the recovery of Mrs. Boswell, I flatter myself, that you will rejoice at mine.

"What we shall do in the summer, it is yet too early to consider. You want to know what you shall do now; I do not think this time of bustle and confusion like to produce any advantage to you. Every man has those to reward and gratify who have contributed to his advancement. To come hither w h

[1] Lord North's administration was superseded by that of Lord ingham on the 19th of March.—*Croker.*

[2] 1782.

expectations at the expense of borrowed money, which I find you know not where to borrow, can hardly be considered prudent. I am sorry to find, what your solicitations seem to imply, that you have already gone the whole length of your credit. This is to set the quiet of your whole life at hazard. If you anticipate your inheritance, you can at last inherit nothing; all that you receive must pay for the past. You must get a place, or pine in penury, with the empty name of a great estate. Poverty, my dear friend, is so great an evil, and pregnant with so much temptation, and so much misery, that I cannot but earnestly enjoin you to avoid it. Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure; the vanity will end in shame, and the pleasure in regret: stay therefore at home, till you have saved money for your journey hither.

"'The Beauties of Johnson' are said to have got money to the collector; if the 'Deformities' have the same success, I shall be still a more extensive benefactor.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, who is I hope reconciled to me; and to the young people, whom I never have offended. You never told me the success of your plea against the solicitors. I am, dear Sir, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

Notwithstanding his afflicted state of body and mind this year, the following correspondence affords a proof not only of his benevolence and conscientious readiness to relieve a good man from error, but by his clothing one of the sentiments in his "Rambler," in different language, not inferior to that of the original, shows his extraordinary command of clear and forcible expression.

A clergyman at Bath wrote to him, that in "The Morning Chronicle," a passage in "The Beauties of Johnson," article Death, had been pointed out as supposed by some readers to recommend suicide, the words being, "To die is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly;" and respectfully suggesting to him, that such an erroneous notion of any sentence in the writings of an acknowledged friend of religion and virtue should not pass uncontradicted. Johnson thus answered this clergyman's letter:—

TO THE REV. MR. ——,

At Bath.

"May 15, 1782.

"SIR,

"Being now in the country in a state of recovery, as I hope, from a very oppressive disorder, I cannot neglect the acknowledgment of your Christian letter. The book called 'The Beauties of Johnson' is the production of I know not whom; I never saw it but by casual inspection, and considered myself as utterly disengaged from its consequences. Of the passage you mention, I remember some notice in some paper; but knowing that it must be misrepresented, I thought of it ne more, nor do I know where to find it in my own books. I am accustomed to think little of newspapers; but an opinion so weighty and serious as yours has determined me to do, what I should without your seasonable admonition have omitted: and I will direct my thought to be shown in its true state.[1] If I could find the passage, I would direct you to it. I suppose the tenor is this:—'Acute diseases are the immediate and inevitable strokes of Heaven; but of them the pain is short, and the conclusion speedy; chronical disorders, by which we are suspended in tedious torture between life and death, are commonly the effect of our own misconduct and intemperance. To die, &c.'—This, Sir, you see, is all true and all blameless. I hope some time in the next week to have all rectified. My health has been lately much shaken; if you favour me with any answer, it will be a comfort to me to know that I have your prayers. I am, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] What follows appeared in The Morning Chronicle of May 29, 1782:—

"A correspondent having mentioned in The Morning Chronicle of December 12, the last clause of the following paragraph, as seeming to favour suicide; we are requested to print the whole passage, Rambler, No. 85, that its true meaning may appear, which is not to recommend suicide, but exercise.

"Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed; but while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be disjoined by an easy separation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from Heaven, and chronical from ourselves; the dart of death, indeed, falls from Heaven; but we poison it by our own misconduct: to die is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly."

This letter, as might be expected, had its full effect, and the clergyman acknowledged it in grateful and pious terms.[1]

The following letters require no extracts from mine to introduce them:—

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, June 3, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

"The earnestness and tenderness of your letter is such, that I cannot think myself showing it more respect than it claims, by sitting down to answer it the day on which I received it.

"This year has afflicted me with a very irksome and severe disorder. My respiration has been much impeded, and much blood has been taken away. I am now harassed by a catarrhous cough, from which my purpose is to seek relief by change of air; and I am, therefore, preparing to go to Oxford.

"Whether I did right in dissuading you from coming to London this spring, I will not determine. You have not lost much by missing my company; I have scarcely been well for a single week. I might have received comfort from your kindness; but you would have seen me afflicted, and, perhaps, found me peevish. Whatever might have been your pleasure or mine, I know not how I could have honestly advised you to come here with borrowed money. Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Consider a man whose fortune is very narrow; whatever be his rank by birth, or whatever his reputation by intellectual excellence, what can he do? or what evil can he prevent? That he cannot help the needy is evident; he has nothing to spare. But, perhaps, his advice or admonition may be useful. His poverty will destroy his influence; many more can find that he is poor, than that he is wise; and few will reverence the understanding that is of so little advantage to its

[1] The correspondence may be seen at length in The Gentleman's Magazine, Feb. 1786.

owner. I say nothing of the personal wretchedness of a debtor, which, however, has passed into a proverb. Of riches it is not necessary to write the praise. Let it, however, be remembered, that he who has money to spare, has it always in his power to benefit others, and of such power a good man must always be desirous.

"I am pleased with your account of Easter.[1] We shall meet, I hope, in autumn, both well and both cheerful; and part each the better for the other's company. Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and to the young charmers. I am, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO MR. PERKINS.[2]

"July 28, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am much pleased that you are going a very long journey, which may by proper conduct restore your health and prolong your life.

"Observe these rules:—

"1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise.

"2. Do not think about frugality; your health is worth more than it can cost.

"3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue.

"4. Take now and then a day's rest.

"5. Get a smart sea-sickness, if you can.

"6. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy.

"This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind, neither exercise, nor diet, nor physic, can be of much use.

[1] Which I celebrated in the Church of England chapel at Edinburgh, founded by Lord Chief Baron Smith, of respectable and pious memory.

John Smith, Esq., of Gray's Inn, fourth son of Roger Smith, Esq., of Frolesworth in Leicestershire, was called to the degree of Serjeant-at-Law Oct. 1, 1700; made a Baron of the Exchequer, June 18, 1702; one of the Barons of the Exchequer in Scotland, on the first institution of that Court, May 1, 1708; Lord Chief Baron, April 7, 1709; he died at Frolesworth at the age of seventy. He built and endowed (1722) the Episcopal chapel at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, Edinburgh. It was destroyed by fire 1822.—Nichol's Illustrations, vol. i., 221-2.—*Editor.*

[2] Mr. Thrale's successor in the brewery.

"I wish you, dear Sir, a prosperous journey, and a happy recovery. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Aug. 24, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

"Being uncertain whether I should have any call this autumn into the country, I did not immediately answer your kind letter. I have no call; but if you desire to meet me at Ashbourne, I believe I can come thither; if you had rather come to London, I can stay at Streatham: take your choice.

"This year has been very heavy. From the middle of January to the middle of June, I was battered by one disorder after another! I am now very much recovered, and hope still to be better. What happiness it is that Mrs. Boswell has escaped.

"My "Lives" are reprinting, and I have forgotten the author of Gray's character:[1] write immediately, and it may be perhaps yet inserted. Of London or Ashbourne you have your free choice; at any place I shall be glad to see you. I am, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

On the 30th August, I informed him that my honoured father had died that morning; a complaint under which he had long laboured having suddenly come to a crisis, while I was upon a visit at the seat of Sir Charles Preston, from whence I had hastened the day before, upon receiving a letter by express.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, Sept. 7, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have struggled through this year with so
firmity of body, and such strong impressions of th

[1] The Rev. Mr. Temple, Vicar of St. Gluvias, C
i., p. 347, n.—*Editor.*)

life, that death, whenever it appears, fills me with melancholy; and I cannot hear without emotion of the removal of any one, whom I have known, into another state.

"Your father's death had every circumstance that could enable you to bear it; it was at a mature age, and it was expected; and as his general life had been pious, his thoughts had doubtless for many years past been turned upon eternity. That you did not find him sensible must doubtless grieve you; his disposition towards you was undoubtedly that of a kind, though not of a fond father. Kindness, at least actual, is in our power, but fondness is not; and if by negligence or imprudence you had extinguished his fondness, he could not at will rekindle it. Nothing then remained between you but mutual forgiveness of each other's faults, and mutual desire of each other's happiness. I shall long to know his final disposition of his fortune.

"You, dear Sir, have now a new station, and have therefore new cares and new employments. Life, as Cowley seems to say, ought to resemble a well-ordered poem; of which one rule generally received is, that the exordium should be simple, and should promise little. Begin your new course of life with the least show and the least expense possible: you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own, while any man can call upon you for money which you cannot pay: therefore, begin with timorous parsimony. Let it be your first care not to be in any man's debt.

"When the thoughts are extended to a future state, the present life seems hardly worthy of all those principles of conduct and maxims of prudence which one generation of men has transmitted to another; but upon a closer view, when it is perceived how much evil is produced and how much good is impeded by embarrassment and distress, and how little room the expedients of poverty leave for the exercise of virtue, it grows manifest that the boundless importance of the next life enforces some attention to the interests of this.

"Be kind to the old servants, and secure the kindness of the agents and factors. Do not disgust them by asperity, or unwelcome gaiety, or [illegible] From them you must learn the real state of [illegible] tenants, and the value of [illegible]

"Make [illegible]

pectations from air and exercise are the best that she can form. I hope she will live long and happily.

"I forget whether I told you that Rasay has been here. We dined cheerfully together. I entertained lately a young gentleman from Corrichatachin. I received your letters only this morning. I am, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

In answer to my next letter I received one from him, dissuading me from hastening to him as I had proposed. What is proper for publication is the following paragraph, equally just and tender:—

"One expense, however, I would not have you to spare: let nothing be omitted that can preserve Mrs. Boswell, though it should be necessary to transplant her for a time into a softer climate. She is the prop and stay of your life. How much must your children suffer by losing her!"

My wife was now so much convinced of his sincere friendship for me, and regard for her, that without any suggestion on my part, she wrote him a very polite and grateful letter.

DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. BOSWELL.

"London, Sept. 7, 1782.

"DEAR LADY,

"I have not often received so much pleasure as from your invitation to Auchinleck. The journey thither and back is, indeed, too great for the latter part of the year; but if my health were fully recovered, I would suffer no little heat and cold, nor a wet or a rough road, to keep me from you. I am, indeed, not without hope of seeing Auchinleck again; but to make it a pleasant place I must see its lady well, and brisk, and airy. For my sake, therefore, among many greater reasons, take care, dear Madam, of your health; spare no expense, and want no attendance, that can procure ease or preserve it. Be very careful to keep your mind quiet; and do not think it too much to give an account of your recovery to, Madam, yours, &c.,

SAM. JOHNSON."

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.,

"London, Dec. 7, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

"Having passed almost this whole year in a succession of disorders, I went in October to Brighthelmstone, whither I came in a state of so much weakness, that I rested four times in walking between the inn and the lodging. By physic and abstinence I grew better, and am now reasonably easy, though at a great distance from health. I am afraid, however, that health begins, after seventy, and long before, to have a meaning different from that which it had at thirty. But it is culpable to murmur at the established order of the creation, as it is vain to oppose it. He that lives must grow old; and he that would rather grow old than die has God to thank for the infirmities of old age.

"At your long silence I am rather angry. You do not, since now you are at the head of your house, think it worth your while to try whether you or your friend can live longer without writing; nor suspect, after so many years of friendship, that when I do not write to you I forget you. Put all such useless jealousies out of your head, and disdain to regulate your own practice by the practice of another, or by another principle than the desire of doing right.

"Your economy, I suppose, begins now to be settled; your expenses are adjusted to your revenue, and all your people in their proper places. Resolve not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness: it certainly destroys liberty; and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.

"Let me know the history of your life since your accession to your estate;—how many houses, how many cows, how much land in your own hand, and what bargains you make with your tenants.

* * * * *

"Of my 'Lives of the Poets' they have printed a new edition in octavo, I hear, of three thousand. Did I give a set to Lord Hailes? If I did not, I will do it [illegible] make of all your copy?

"Mrs. Thrale and the three

in Argyll Street. Sir Joshua Reynolds has been out of order but is well again; and I am, dear Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

MRS. BOSWELL TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, Dec. 20, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

"I was made happy by your kind letter, which gave us the agreeable hopes of seeing you in Scotland again.

"I am much flattered by the concern you are pleased to take in my recovery. I am better, and hope to have it in my power to convince you by my attention, of how much consequence I esteem your health to the world and to myself. I remain, Sir, with grateful respect, your obliged and obedient servant,

"MARGARET BOSWELL."

The death of Mr. Thrale had made a very material alteration with respect to Johnson's reception in that family. The manly authority of the husband no longer curbed the lively exuberance of the lady; and as her vanity had been fully gratified, by having the Colossus of Literature attached to her for many years, she gradually became less assiduous to please him. Whether her attachment to him was already divided by another object, I am unable to ascertain; but it is plain that Johnson's penetration was alive to her neglect or forced attention; for on the 6th of October this year we find him making a "parting use of the library" at Streatham, and pronouncing a prayer which he composed on leaving Mr. Thrale's family.[1]

"Almighty God, Father of all mercy, help me by thy grace, that I may, with humble and sincere thankfulness, remember the comforts and conveniences which I have enjoyed at this place; and that I may resign them with holy submission, equally trusting in thy protection when thou givest and when thou takest away. Have mercy upon me, O Lord! have mercy upon me!

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 208. First edition.

"To thy fatherly protection, O Lord, I commend this family. Bless, guide, and defend them, that they may so pass through this world, as finally to enjoy in thy presence everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

One cannot read this prayer without some emotions not very favourable to the lady whose conduct occasioned it.[1]

In one of his memorandum books I find, "Sunday, went to church at Streatham. *Templo valedixi cum osculo.*"

He met Mr. Philip Metcalfe[2] often at Sir Joshua Reynolds's and other places, and was a good deal with him at Brighthelmstone this autumn, being pleased at once with his excellent table and animated conversation. Mr. Metcalfe showed him great respect, and sent him a note that he might have the use of his carriage whenever he pleased. Johnson (3rd October, 1782) returned this polite answer: "Mr. Johnson is very much obliged by the kind offer of the carriage, but he has no desire of using Mr. Metcalfe's carriage except when he can have the pleasure of Mr. Metcalfe's company." Mr. Metcalfe could not but be highly pleased that his company was thus valued by Johnson, and he frequently attended him in airings. They also went together to Chichester, and they visited Petworth, and Cowdray, the venerable seat of the Lords Montacute.[3] "Sir," said Johnson, "I should like to stay here four-and-twenty hours. We see here how our ancestors lived."

That his curiosity was still unabated appears from two letters to Mr. John Nichols, of the 10th and 20th of October this year. In one he says, "I have looked into

[1] The next day he made the following memorandum:

"October 7.—I was called early. I packed up my bundles, and used the foregoing prayer, with my morning devotions somewhat, I think, enlarged. Being earlier than the family, I read St. Paul's farewell in the Acts, and then read fortuitously in the Gospels,—which was my parting use of the library."

[2] Mr. Metcalfe, who signed the *Round Robin.* He, Burke, and Malone were executors of Sir Joshua.—*Editor.*

[3] This venerable mansion has since [25th Sept., 1793] been destroyed by fire.—*Malone.*

your 'Anecdotes,' and you will hardly thank a lover of literary history for telling you that he has been much informed and gratified. I wish you would add your own discoveries and intelligence to those of Dr. Rawlinson, and undertake the Supplement to Wood. Think of it." In the other, "I wish, Sir, you could obtain some fuller information of Jortin, Markland, and Thirlby. They were three contemporaries of great eminence."

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"Brighthelmstone, Nov. 14, 1782.

"DEAR SIR,

"I heard yesterday of your late disorder, and should think ill of myself if I had heard of it without alarm. I heard likewise of your recovery, which I sincerely wish to be complete and permanent. Your country has been in danger of losing one of its brightest ornaments, and I of losing one of my oldest and kindest friends; but I hope you will still live long, for the honour of the nation; and that more enjoyment of your elegance, your intelligence, and your benevolence is still reserved for, dear Sir, your most affectionate, &c., "SAM JOHNSON."

The Rev. Mr. Wilson[2] having dedicated to him his "Archæological Dictionary," that mark of respect was thus acknowledged:—

[1] Dr. Richard Rawlinson, an eminent antiquary, and a great benefactor to the University of Oxford. He founded the Anglo-Saxon professorship there, and bequeathed to it all his collection of MSS., medals, antiquities, and curiosities. He died in 1754, æt. 65. There had been some idea of obtaining this professorship for Johnson.—*Croker.*

[2] A concise but very just character of Mr. Wilson is given by Dr. Whittaker in the dedication of a plate, in the History of Whalley. "Viro Reverendo Thomæ Wilson, S. T. B. ecclesiæ de Clitheroe, ministro—sodali jucundissimo—ἀρχαιολόγῳ insigni-felici juvenum institutori." He died in 1813, aged sixty-five [years]; during about forty of which he was labouriously occupied as the master of the grammar school of Clitheroe.—*Markland.*

TO THE REV. MR. WILSON.

Clitheroe, Lancashire.

"Dec. 31, 1782.

"REVEREND SIR,

"That I have long omitted to return you thanks for the honour conferred upon me by your dedication, I entreat you with great earnestness not to consider as more faulty than it is. A very importunate and oppressive disorder has for some time debarred me from the pleasures and obstructed me in the duties of life. The esteem and kindness of wise and good men is one of the last pleasures which I can be content to lose; and gratitude to those from whom this pleasure is received is a duty of which I hope never to be reproached with the final neglect. I therefore now return you thanks for the notice which I have received from you, and which I consider as giving to my name not only more bulk, but more weight; not only as extending its superficies, but as increasing its value. Your book was evidently wanted, and will, I hope, find its way into the school; to which, however, I do not mean to confine it; for no man has so much skill in ancient rites and practices as not to want it. As I suppose myself to owe part of your kindness to my excellent friend, Dr. Patten, he has likewise a just claim to my acknowledgement, which I hope you, Sir, will transmit. There will soon appear a new edition of my Poetical Biography; if you will accept of a copy to keep me in your mind, be pleased to let me know how it may be conveniently conveyed to you. This present is small, but it is given with good-will by, reverend Sir your most, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

In 1783 he was more severely afflicted than ever, as will appear in the course of his correspondence; but still the same ardour for literature, the same constant piety, the same kindness for his friends, and the same vivacity, both in conversation and writing, distinguished him.

Having given Dr. Johnson a full account of what I was doing at Auchinleck, and particularly mentioned what I knew would please him,—my having brought an old man of eighty-eight from a lonely cottage to a comfortable

habitation within my inclosures, where he had good neighbours near to him,—I received an answer in February, of which I extract what follows:

"I am delighted with your account of your activity at Auchinleck, and wish the old gentleman, whom you have so kindly removed, may live long to promote your prosperity by his prayers. You have now a new character and new duties: think on them and practise them.

"Make an impartial estimate of your revenue; and whatever it is, live upon less. Resolve never to be poor. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wants help himself. We must have enough, before we have to spare.

"I am glad to find that Mrs. Boswell grows well; and hope that, to keep her well, no care nor caution will be omitted. May you long live happily together. When you come hither, pray bring with you Baxter's 'Anacreon.' I cannot get that edition in London."

On Friday, March 21, having arrived in London the night before, I was glad to find him at Mrs. Thrale's house, in Argyll Street, appearances of friendship between them being still kept up. I was shown into his room; and after the first salutation he said, "I am glad you are come; I am very ill." He looked pale, and was distressed with a difficulty of breathing; but after the common inquiries, he assumed his usual strong animated style of conversation. Seeing me now for the first time as a *laird*, or proprietor of land, he began thus: "Sir, the superiority of a country gentleman over the people upon his estate is very agreeable; and he who says he does not feel it to be agreeable, lies; for it must be agreeable to have a casual superiority over those who are by nature equal with us." BOSWELL. "Yet, Sir, we see great proprietors of land who prefer living in London." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, the pleasure of living in London, the intellectual superiority that is enjoyed there, may counterbalance the other. Besides, Sir, a man may prefer the state of the country gentleman upon the whole, and yet there may never be a moment when he is willing to make the change, to quit London for it." He said, "It is better

to have five *per cent.* out of land than out of money, because it is more secure; but the readiness of transfer and promptness of interest make many people rather choose the funds. Nay, there is another disadvantage belonging to land, compared with money: a man is not so much afraid of being a hard creditor, as of being a hard landlord." BOSWELL. "Because there is a sort of kindly connexion between a landlord and his tenants." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; many landlords with us never see their tenants. It is because, if a landlord drives away his tenants, he may not get others; whereas the demand for money is so great, it may always be lent."

He talked with regret and indignation of the factious opposition to government at this time, and imputed it in a great measure to the Revolution. "Sir," said he, in a low voice, having come nearer to me, while his old prejudices seemed to be fermenting in his mind, "this Hanoverian family is *isolée* here. They have no friends. Now the Stuarts had friends who stuck by them so late as 1745. When the right of the king is not reverenced, there will not be reverence for those appointed by the king."

His observation, that the present royal family has no friends, has been too much justified by the very ungrateful behaviour of many who were under great obligations to his majesty: at the same time there are honourable exceptions; and the very next year after this conversation, and ever since, the king has had as extensive and generous support as ever was given to any monarch, and has had the satisfaction of knowing that he was more and more endeared to his people.

He repeated to me his verses on Mr. Levett, with an emotion which gave them full effect; and then he was pleased to say, "You must be as much with me as you can. You have done me good. You cannot think how much better I am since you came in."

He sent a message to acquaint Mrs. Thrale that I was arrived. I had not seen her since her husband's death. She soon appeared, and favoured me with an invitation to stay to dinner, which I accepted. There was no other company but herself and three of her daughters, Dr. Johnson, and I. She too said she was very glad I was come; for

she was going to Bath, and should have been sorry to leave Dr. Johnson before I came. This seemed to be attentive and kind; and I, who had not been informed of any change, imagined all to be as well as formerly. He was little inclined to talk at dinner, and went to sleep after it; but when he joined us in the drawing-room he seemed revived, and was again himself.

Talking of conversation, he said, "There must, in the first place, be knowledge—there must be materials; in the second place, there must be a command of words; in the third place, there must be imagination, to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in; and, in the fourth place, there must be presence of mind, and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failures; this last is an essential requisite; for want of it many people do not excel in conversation. Now *I* want it; I throw up the game upon losing a trick." I wondered to hear him talk thus of himself, and said, "I don't know, Sir, how this may be; but I am sure you beat other people's cards out of their hands." I doubt whether he heard this remark. While he went on talking triumphantly, I was fixed in admiration, and said to Mrs. Thrale, "O for short-hand to take this down!"—"You'll carry it all in your head," said she: "a long head is as good as short-hand."

It has been observed and wondered at, that Mr. Charles Fox never talked with any freedom in the presence of Dr. Johnson; though it is well known, and I myself can witness, that his conversation is various, fluent, and exceedingly agreeable. Johnson's own experience, however, of that gentleman's reserve, was a sufficient reason for his going on thus: "Fox never talks in private company; not from any determination not to talk, but because he has not the first motion. A man who is used to the applause of the House of Commons has no wish for that of a private company. A man accustomed to throw for a thousand pounds, if set down to throw for sixpence, would not be at the pains to count his dice. Burke's talk is the ebullition of his mind. He does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full."

He thus curiously characterised one of our old acquaintance: "[Sheridan] is a good man, Sir; but he is a vain

man and a liar. He, however, only tells lies of vanity; of victories, for instance, in conversation, which never happened." This alluded to a story, which I had repeated from that gentleman, to entertain Johnson with its wild bravado. "This Johnson, Sir," said he, "whom you are all afraid of, will shrink, if you come close to him in argument, and roar as loud as he. He once maintained the paradox, that there is no beauty but in utility. 'Sir,' said I, 'what say you to the peacock's tail, which is one of the most beautiful objects in nature, but would have as much utility if its feathers were all of one colour?' He *felt* what I thus produced, and had recourse to his usual expedient, ridicule; exclaiming, 'A peacock has a tail, and a fox has a tail;' and then he burst out into a laugh. 'Well, Sir,' said I, with a strong voice, looking him full in the face, 'you have unkennelled your fox; pursue him if you dare.' He had not a word to say, Sir." Johnson told me that this was fiction from beginning to end.[1]

After musing for some time, he said, "I wonder how I should have any enemies; for I do harm to nobody."[2] BOSWELL. "In the first place, Sir, you will be pleased to recollect that you set out with attacking the Scotch; so you got a whole nation for your enemies." JOHNSON. "Why, I own that by my definition of *oats* I meant to vex them." BOSWELL. "Pray, Sir, can you trace the cause of

[1] Were I to insert all the stories which have been told of contests boldly maintained with him, imaginary victories obtained over him, of reducing him to silence, and of making him own that his antagonist had the better of him in argument, my volumes would swell to an immoderate size. One instance, I find, has circulated both in conversation and in print; that when he would not allow the Scotch writers to have merit, the late Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, asserted, that he could name one Scotch writer whom Dr. Johnson himself would allow to have written better than any man of the age; and upon Johnson's asking who it was, answered "Lord Bute, when he signed the warrant for your pension." Upon which Johnson, struck with the repartee, acknowledged that it *was* true. When I mentioned it to Johnson, "Sir," said he, "if Rose said this, I never heard it."

[2] This reflection was very natural in a man of a good heart, who was not conscious of any ill-will to mankind, though the sharp sayings which were sometimes produced by his discrimination and vivacity, which he perhaps did not recollect, were, I am afraid, too often remembered with resentment.

your antipathy to the Scotch?" JOHNSON. "I cannot, Sir." BOSWELL. "Old Mr. Sheridan says it was because they sold Charles the First." JOHNSON. "Then, Sir, old Mr. Sheridan has found out a very good reason."

Surely the most obstinate and sulky nationality, the most determined aversion to this great and good man, must be cured, when he is seen thus playing with one of his prejudices, of which he candidly admitted that he could not tell the reason. It was, however, probably, owing to his having had in his view the worst part of the Scottish nation, the needy adventurers, many of whom he thought were advanced above their merits by means which he did not approve. Had he in his early life been in Scotland, and seen the worthy, sensible, independent gentlemen, who live rationally and hospitably at home, he never could have entertained such unfavourable and unjust notions of his fellow-subjects. And accordingly we find, that when he did visit Scotland, in the latter period of his life, he was fully sensible of all that it deserved, as I have already pointed out when speaking of his "Journey to the Western Islands."

Next day, Saturday, 22nd March, I found him still at Mrs. Thrale's, but he told me that he was to go to his own house in the afternoon. He was better, but I perceived he was but an unruly patient; for Sir Lucas Pepys, who visited him while I was with him, said, "If you were *tractable*, Sir, I should prescribe for you."

I related to him a remark which a respectable friend had made to me upon the then state of government, when those who had been long in opposition had attained to power, as it was supposed, against the inclination of the sovereign. "You need not be uneasy," said this gentleman, "about the king. He laughs at them all; he plays them one against another." JOHNSON. "Don't think so, Sir. The king is as much oppressed as a man can be. If he plays them one against another, he *wins* nothing."

I had paid a visit to General Oglethorpe in the morning, and was told by him that Dr. Johnson saw company on Saturday evenings, and he would meet me at Johnson's that night. When I mentioned this to Johnson, not doubting that it would please him, as he had a great value for

Oglethorpe, the fretfulness of his disease unexpectedly showed itself; his anger suddenly kindled, and he said with vehemence, "Did not you tell him not to come? Am I to be *hunted* in this manner?" I satisfied him that I could not divine that the visit would not be convenient, and that I certainly could not take it upon me of my own accord to forbid the General.

I found Dr. Johnson in the evening in Mrs. Williams's room, at tea and coffee with her and Mrs. Desmoulins, who were also both ill; it was a sad scene, and he was not in a very good humour. He said of a performance that had lately come out, "Sir, if you should search all the madhouses in England, you would not find ten men who would write so, and think it sense."[1]

I was glad when General Oglethorpe's arrival was announced, and we left the ladies. Dr. Johnson attended him in the parlour, and was as courteous as ever. The General said he was busy reading the writers of the middle age. Johnson said they were very curious. OGLETHORPE. "The House of Commons has usurped the power of the nation's money and used it tyrannically. Government is now carried on by corrupt influence, instead of the inherent right of the king." JOHNSON. "Sir, the want of inherent right in the king occasions all this disturbance. What we did at the Revolution was necessary: but it broke our constitution."[2] OGLETHORPE. "My father did not think it necessary."

On Sunday, 23rd March, I breakfasted with Dr. Johnson, who seemed much relieved, having taken opium the night before. He however protested against it, as a remedy that should be given with the utmost reluctance, and only in extreme necessity. I mentioned how commonly it was used

[1] I suspect that Annus Mirabilis; or, the Eventful Year 1782, an Historical Poem, by the Rev. W. Tasker, author of the Warlike Genius of Britain, is here meant.—*Croker.*

[2] I have in my Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, fully expressed my sentiments upon this subject. The Revolution was *necessary*, but not a subject for *glory;* because it for a long time blasted the generous feelings of *loyalty.* And now, when by the benignant effect of time the present royal family are established in our *affections*, how unwise is it to revive by celebrations the memory of a shock, which it would surely have been better that our constitution had not required!

in Turkey, and that therefore it could not be so pernicious as he apprehended. He grew warm, and said, "Turks take opium, and Christians take opium; but Russel, in his account of Aleppo, tells us, that it is as disgraceful in Turkey to take too much opium, as it is with us to get drunk. Sir, it is amazing how things are exaggerated. A gentleman was lately telling in a company where I was present, that in France as soon as a man of fashion marries, he takes an opera girl into keeping; and this he mentioned as a general custom. 'Pray, Sir,' said I, 'how many opera girls may there be?' He answered, 'About fourscore.' 'Well then, Sir,' said I, 'you see there can be no more than fourscore men of fashion who can do this.'"

Mrs. Desmoulins made tea; and she and I talked before him upon a topic which he had once borne patiently from me when we were by ourselves,—his not complaining of the world, because he was not called to some great office, nor had attained to great wealth. He flew into a violent passion, I confess with some justice, and commanded us to have done. "Nobody," said he, "has a right to talk in this manner, to bring before a man his own character, and the events of his life, when he does not choose it should be done. I never have sought the world; the world was not to seek me. It is rather wonderful that so much has been done for me. All the complaints which are made of the world are unjust. I never knew a man of merit neglected; it was generally by his own fault that he failed of success. A man may hide his head in a hole; he may go into the country, and publish a book now and then, which nobody reads, and then complain he is neglected. There is no reason why any person should exert himself for a man who has written a good book; he has not written it for any individual. I may as well make a present to the postman who brings me a letter. When patronage was limited, an author expected to find a Mæcenas, and complained if he did not find one. Why should he complain? This Mæcenas has others as good as he, or others who have got the start of him." BOSWELL. "But, surely, Sir, you will allow that there are men of merit at the bar who never get practice." JOHNSON. "Sir, you are sure that practice is got from an opinion that the person employed deserves it best; so that

if a man of merit at the bar does not get practice, it is from error, not from injustice. He is not neglected. A horse that is brought to market may not be bought, though he is a very good horse; but that is from ignorance, not from inattention."

There was in this discourse much novelty, ingenuity, and discrimination, such as is seldom to be found. Yet I cannot help thinking that men of merit, who have no success in life, may be forgiven for *lamenting*, if they are not allowed to *complain*. They may consider it as *hard* that their merit should not have its suitable distinction. Though there is no intentional injustice towards them on the part of the world, their merit not having been perceived, they may yet repine against *fortune* or *fate*, or by whatever name they choose to call the supposed mythological power of *destiny*. It has, however, occurred to me, as a consolatory thought, that men of merit should consider thus:—How much harder would it be, if the same persons had both all the merit and all the prosperity? Would not this be a miserable distribution for the poor dunces? Would men of merit exchange their intellectual superiority, and the enjoyments arising from it, for external distinction and the pleasures of wealth? If they would not, let them not envy others, who are poor where they are rich, a compensation which is made to them. Let them look inwards and be satisfied; recollecting with conscious pride what Virgil finely says of the *Corycius Senex*, and which I have, in another place,[1] with truth and sincerity applied to Mr. Burke:

"Regum æquabat opes animis."

On the subject of the right employment of wealth, Johnson observed,—"A man cannot make a bad use of his money, so far as regards society, if he does not hoard it; for if he either spends it or lends it out, society has the benefit. It is in general better to spend money than to give it away; for industry is more promoted by spending money than by giving it away. A man who spends his

[1] Letter to the People of [illegible] minish the Number of Lords [illegible]

money is sure he is doing good with it; he is not so sure when he gives it away. A man who spends ten thousand a year will do more good than a man who spends two thousand and gives away eight."

In the evening I came to him again. He was somewhat fretful from his illness. A gentleman asked him whether he had been abroad to-day. "Don't talk so childishly," said he. "You may as well ask if I hanged myself to-day." I mentioned politics. JOHNSON. "Sir, I'd as soon have a man to break my bones as talk to me of public affairs, internal or external. I have lived to see things all as bad as they can be."

Having mentioned his friend the second Lord Southwell, he said, "Lord Southwell was the highest-bred man without insolence that I ever was in company with; the most *qualitied* I ever saw. Lord Orrery was not dignified; Lord Chesterfield was, but he was insolent. Lord *********[1] is a man of coarse manners, but a man of abilities and information. I don't say he is a man I would set at the head of a nation, though perhaps he may be as good as the next prime minister that comes; but he is a man to be at the head of a club,—I don't say *our* CLUB,—for there's no such club." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, was he not a factious man?" JOHNSON. "O yes, Sir, as factious a fellow as could be found; one who was for sinking us all into the mob." BOSWELL. "How then, Sir, did he get into favour with the king?" JOHNSON. "Because, Sir, I suppose he promised the king to do whatever the king pleased."

He said, "Goldsmith's blundering speech to Lord Shelburne, which had been so often mentioned, and which he really did make to him, was only a blunder in emphasis:—'I wonder they should call your lordship *Malagrida*, for Malagrida was a very good man;'—meant, I wonder they should use *Malagrida* as a term of reproach."

Soon after this time I had an opportunity of seeing, by means of one of his friends, a proof that his talents, as well as his obliging service to authors, were ready as ever.

[1] Shelburne, the second Earl, afterwards first Marquis of Lansdowne. He was now the head of the short-lived ministry of 1782, of which Mr. Pitt was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and which was ousted by the coalition in 1783, soon after this conversation.—*Croker.*

He had revised "The Village," an admirable poem, by the Reverend Mr. Crabbe.[1] Its sentiments as to the false notions of rustic happiness and virtue were quite congenial with his own; and he had taken the trouble not only to suggest slight corrections and variations, but to furnish some lines when he thought he could give the writer's meaning better than in the words of the manuscript.[2]

[1] I shall give an instance, marking the original by Roman, and Johnson's substitution in Italic characters:

"In fairer scenes, where peaceful pleasures spring,
Tityrus, the pride of Mantuan swains might sing;
But charm'd by him, or smitten with his views,
Shall modern poets court the Mantuan muse?
From truth and nature shall we widely stray,
Where fancy leads, or Virgil led the way?"

"*On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,*
If Tityrus found the golden age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?
From truth and nature shall we widely stray,
Where Virgil, not where fancy, leads the way?"

Here we find Johnson's poetical and critical powers undiminished. I must however observe, that the aids he gave to this poem, as to The Traveller and Deserted Village of Goldsmith, were so small as by no means to impair the distinguished merit of the author.

[2] Crabbe sent the MS. of his poem, The Village, through Sir Joshua Reynolds to Johnson, who returned it to Sir Joshua with a letter, which, though often printed, may well be reproduced here. See also the Life of Crabbe (vol. i., p. 118-20), by his son, prefixed to the edition of his works in 8 vols. 12mo., Murray, 1853.

DR. JOHNSON TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"March 4, 1783.

"SIR,

"I have sent you back Mr. Crabbe's poem, which I read with great delight. It is original, vigorous, and elegant.

"The alterations which I have made I do not require him to adopt, for my lines are, perhaps, not often better than his own; but he may take mine and his own together, and perhaps between them produce something better than either. He is not to think his copy wantonly defaced. A wet sponge will wash all the red lines away, and leave the page clear.

"His dedication will be least liked. It were better to contract it into a short sprightly address. I do not doubt Mr. Crabbe's success. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

—*Editor.*

On Sunday, March 30, I found him at home in the evening, and had the pleasure to meet with Dr. Brocklesby, whose reading, and knowledge of life, and good spirits, supply him with a never-failing source of conversation. He mentioned a respectable gentleman, who became extremely penurious near the close of his life. Johnson said there must have been a degree of madness about him. "Not at all, Sir," said Dr. Brocklesby, "his judgment was entire." Unluckily, however, he mentioned that although he had a fortune of twenty-seven thousand pounds, he denied himself many comforts, from an apprehension that he could not afford them. "Nay, Sir," cried Johnson, "when the judgment is so disturbed that a man cannot count, that is pretty well."

I shall here insert a few of Johnson's sayings, without the formality of dates, as they have no reference to any particular time or place.

"The more a man extends and varies his acquaintance, the better." This, however, was meant with a just restriction; for he on another occasion said to me, "Sir, a man may be so much of every thing, that he is nothing of any thing."

"Raising the wages of day-labourers is wrong; for it does not make them live better, but only makes them idler, and idleness is a very bad thing for human nature."

"It is a very good custom to keep a journal for a man's own use; he may write upon a card a day all that is necessary to be written, after he has had experience of life. At first there is a great deal to be written, because, there is a great deal of novelty: but when once a man has settled his opinions, there is seldom much to be set down."

"There is nothing wonderful in the Journal[1] which we see Swift kept in London, for it contains slight topics, and it might soon be written."

[1] In his Life of Swift, he thus speaks of this Journal: "In the midst of his power and his politics, he kept a journal of his visits, his walks, his interviews with ministers, and quarrels with his servant, and transmitted it to Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, to whom he knew that whatever befell him was interesting, and no account could be too minute. Whether these diurnal trifles were properly exposed to eyes which had never received any pleasure from the dean, may be reasonably doubted: they have, however, some odd attractions: the reader finding frequent

I praised the accuracy of an account-book of a lady whom I mentioned. JOHNSON. "Keeping accounts, Sir, is of no use when a man is spending his own money, and has nobody to whom he is to account. You won't eat less beef to-day, because you have written down what it cost yesterday." I mentioned another lady who thought as he did, so that her husband could not get her to keep an account of the expense of the family, as she thought it enough that she never exceeded the sum allowed her. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is fit she should keep an account, because her husband wishes it; but I do not see its use." I maintained that keeping an account has this advantage, that it satisfies a man that his money has not been lost or stolen, which he might sometimes be apt to imagine, were there no written state of his expense; and, besides, a calculation of economy, so as not to exceed one's income, cannot be made without a view of the different articles in figures, that one may see how to retrench in some particulars less necessary than others. This he did not attempt to answer.

Talking of an acquaintance of ours, whose narratives, which abounded in curious and interesting topics, were unhappily found to be very fabulous; I mentioned Lord Mansfield's having said to me, "Suppose we believe one *half* of what he tells." JOHNSON. "Ay; but we don't know *which* half to believe. By his lying we lose not only our reverence for him, but all comfort in his conversation." BOSWELL. "May we not take it as amusing fiction?" JOHNSON. "Sir, the misfortune is, that you will insensibly believe as much of it as you incline to believe."

It is remarkable, that notwithstanding their congeniality in politics, he never was acquainted with a late eminent noble judge,[1] whom I have heard speak of him as a writer with great respect. Johnson, I know not upon what degree

mention of names which he has been used to consider as important, goes on in hope of information; and, as there is nothing to fatigue attention, if he is disappointed, he can hardly complain." It may be added, that the reader not only hopes to find, but does find, in this very entertaining Journal, much curious information, respecting persons and things, which he will in vain seek for in other books of the same period.—*Malone.*

[1] Lord Mansfield.—*Croker.*

Not Lord Mansfield, for he was living when Boswell published (1791)

of investigation, entertained no exalted opinion of his lordship's intellectual character. Talking of him to me one day, he said, "It is wonderful, Sir, with how little real superiority of mind men can make an eminent figure in public life." He expressed himself to the same purpose concerning another law-lord,[1] who, it seems, once took a fancy to associate with the wits of London; but with so little success, that Foote said, "What can he mean by coming among us? He is not only dull himself, but the cause of dulness in others." Trying him by the test of his colloquial powers, Johnson had found him very defective. He once said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "This man now has been ten years about town, and has made nothing of it;" meaning as a companion.[2] He said to me, "I never heard any thing from him in company that was at all striking; and depend upon it, Sir, it is when you come close to a man in conversation, that you discover what his real abilities are: to make a speech in a public assembly is a knack. Now, I honour Thurlow, Sir; Thurlow is a fine fellow; he fairly puts his mind to yours."

After repeating to him some of his pointed, lively sayings, I said, "It is a pity, Sir, you don't always remember your own good things, that you may have a laugh when you will." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, it is better that I forget them, that I may be reminded of them, and have a laugh on their being brought to my recollection."

When I recalled to him his having said, as we sailed up Lochlomond, "That if he wore any thing fine, it should be *very* fine;" I observed that all his thoughts were upon a great scale. JOHNSON. "Depend upon it, Sir, every man will have as fine a thing as he can get; as a large diamond for his ring." BOSWELL. "Pardon me, Sir; a man of a

the first edition of the Life, in which also he speaks of a late eminent noble judge. Lord Mansfield died March 20, 1793.—*Editor.*

[1] No doubt Lord Loughborough.—*Croker.*

[2] Knowing as well as I do what precision and elegance of oratory his lordship can display, I cannot but suspect that his unfavourable appearance in a social circle, which drew such animadversions upon him, must be owing to a cold affectation of consequence, from being reserved and tiff. If it be so, and he might be an agreeable man if he would, we cannot be sorry that he misses his aim.

narrow mind will not think of it; a slight trinket will satisfy him:

'Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ.'"

I told him I should send him some "Essays" which I had written,[1] which I hoped he would be so good as to read, and pick out the good ones. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, send me only the good ones: don't make *me* pick them."

I heard him once say, "Though the proverb '*Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia*,' does not always prove true, we may be certain of the converse of it, '*Nullum numen adest, si sit imprudentia*.'"

Once, when Mr. Seward was going to Bath, and asked his commands, he said, "Tell Dr. Harington that I wish he would publish another volume of the '*Nugæ Antiquæ*;'[2] it is a very pretty book."[3] Mr. Seward seconded this wish, and recommended to Dr. Harington to dedicate it to Johnson, and take for his motto what Catullus says to Cornelius Nepos:

"———— namque tu solebas
Meas esse aliquid putare NUGAS."

As a small proof of his kindliness and delicacy of feeling, the following circumstance may be mentioned: One evening, when we were in the street together, and I told him I was going to sup at Mr. Beauclerk's he said, "I'll go with you." After having walked part of the way, seeming to recollect something, he suddenly stopped and said, "I cannot go,—but *I do not love Beauclerk the less*."

On the frame of his portrait Mr. Beauclerk had inscribed

[1] They are to be found, under the title of The Hypochondriack, in the London Magazine from 1775 to 1784.—*Croker.*

[2] It has since appeared.

[3] A new and greatly improved edition of this very curious collection was published by Mr. Park in 1804, in two volumes, octavo. In this edition the letters are chronologically arranged, and the account of the bishops, which was formerly printed from a very corrupt copy, is taken from Sir John Harington's original manuscript, which he presented to Henry, Prince of Wales, and is now in the royal library in the Museum. —*Malone.*

"———— Ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."[1]

After Mr. Beauclerk's death, when it became Mr. Langton's property, he made the inscription be defaced. Johnson said complacently, "It was kind in you to take it off;" and then, after a short pause, added, "and not unkind in him to put it on."

He said, "How few of his friends' houses would a man choose to be at when he is sick!" He mentioned one or two. I recollect only Thrale's.

He observed, "There is a wicked inclination in most people to suppose an old man decayed in his intellects. If a young or middle-aged man, when leaving a company, does not recollect where he laid his hat, it is nothing; but if the same inattention is discovered in an old man, people will shrug up their shoulders, and say, 'His memory is going.'"

When I once talked to him of some of the sayings which every body repeats, but nobody knows where to find, such as *Quos* DEUS *vult perdere, prius dementat;* he told me that he was once offered ten guineas to point out from whence *Semel insanivimus omnes* was taken. He could not do it; but many years afterwards met with it by chance in *Johannes Baptista Mantuanus.*[2]

I am very sorry that I did not take a note of an eloquent argument, in which he maintained that the situation of Prince of Wales was the happiest of any person's in the kingdom, even beyond that of the sovereign. I recollect only—the enjoyment of hope—the high superiority of rank, without the anxious cares of government—and a great degree of power, both from natural influence wisely used, and from the sanguine expectations of those who look forward to the chance of future favour.

Sir Joshua Reynolds communicated to me the following particulars:

Johnson thought the poems published as translations from Ossian had so little merit, that he said, "Sir, a man might write such stuff for ever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it."

[1] Hor. Sat., i., 3, 33. [2] See Appendix to this volume.—*Editor.*

He said, "A man should pass a part of his time with *the laughers*, by which means any thing ridiculous or particular about him might be presented to his view, and corrected." I observed, he must have been a bold laugher who would have ventured to tell Dr. Johnson of any of his particularities.[1]

Having observed the vain ostentatious importance of many people in quoting the authority of dukes and lords, as having been in their company, he said, he went to the other extreme, and did not mention his authority when he should have done it, had it not been that of a duke or a lord.

Dr. Goldsmith said once to Dr. Johnson that he wished for some additional members to the Literary Club, to give it an agreeable variety; "for," said he, "there can now be nothing new among us: we have travelled over one another's minds." Johnson seemed a little angry, and said, "Sir, you have not travelled over *my* mind, I promise you." Sir Joshua, however, thought Goldsmith right; observing, that "when people have lived a great deal together, they know what each of them will say on every subject. A new understanding, therefore, is desirable; because, though it may only furnish the same sense upon a question which would have been furnished by those with whom we are accustomed to live, yet this sense will have a different colouring; and colouring is of much effect in everything else as well as in painting."

Johnson used to say that he made it a constant rule to talk as well as he could, both as to sentiment and expression; by which means, what had been originally effort became familiar and easy. The consequence of this, Sir Joshua observed, was, that his common conversation in all companies was such as to secure him universal attention, as something above the usual colloquial style was expected.

[1] I am happy, however, to mention a pleasing instance of his enduring with great gentleness to hear one of his most striking particularities pointed out: Miss Hunter, a niece of his friend, Christopher Smart, when a very young girl, struck by his extraordinary motions, said to him, "Pray, Dr. Johnson, why do you make such strange gestures?" "From bad habit," he replied: "do you, my dear, take care to guard against bad habits." This I was told by the young lady's brother at Margate.

Yet, though Johnson had this habit in company, when another mode was necessary, in order to investigate truth, he could descend to a language intelligible to the meanest capacity. An instance of this was witnessed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when they were present at an examination of a little blackguard boy by Mr. Saunders Welch, the late Westminster justice. Welch, who imagined that he was exalting himself in Dr. Johnson's eyes by using big words, spoke in a manner that was utterly unintelligible to the boy; Dr. Johnson perceiving it, addressed himself to the boy, and changed the pompous phraseology into colloquial language. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was much amused by this proceeding, which seemed a kind of reversing of what might have been expected from the two men, took notice of it to Dr. Johnson, as they walked away by themselves. Johnson said, that it was continually the case; and that he was always obliged to *translate* the justice's swelling diction (smiling), so as that his meaning might be understood by the vulgar, from whom information was to be obtained.

Sir Joshua once observed to him, that he had talked above the capacity of some people with whom they had been in company together. "No matter, Sir," said Johnson; "they consider it as a compliment to be talked to as if they were wiser than they are. So true is this, Sir, that Baxter made it a rule in every sermon that he preached to say something that was above the capacity of his audience."[1]

Johnson's dexterity in retort, when he seemed to be driven to an extremity by his adversary, was very remark-

[1] The justness of this remark is confirmed by the following story, for which I am indebted to Lord Eliot:—A country parson, who was remarkable for quoting scraps of Latin in his sermons, having died, one of his parishioners was asked how he liked his successor; "He is a very good preacher," was his answer, "but no *Latiner*."

This "very good preacher" was the celebrated Dr. Edward Pocock, who had a living at Childry, near Oxford. One of his Oxford friends, as he travelled through Childry, inquiring, for his diversion, of some people, who was their minister? and how they liked him? received from them this answer: "Our parson is one Mr. Pocock, a plain, honest man; but, master," said they, "he is no *Latiner*."—Pocock's Life, sect. iii.—*Alexander Chalmers.*

able. Of his power, in this respect, our common friend, Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, had been pleased to furnish me with an eminent instance. However unfavourable to Scotland, he uniformly gave liberal praise to George Buchanan, as a writer. In a conversation concerning the literary merits of the two countries, in which Buchanan was introduced, a Scotchman, imagining that on this ground he should have an undoubted triumph over him, exclaimed, "Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan had he been an Englishman?" "Why, Sir," said Johnson, after a little pause, "I should *not* have said of Buchanan, had he been an *Englishman*, what I will now say of him as *Scotchman*,—that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."

And this brings to my recollection another instance of the same nature. I once reminded him that when Dr. Adam Smith was expatiating on the beauty of Glasgow, he had cut him short by saying, "Pray, Sir, have you ever seen Brentford?" and I took the liberty to add, "My dear Sir, surely that was *shocking*." "Why then, Sir," he replied, "YOU have never seen Brentford."[1]

Though his usual phrase for conversation was *talk*, yet he made a distinction; for when he once told me that he dined the day before at a friend's house, with "a very pretty company;" and I asked him if there was good conversation, he answered, "No, Sir; we had *talk* enough, but no *conversation*; there was nothing *discussed*."

Talking of the success of the Scotch in London, he imputed it in a considerable degree to their spirit of nationality. "You know, Sir," said he, "that no Scotchman publishes a book, or has a play brought upon the stage, but there are five hundred people ready to applaud him."

He gave much praise to his friend Dr. Burney's elegant

[1] When his friend Mr. Strahan, a native of Scotland, at his return from the Hebrides asked him, with a firm tone of voice, what he thought of his country? "That it is a very vile country to be sure, Sir;" returned for answer Dr. Johnson. "Well, Sir!" replies the other, somewhat mortified, "God made it." "Certainly he did," answers Dr. Johnson again; "but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen, and—comparisons are odious, Mr. Strahan—but God made hell."—Anecdotes.—*Croker*. [Johnsoniana, p. 71.]

and entertaining Travels, and told Mr. Seward that he had them in his eye when writing his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland."

Such was his sensibility, and so much was he affected by pathetic poetry, that, when he was reading Dr. Beattie's "Hermit," in my presence, it brought tears into his eyes.[1]

He disapproved much of mingling real facts with fiction. On this account he censured a book entitled "Love and Madness."[2]

Mr. Hoole told him he was born in Moorfields, and had received part of his early instruction in Grub Street. "Sir," said Johnson, smiling, "you have been *regularly* educated." Having asked who was his instructor, and Mr. Hoole having answered, "My uncle, Sir, who was a tailor;" Johnson, recollecting himself, said, "Sir, I knew him: we called him the *metaphysical tailor*. He was of a club in Old Street, with me and George Psalmanazar, and some others: but pray, Sir, was he a good tailor?" Mr. Hoole having answered that he believed he was too mathematical, and used to draw squares and triangles on his shopboard, so that he did not excel in the cut of a coat. "I am sorry for it," said Johnson, "for I would have every man to be master of his own business."

In pleasant reference to himself and Mr. Hoole, as brother authors, he often said, "Let you and I, Sir, go together, and eat a beefsteak in Grub Street."

Sir William Chambers,[3] that great architect, whose works show a sublimity of genius, and who is esteemed by all who know him, for his social, hospitable, and generous qualities, submitted the manuscript of his "Chinese Architecture" to Dr. Johnson's perusal. Johnson was much pleased with it, and said, "It wants no addition nor correc-

[1] The particular passage which excited this strong emotion was, as I have heard from my father, the third stanza, "'Tis night," &c.—*J. Boswell, jun.*

[2] A kind of novel founded on the story of Mr. Hackman and Miss Ray.—*Croker.* [By the Rev. Sir Herbert Croft, 1780.]

[3] The Hon. Horace Walpole, now Earl of Orford, thus bears testimony to this gentleman's merit as a writer: "Mr. Chambers's Treatise on Civil Architecture is the most sensible book, and the most exempt from prejudices, that ever was written on that science."—Preface to Anecdotes of Painting in England.

tion, but a few lines of introduction;" which he furnished, and Sir William adopted.[1]

He said to Sir William Scott, "The age is running mad after innovation; and all the business of the world is to be done in a new way; men are to be hanged in a new way; Tyburn itself is not safe from the fury of innovation." It having been argued that this was an improvement.—"No, Sir," said he, eagerly, "it is *not* an improvement: they object, that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties; the public was gratified by a procession; the criminal was supported by it. Why is all this to be swept away?" I perfectly agree with Dr. Johnson upon this head, and am persuaded that executions now, the solemn procession being discontinued, have not nearly the effect which they formerly had. Magistrates, both in London, and elsewhere, have, I am afraid, in this had too much regard to their own ease.

Of Dr. Hurd,[2] Bishop of Worcester, Johnson said to a friend;—"Hurd, Sir, is one of a set of men who account for every thing systematically; for instance, it has been a fashion to wear scarlet breeches; these men would tell you, that according to causes and effects, no other wear could at that time have been chosen." He, however, said of him at another time to the same gentleman,

[1] The introductory lines are these:

"It is difficult to avoid praising too little or too much. The boundless panegyrics which have been lavished upon the Chinese learning, policy, and arts, show with what power novelty attracts regard, and how naturally esteem swells into admiration. I am far from desiring to be numbered among the exaggerators of Chinese excellence. I consider them as great, or wise, only in comparison with the nations that surround them; and have no intention to place them in competition either with the ancients or with the moderns of this part of the world; yet they must be allowed to claim our notice as a distinct and very singular race of men; as the inhabitants of a region divided by its situation from all civilised countries, who have formed their own manners, and invented their own arts, without the assistance of example."

[2] From this pargraph, beginning "Of Dr. Hurd," to the end of the paragraph "I cannot help mentioning, &c.," (p. 135)—is an addition which first appears in the third Edition.—*Editor.*

"Hurd, Sir, is a man whose acquaintance is a valuable acquisition."

That learned and ingenious prelate, it is well known, published, at one period of his life, "Moral and Political Dialogues," with a wofully Whiggish cast. Afterwards, his lordship, having thought better, came to see his error, and republished the work with a more constitutional spirit. Johnson, however, was unwilling to allow him full credit for his political conversion. I remember when his lordship declined the honour of being archbishop of Canterbury, Johnson, said, 'I am glad he did not go to Lambeth; for, after all, I fear he is a Whig in his heart.'"

Johnson's attention to precision and clearness in expression was very remarkable. He disapproved of a parenthesis; and I believe, in all his voluminous writings, not half a dozen of them will be found. He never used the phrases the *former* and the *latter*, having observed, that they often occasioned obscurity; he therefore contrived to construct his sentences so as not to have occasion for them, and would even rather repeat the same words, in order to avoid them. Nothing is more common than to mistake surnames, when we hear them carelessly uttered for the first time. To prevent this, he used not only to pronounce them slowly and distinctly, but to take the trouble of spelling them; a practice which I have often followed, and which I wish were general.

Such was the heat and irritability of his blood, that not only did he pare his nails to the quick, but scraped the joints of his fingers with a penknife, till they seemed quite red and raw.

The heterogeneous composition of human nature was remarkably exemplified in Johnson. His liberality in giving his money to persons in distress was extraordinary. Yet there lurked about him a propensity to paltry saving. One day I owned to him, that "I was occasionally troubled with a fit of *narrowness*." "Why, Sir," said he, "so am I. *But I do not tell it.*" He has now and then borrowed a shilling of me; and when I asked him for it again, seemed to be rather out of humour. A droll little circumstance once occurred; as if he meant to reprimand my

minute exactness as a creditor, he thus addressed me;—"Boswell, *lend* me sixpence—*not to be repaid*."

This great man's attention to small things was very remarkable. As an instance of it, he one day said to me, "Sir, when you get silver in change for a guinea, look carefully at it; you may find some curious piece of coin."

Though a stern, *true-born Englishman*, and fully prejudiced against all other nations, he had discernment enough to see, and candour enough to censure, the cold reserve too common among Englishmen towards strangers: "Sir," said he, "two men of any other nation who are shown into a room together, at a house where they are both visitors, will immediately find some conversation. But two Englishmen will probably go each to a different window, and remain in obstinate silence. Sir, we as yet do not enough understand the common rights of humanity."

Johnson was at a certain period of his life a good deal with the Earl of Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdowne,[1] as he doubtless could not but have a due value for that nobleman's activity of mind, and uncommon acquisitions of important knowledge, however much he might disapprove of other parts of his lordship's character, which were widely different from his own.

Maurice Morgann, Esq., author of the very ingenious "Essay on the character of Falstaff,"[2] being a particular friend of his lordship, had once an opportunity of entertaining Johnson a day or two at Wycombe, when its lord was absent, and by him I have been favoured with two anecdotes.

One is not a little to the credit of Johnson's candour. Mr. Morgann and he had a dispute pretty late at night,

[1] I cannot discover when this intercourse could have happened; nor can I even guess. In 1765, when Johnson "*engaged in politics with Hamilton*," Lord Shelburne was but 20; nor can I discover that his Lordship had any connexion with Hamilton.—*Croker.*

A writer in Notes and Queries has this correction: "In 1765 Lord Shelburne was 28. He was born in 1737; was in Parliament, 1761; a Privy Councillor, 1763."—N. and Q., 1st Series, vol. ii., p. 373.—*Editor.*

[2] Johnson being asked his opinion of this Essay, answered, "Why, Sir, we shall have the man come forth again; and as he has proved Falstaff to be no coward, he may prove Iago to be a very good character."

in which Johnson would not give up, though he had the wrong side: and, in short, both kept the field. Next morning, when they met in the breakfasting-room, Dr. Johnson accosted Mr. Morgann thus: "Sir, I have been thinking on our dispute last night;—You *were in the right.*"

The other was as follows: Johnson, for sport perhaps, or from the spirit of contradiction, eagerly maintained that Derrick had merit as a writer. Mr. Morgann argued with him directly, in vain. At length he had recourse to this device. "Pray, Sir," said he, "whether do you reckon Derrick or Smart the best poet?" Johnson at once felt himself roused; and answered, "Sir, there is no settling the point of precedency between a louse and a flea."

Once, when checking my boasting too frequently of myself in company, he said to me, "Boswell, you often vaunt so much as to provoke ridicule. You put me in mind of a man who was standing in the kitchen of an inn with his back to the fire, and thus accosted the person next him. 'Do you know, Sir, who I am?' 'No, Sir,' said the other, 'I have not that advantage.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I am the *great* Twalmley, who invented the New Floodgate Iron.'"[1] The Bishop of Killaloe, on my repeating the story to him, defended Twalmley, by observing that he was entitled to the epithet of *great;* for Virgil in his group of worthies in the Elysian fields—

> Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi, &c.

mentions

> Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.[2]

He was pleased to say to me one morning when we were left alone in his study, "Boswell, I think I am easier with you than with almost any body."

He would not allow Mr. David Hume any credit for his political principles, though similar to his own; saying of him, "Sir, he was a Tory by chance."

His acute observation of human life made him re-

[1] What the *great* Twalmley was so proud of having invented was neither more nor less than a kind of box-iron for smoothing linen.

[2] Virg. Æn., vi., 660—663.

mark, "Sir, there is nothing by which a man exasperates most people more than by displaying a superior ability of brilliancy in conversation. They seem pleased at the time; but their envy makes them curse him at their hearts."

My readers will probably be surprised to hear that the great Dr. Johnson could amuse himself with so slight and playful a species of composition as a *charade*. I have recovered one which he made on Dr. Barnard, now Lord Bishop of Killaloe; who has been pleased for many years to treat me with so much intimacy and social ease that I may presume to call him not only my right reverend, but my very dear friend. I therefore with peculiar pleasure give to the world a just and elegant compliment thus paid to his lordship by Johnson.

CHARADE.

"My *first*[1] shuts out thieves from your house or your room,
My *second*[2] expresses a Syrian perfume.
My *whole*[3] is a man in whose converse is shared
The strength of a Bar and the sweetness of Nard."

Johnson asked Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq., if he had read the Spanish translation of Sallust, said to be written by a prince of Spain, with the assistance of his tutor, who is professedly the author of a treatise annexed, on the Phœnician language.

Mr. Cambridge commended the work, particularly as he thought the translator understood his author better than is commonly the case with translators; but said he was disappointed in the purpose for which he borrowed the book; to see whether a Spaniard could be better furnished with inscriptions from monuments, coins, or other antiquities, which he might more probably find on a coast so immediately opposite to Carthage, than the antiquaries of any other countries. JOHNSON. "I am very sorry you were not gratified in your expectations." CAMBRIDGE. "The language would have been of little use, as there is no history existing in that tongue to balance the partial

[1] Bar. [2] Nard. [3] Barnard.

accounts which the Roman writers have left us." JOHNSON. "No, Sir. They have not been *partial*, they have told their own story without shame or regard to equitable treatment of their injured enemy; they had no compunction, no feeling for a Carthaginian. Why, Sir, they would never have borne Virgil's description of Æneas's treatment of Dido, if she had not been a Carthaginian."

I gratefully acknowledge this and other communications from Mr. Cambridge, whom, if a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames a few miles distant from London, a numerous and excellent library, which he accurately knows and reads, a choice collection of pictures, which he understands and relishes, an easy fortune, an amiable family, an extensive circle of friends and acquaintance, distinguished by rank, fashion, and genius, a literary fame, various, elegant, and still increasing, colloquial talents rarely to be found, and with all these means of happiness, enjoying, when well advanced in years, health and vigour of body, serenity and animation of mind, do not entitle to be addressed *fortunate senex!* I know not to whom, in any age, that expression could with propriety have been used. Long may he live to hear and to feel it![1]

Johnson's love of little children, which he discovered upon all occasions, calling them "pretty dears," and giving them sweetmeats, was an undoubted proof of the real humanity and gentleness of his disposition.

His uncommon kindness to his servants, and serious concern, not only for their comfort in this world, but their happiness in the next, was another unquestionable evidence of what all, who were intimately acquainted with him, knew to be true.

Nor would it be just, under this head, to omit the fondness which he showed for animals which he had taken under his protection. I shall never forget the indulgence with which he treated Hodge, his cat; for whom he himself used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants, having

[1] Mr. Cambridge enjoyed all the blessings here enumerated for many years after this passage was written. He died at his seat, near Twickenham, Sept. 17, 1802, in his eighty-sixth year.—*Malone.*

Crossing Richmond Bridge from the Surrey side, this villa is the first house on the left hand, on the Middlesex side. See vol. ii., p. 329.—*Editor.*

that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature. I am, unluckily, one of those who have an antipathy to a cat, so that I am uneasy when in the room with one; and I own that I frequently suffered a good deal from the presence of this same Hodge. I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend, smiling and half-whistling, rubbed down his back, and pulled him by the tail; and when I observed he was a fine cat, saying, "Why, yes, Sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this;" and then, as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, "But he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed."

This reminds me of the ludicrous account[1] which he gave Mr. Langton of the despicable state of a young gentleman of good family. "Sir, when I heard of him last, he was running about town shooting cats." And then, in a sort of kindly reverie, he bethought himself of his own favourite cat, and said, "But Hodge shan't be shot; no, no, Hodge shall not be shot."

He thought Mr. Beauclerk made a shrewd and judicious remark to Mr. Langton, who, after having been for the first time in company with a well-known wit about town, was warmly admiring and praising him,—"See him again," said Beauclerk.

His respect for the hierarchy, and particularly the dignitaries of the church, has been more than once exhibited in the course of this work. Mr. Seward saw him presented to the Archbishop of York, and described his *bow to an* ARCHBISHOP as such a studied elaboration of homage, such an extension of limb, such a flexion of body, as have seldom or ever been equalled.

I cannot help mentioning with much regret, that by my own negligence I lost an opportunity of having the history of my family from its founder, Thomas Boswell, in 1504, recorded and illustrated by Johnson's pen. Such was his goodness to me, that when I presumed to solicit him for so great a favour, he was pleased to say, "Let me have all the materials you can collect, and I will do it both in Latin and

[1] This "ludicrous account," an addition to the additions of the second edition, is one proof among many that the third was revised and augmented throughout by Boswell.—*Editor.*

English; then let it be printed, and copies of it be deposited in various places for security and preservation." I can now only do the best I can to make up for this loss, keeping my great master steadily in view. Family histories, like the *imagines majorum* of the ancients, excite to virtue; and I wish that they who really have blood, would be more careful to trace and ascertain its course. Some have affected to laugh at the history of the house of Yvery;[1] it would be well if many others would transmit their pedegree to posterity, with the same accuracy and generous zeal with which the noble lord who compiled that work has honoured and perpetuated his ancestry.

On Thursday, April 10, I introduced to him, at his house in Bolt Court the Honourable and Reverend William Stuart,[2] son of the Earl of Bute; a gentleman truly worthy of being known to Johnson; being, with all the advantages of high birth, learning, travel, and elegant manners, an exemplary parish priest in every respect.

After some compliments on both sides, the tour which Johnson and I had made to the Hebrides was mentioned. JOHNSON. "I got an acquisition of more ideas by it than by any thing that I remember. I saw quite a different system of life." BOSWELL. "You would not like to make the same journey again?" JOHNSON. "Why no, Sir; not the same: it is a tale told. Gravina, an Italian critic, observes, that every man desires to see that of which he has read; but no man desires to read an account of what he has seen: so much does description fall short of reality. Description only excites curiosity; seeing satisfies it. Other people may go and see the Hebrides." BOSWELL. "I should wish to go and see some country totally different from what I have been used to; such as Turkey, where religion and every thing else are different." JOHNSON.

[1] Written by John, Earl of Egmont, and printed (but not published) in 1742.—*Malone.*

[2] At that time vicar of Luton, in Bedfordshire, where he lived for some years, and fully merited the character given of him in the text; he was afterwards Lord Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of Ireland.—*Malone.*

And died May, 1822, in a very strange way, having, through the blunder of a servant, had poison, by mistake for medicine, administered to him by the hand of his lady.—*Croker.*

"Yes, Sir: there are two objects of curiosity,—the Christian world and the Mahometan world. All the rest may be considered as barbarous." BOSWELL. "Pray, Sir, is the 'Turkish Spy' a genuine book?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir: Mrs. Manley, in her life, says, that her father wrote the first two volumes: and in another book, 'Dunton's Life and Errors,'[1] we find that the rest was written by one Sault, at two guineas a sheet, under the direction of Dr. Midgeley."[2]

BOSWELL. "This has been a very factious reign, owing to the too great indulgence of government." JOHNSON. "*I* think so, Sir. What at first was lenity, grew timidity. Yet this is reasoning *à posteriori*, and may not be just. Supposing a few had at first been punished, I believe faction would have been crushed; but it might have been said, that it was a sanguinary reign. A man cannot tell *à priori* what will be best for government to do. This reign has been very unfortunate. We have had an unsuccessful war; but that does not prove that we have been ill governed. One side or other must prevail in war, as one or other must win at play. When we beat Louis, we were not better governed; nor were the French better governed when Louis beat us."

On Saturday, April 12, I visited him, in company with Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, whom, though a Whig, he highly valued. One of the best things he ever said was to this gentleman; who, before he set out for Ireland as secretary to Lord Northington when lord lieutenant, expressed to the sage some modest and virtuous doubts, whether he could bring himself to practise those arts which it is supposed a person in that situation has occasion to employ. "Don't be afraid, Sir," said Johnson, with a

[1] A work containing many curious biographical memoranda, reprinted, with notes, by Mr. Nichols, in 1818.—*Wright.*

[2] The Turkish Spy was pretended to have been written originally in Arabic; from Arabic translated into Italian, and thence into English. The author of the work, which was originally written in Italian, was I. P. Marana, a Genoese, who died at Paris in 1693. Dunton says, that "Mr. *William Bradshaw* received from Dr. Midgeley forty shillings a sheet for writing part of the Turkish Spy; but I do not find that he any where mentions *Sault* as engaged in that work."—*Malone.*

Aubrey's Letters, i., 223, say the first volume was by the Italian, the rest by Bradshawe.—*P. Cunningham.*

pleasant smile; "you will soon make a very pretty rascal."[1]

He talked to-day a good deal of the wonderful extent and variety of London, and observed, that men of curious enquiry might see in it such modes of life as very few could even imagine. He in particular recommended to us to *explore Wapping*, which we resolved to do.[2]

Mr. Lowe, the painter, who was with him, was very much distressed that a large picture which he had painted was refused to be received into the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Mrs. Thrale knew Johnson's character so superficially, as to represent him as unwilling to do small acts of benevolence; and mentions, in particular, that he would hardly take the trouble to write a letter in favour of his friends. The truth, however, is, that he was remarkable, in an extraordinary degree, for what she denies to him; and, above all, for this very sort of kindness, writing letters for those to whom his solicitations might be of service. He now gave Mr. Lowe the following, of which I was diligent enough, with his permission, to take copies at the next coffee-house, while Mr. Windham was so good as to stay by me.

[1] Windham's notes of Johnson's advice—"I have no great timidity in my own disposition, and am no encourager of it in others. Never be afraid to think yourself fit for any thing for which your friends think you fit. *You will become an able negotiator—a very pretty rascal.* No one in Ireland wears even the mask of incorruption; no one professes to do for sixpence what he can get a shilling for doing. Set sail, and see where the winds and the waves will carry you. Every day will improve another. *Dies diem docet*, by observing at night where you failed in the day, and by resolving to fail so no more."—The Diary of the Right Hon. William Windham from 1784 to 1810, edited by Mrs. Henry Baring, Longman, London, 1866. See Preface to the Diary, p. xvii.—*Editor.*

[2] We accordingly carried our scheme into execution, in October, 1792; but whether from that uniformity which has in modern times, in a great degree, spread through every part of the metropolis, or from our want of sufficient exertion, we were disappointed.

This visit is very characteristically recorded by Windham in his Diary.—"Oct. 23. I let myself foolishly be drawn by Boswell to explore, as he called it, Wapping, instead of going, when everything was prepared, to see the battle between Ward and Stanyard, which turned out a very good one and which would have served as a very good introduction to Boswell."—p. 265.—*Editor.*

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"April 12, 1783.

"SIR,

"Mr. Lowe considers himself as cut off from all credit and all hope by the rejection of his picture from the Exhibition. Upon this work he has exhausted all his powers, and suspended all his expectations: and, certainly, to be refused an opportunity of taking the opinion of the public, is in itself a very great hardship. It is to be condemned without a trial.

"If you could procure the revocation of this incapacitating edict, you would deliver an unhappy man from great affliction. The council has sometimes reversed its own determination; and I hope that, by your interposition, this luckless picture may be got admitted. I am, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

TO MR. BARRY.

"April 12, 1783.

"SIR,

"Mr. Lowe's exclusion from the Exhibition gives him more trouble than you and the other gentlemen of the council could imagine or intend. He considers disgrace and ruin as the inevitable consequence of your determination.

"He says, that some pictures have been received after rejection; and if there be any such precedent, I earnestly entreat that you will use your interest in his favour. Of his work I can say nothing; I pretend not to judge of painting, and this picture I never saw; but I conceive it extremely hard to shut out any man from the possibility of success; and therefore I repeat my request that you will propose the re-consideration of Mr. Lowe's case; and if there be any among the council with whom my name can have any weight, be pleased to communicate to them the desire of, Sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

Such intercession was too powerful to be resisted; and Mr. Lowe's performance was admitted at Somerset House.[1] The subject, as I recollect, was the Deluge, at

[1] I am informed by the Secretary of the Royal Academy, that Lowe exhibited nothing in 1783. In 1782 he exhibited "The death of Abel," and in 1784, "Joseph's coat brought to Jacob."—*Editor.*

that point of time when the water was verging to the top of the last uncovered mountain. Near to the spot was seen the last of the antediluvian race exclusive of those who were saved in the ark of Noah. This was one of those giants, then the inhabitants of the earth, who had still strength to swim, and with one of his hands held aloft his child. Upon the small remaining dry spot appeared a famished lion, ready to spring at the child and devour it. Mr. Lowe told me that Johnson said to him, "Sir, your picture is noble and probable." "A compliment, indeed," said Mr. Lowe, "from a man who cannot lie, and cannot be mistaken."[1]

About this time he wrote to Mrs. Lucy Porter mentioning his bad health, and that he intended a visit to Lichfield. "It is," says he, "with no great expectation of amendment that I make every year a journey into the country: but it is pleasant to visit those whose kindness has been often experienced."

On April 18 (being Good Friday), I found him at breakfast, in his usual manner upon that day, drinking tea without milk, and eating a cross bun to prevent faintness; we went to St. Clement's church, as formerly. When we came home from church, he placed himself on one of the stone seats at his garden door, and I took the other, and thus in the open air, and in a placid frame of mind, he talked away very easily. JOHNSON. "Were I a country gentleman, I should not be very hospitable; I should not have crowds in my house." BOSWELL. "Sir Alexander Dick tells me that he remembers having a thousand people in a year to dine at his house; that is, reckoning each person as one, each time that he dined there." JOHNSON. "That, Sir, is about three a day." BOSWELL. "How your statement lessens the idea!" JOHNSON. "That, Sir, is the good of counting. It brings every thing to a certainty, which before floated in the mind indefinitely." BOSWELL.

[1] Northcote says the execution of this picture was execrable. Life of Reynolds, ii., 139. Lowe had received a prize-medal from the Academy in 1771, "through favour," as Northcote says. He certainly never after showed any talent, and had, I believe, more than once recourse to Johnson's interference to obtain admission for his works to the Exhibition. P. 605. Lowe died in 1793.—*Croker.*

"But *Omne ignotum pro magnifico est:* one is sorry to have this diminished." JOHNSON. "Sir, you should not allow yourself to be delighted with error." BOSWELL. "Three a day seem but few." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, he who entertains three a day does very liberally. And if there is a large family, the poor entertain those three, for they eat what the poor would get; there must be superfluous meat; it must be given to the poor, or thrown out." BOSWELL. "I observe in London, that the poor go about and gather bones, which I understand are manufactured." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; they boil them, and extract a grease from them for greasing wheels and other purposes. Of the best pieces they make a mock ivory, which is used for hafts to knives, and various other things; the coarser pieces they burn and pound, and sell the ashes." BOSWELL. "For what purpose, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, for making a furnace for the chemists for melting iron. A paste made of burnt bones will stand a stronger heat than any thing else. Consider, Sir, if you are to melt iron, you cannot line your pot with brass, because it is softer than iron, and would melt sooner; nor with iron, for though malleable iron is harder than cast-iron, yet it would not do; but a paste of burnt bones will not melt." BOSWELL. "Do you know, Sir, I have discovered a manufacture to a great extent, of what you only piddle at—scraping and drying the peel of oranges?[1] At a place in Newgate Street there is a prodigious quantity prepared, which they sell to the distillers." JOHNSON. "Sir, I believe they make a higher thing out of them than a spirit; they make what is called orange-butter, the oil of the orange inspissated, which they mix perhaps with common pomatum, and make it fragrant. The oil does not fly off in the drying."

BOSWELL. "I wish to have a good walled garden." JOHNSON. "I don't think it would be worth the expense to you. We compute, in England, a park wall at a thousand pounds a mile: now a garden wall must cost at least as

[1] It is suggested to me, by an anonymous Annotator on my Work, that the reason why Dr. Johnson collected the peels of squeezed oranges, may be found in the 358th Letter in Mrs. Piozzi's Collection, where it appears that he recommended "dried orange-peel, finely powdered," as a medicine. [See vol. ii., p. 303, note.]

much. You intend your trees should grow higher than a deer will leap. Now let us see; for a hundred pounds you could only have forty-four square yards,[1] which is very little; for two hundred pounds you may have eighty-four square yards, which is very well. But when will you get the value of two hundred pounds of walls, in fruit, in your climate? No, Sir; such contention with nature is not worth while. I would plant an orchard, and have plenty of such fruit as ripen well in your country. My friend, Dr. Madden, of Ireland, said, that 'In an orchard there should be enough to eat, enough to lay up, enough to be stolen, and enough to rot upon the ground.' Cherries are an early fruit; you may have them; and you may have the early apples and pears." BOSWELL. "We cannot have nonpareils." JOHNSON. "Sir, you can no more have nonpareils than you can have grapes." BOSWELL. "We have them, Sir; but they are very bad." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, never try to have a thing merely to show that you *cannot* have it. From ground that would let for forty shillings you may have a large orchard; and you see it costs you only forty shillings. Nay, you may graze the ground when the trees are grown up; you cannot, while they are young." BOSWELL. "Is not a good garden a very common thing in England, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Not so common, Sir, as you imagine. In Lincolnshire there is hardly an orchard; in Staffordshire, very little fruit." BOSWELL. "Has Langton no orchard?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir." BOSWELL. "How so, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, from the general negligence of the country. He has it not, because nobody else has it." BOSWELL. "A hothouse is a certain thing; I may have that." JOHNSON. "A hothouse is pretty certain; but you must first build it, then you must keep fires in it, and you must have a gardener to take care of it." BOSWELL. "But if I have a gardener at any rate?—" JOHNSON. "Why, yes." BOSWELL. "I'd have it near my house; there is

[1] The Bishop of Ferns observes, that Mr. Boswell here mistakes forty-four *square yards* for forty-four *yards square*, and thus makes Johnson talk nonsense: the meaning is, that 100*l.* will give 176 running yards of park wall, which would inclose a garden,—not of forty-four square yards, which would be but a small closet; but of *forty-four yards square*—or about two-fifths of an acre, and so in proportion.—*Croker.*

no need to have it in the orchard." JOHNSON. "Yes, I'd have it near my house. I would plant a great many currants; the fruit is good, and they make a pretty sweetmeat."

I record this minute detail, which some may think trifling, in order to show clearly how this great man, whose mind could grasp such large and extensive subjects, as he has shown in his literary labours, was yet well informed in the common affairs of life, and loved to illustrate them.

Mr. Walker, the celebrated master of elocution,[1] came in, and then we went up stairs into the study. I asked him if he had taught many clergymen. JOHNSON. "I hope not." WALKER. "I have taught only one, and he is the best reader I ever heard; not by my teaching, but by his own natural talents." JOHNSON. "Were he the best reader in the world, I would not have it told that he was taught." Here was one of his peculiar prejudices. Could it be any disadvantage to the clergyman to have it known that he was taught an easy and graceful delivery? BOSWELL. "Will you not allow, Sir, that a man may be taught to read well?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, so far as to read better than he might do without being taught, yes. Formerly it was supposed that there was no difference in reading, but that one read as well as another." BOSWELL. "It is wonderful to see old Sheridan as enthusiastic about oratory as ever." WALKER. "His enthusiasm as to what oratory will do, may be too great: but he reads well." JOHNSON. "He reads well, but he reads low; and you know it is much easier to read low than to read high; for when you read high, you are much more limited, your loudest note can be but one, and so the variety is less in proportion to the loudness. Now some people have occasion to speak to an extensive audience, and must speak loud to be heard." WALKER. "The art is to read strong, though low."

Talking of the origin of language:—JOHNSON. "It must have come by inspiration. A thousand, nay a million of children could not invent a language. While the organs are pliable, there is not understanding enough to form a language; by the time that there is understanding enough,

[1] He published several works on elocution and pronunciation, and died August 1, 1807, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.—*Croker.*

the organs are become stiff. We know that after a certain age we cannot learn to pronounce a new language. No foreigner, who comes to England when advanced in life, ever pronounces English tolerably well; at least such instances are very rare. When I maintain that language must have come by inspiration, I do not mean that inspiration is required for rhetoric, and all the beauties of language; for when once man has language, we can conceive that he may gradually form modifications of it. I mean only that inspiration seems to me to be necessary to give man the faculty of speech; to inform him that he may have speech; which I think he could no more find out without inspiration, than cows or hogs would think of such a faculty." WALKER. "Do you think, Sir, that there are any perfect synonymes in any language?" JOHNSON. "Originally there were not; but by using words negligently, or in poetry, one word comes to be confounded with another."

He talked of Dr. Dodd. "A friend of mine," said he, "came to me and told me that a lady wished to have Dr. Dodd's picture in a bracelet, and asked me for a motto. I said, I could think of no better than 'Currat Lex.' I was very willing to have him pardoned, that is, to have the sentence changed to transportation; but, when he was once hanged, I did not wish he should be made a saint."

Mrs. Burney, wife of his friend, Dr. Burney, came in, and he seemed to be entertained with her conversation.

Garrick's funeral was talked of as extravagantly expensive. Johnson, from his dislike to exaggeration, would not allow that it was distinguished by an extraordinary pomp. "Were there not six horses to each coach?" said Mrs. Burney. JOHNSON. "Madam, there were no more six horses than six phœnixes."

Mrs. Burney wondered that some very beautiful new buildings should be erected in Moorfields, in so shocking a situation as between Bedlam and St. Luke's Hospital; and said she could not live there. JOHNSON. "Nay, Madam, you see nothing there to hurt you. You no more think of madness by having windows that look to Bedlam, than you think of death by having windows that look to a churchyard." MRS. BURNEY. "We may look to a church-

yard, Sir; for it is right that we should be kept in mind of death." JOHNSON. "Nay, Madam, if you go to that, it is right that we should be kept in mind of madness, which is occasioned by too much indulgence of imagination. I think a very moral use may be made of these new buildings; I would have those who have heated imaginations live there, and take warning." MRS. BURNEY. "But, Sir, many of the poor people that are mad have become so from disease, or from distressing events. It is, therefore, not their fault, but their misfortune; and, therefore, to think of them is a melancholy consideration."

Time passed on in conversation till it was too late for the service of the church at three o'clock. I took a walk, and left him alone for some time; then returned, and we had coffee and conversation again by ourselves.

I stated the character of a noble friend of mine as a curious case for his opinion:—"He is the most inexplicable man to me that I ever knew. Can you explain him, Sir? He is, I really believe, noble-minded, generous, and princely. But his most intimate friends may be separated from him for years, without his ever asking a question concerning them. He will meet them with a formality, a coldness, a stately indifference; but when they come close to him, and fairly engage him in conversation, they find him as easy, pleasant, and kind as they could wish. One then supposes that what is so agreeable will soon be renewed; but stay away from him for half a year, and he will neither call on you, nor send to inquire about you." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I cannot ascertain his character exactly, as I do not know him; but I should not like to have such a man for my friend. He may love study, and wish not to be interrupted by his friends: *Amici fures temporis.* He may be a frivolous man, and be so much occupied with petty pursuits that he may not want friends. Or he may have a notion that there is dignity in appearing indifferent, while he in fact may not be more indifferent at his heart than another."

We went to evening prayers at St. Clement's, at se and then parted.

[1] One of the good deeds of this day, April 19, 1783, was here re Malone in a note, which will be found in the Appendix to this *Editor.*

On Sunday, April 20, being Easter-day, after attending solemn service at St. Paul's, I came to Dr. Johnson, and found Mr. Lowe, the painter, sitting with him. Mr. Lowe mentioned the great number of new buildings of late in London, yet that Dr. Johnson had observed, that the number of inhabitants was not increased. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, the bills of mortality prove that no more people die now than formerly; so it is plain no more live. The register of births proves nothing, for not one-tenth of the people of London are born there." BOSWELL. "I believe, Sir, a great many of the children born in London, die early." JOHNSON. "Why, yes, Sir." BOSWELL. "But those who do live are as stout and strong people as any. Dr. Price says, they must be naturally strong to get through." JOHNSON. "That is system, Sir. A great traveller observes, that it is said there are no weak or deformed people among the Indians; but he, with much sagacity, assigns the reason of this, which is, that the hardship of their life as hunters and fishers does not allow weak or diseased children to grow up. Now, had I been an Indian, I must have died early; my eyes would not have served me to get food. I, indeed, now could fish, give me English tackle; but had I been an Indian, I must have starved, or they would have knocked me on the head, when they saw I could do nothing." BOSWELL. "Perhaps, they would have taken care of you; we are told they are fond of oratory,—you would have talked to them." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, I should not have lived long enough to be fit to talk; I should have been dead before I was ten years old. Depend upon it, Sir, a savage, when he is hungry, will not carry about with him a looby of nine years old, who cannot help himself. They have no affection, Sir." BOSWELL. "I believe natural affection, of which we hear so much, is very small." JOHNSON. "Sir, natural affection is nothing: but affection from principle and established duty is sometimes wonderfully strong." LOWE. "A hen, Sir, will feed her chickens in preference to herself." JOHNSON. "But we don't know that the hen is hungry; let the hen be fairly hungry, and I'll warrant she'll peck the corn herself. A cock, I believe, will feed hens instead of himself: but we don't know that the cock is hungry." BOSWELL.

"And that, Sir, is not from affection, but gallantry. But some of the Indians have affection." JOHNSON. "Sir, that they help some of their children is plain; for some of them live, which they could not do without being helped."

I dined with him; the company were Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins, and Mr. Lowe. He seemed not to be well, talked little, grew drowsy soon after dinner, and retired; upon which I went away.

Having next day gone to Mr. Burke's seat in the country, from whence I was recalled by an express, that a near relation of mine had killed his antagonist in a duel, and was himself dangerously wounded,[1] I saw little of Dr. Johnson till Monday, April 28, when I spent a considerable part of the day with him, and introduced the subject which then chiefly occupied my mind. JOHNSON. "I do not see, Sir, that fighting is absolutely forbidden in Scripture; I see revenge forbidden, but not self-defence." BOSWELL. "The quakers say it is. 'Unto him that smiteth thee on one cheek, offer him also the other.'" JOHNSON. "But stay, Sir; the text is meant only to have the effect of moderating passion; it is plain that we are not to take it in a literal sense. We see this from the context, where there are other recommendations; which, I warrant you, the quaker will not take literally; as, for instance, 'From him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away.' Let a man whose credit is bad come to a quaker, and say, 'Well, Sir, lend me a hundred pounds;' he'll find him as unwilling as any other man. No, Sir; a man may shoot the man who invades his character, as he may shoot him who attempts to break into his house.[2] So, in 1745, my friend,

[1] This remarkable duel was fought on Monday the 21st of April, 1783, between Mr. Cunningham, of the Scots Greys, wounded, and Mr. Riddell, of the Life Guards, killed. See Gent. Mag. 1783, p. 362. —*Croker.*

[2] I think it necessary to caution my readers against concluding that, in this or any other conversation of Dr. Johnson, they have his serious and deliberate opinion on the subject of duelling. In my Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3rd Edition, p. 386, it appears that he made this frank confession: "Nobody, at times, talks more laxly than I do;" and, *Ibid.* p. 231: "He fairly owned he could not explain the rationality of duelling." We may therefore infer that he could not think that justifiable, which seems so inconsistant with the spirit of the Gospel. At

Tom Cumming, the quaker, said he would not fight, but he would drive an ammunition cart: and we know that the quakers have sent flannel waistcoats to our soldiers, to enable them to fight better." BOSWELL. "When a man is the aggressor, and by ill usage forces on a duel in which he is killed, have we not little ground to hope that he is gone to a state of happiness?" JOHNSON. "Sir, we are not to judge determinately of the state in which a man leaves this life. He may in a moment have repented effectually, and it is possible may have been accepted of God. There is in 'Camden's Remains' an epitaph upon a very wicked man, who was killed by a fall from his horse, in which he is supposed to say,

'Between the stirrup and the ground.
I mercy ask'd, I mercy found.'"[1]

BOSWELL. "Is not the expression in the burial-service—'in the *sure* and *certain* hope of a *blessed* resurrection'—too strong to be used indiscriminately, and, indeed, sometimes when those over whose bodies it is said have been notoriously profane?" JOHNSON. "It is sure and certain *hope*, Sir, not *belief*." I did not insist further; but cannot help thinking that less positive words would be more proper.[2]

Talking of a man who was grown very fat, so as to be in-

the same time, it must be confessed, that, from the prevalent notions of honour, a gentleman who receives a challenge is reduced to a dreadful alternative. A remarkable instance of this is furnished by a clause in the will of the late Colonel Thomas, of the Guards, written the night before he fell in a duel, September 3, 1783: "In the first place, I commit my soul to Almighty God, in hopes of his mercy and pardon for the irreligious step I now (in compliance with the unwarrantable customs of this wicked world) put myself under the necessity of taking."

Colonel Thomas was shot in a duel by Colonel Cosmo Gordon. See Gent. Mag., 1783, p. 801.—*Wright.*

[1] In repeating this epitaph, Johnson improved it. The original runs thus:—

"*Betwixt* the stirrup and he ground,
Mercy I ask'd, mercy I found."—*Malone.*

[2] Upon this objection, the Rev. Mr. Ralph Churton, fellow of Brazennose College, Oxford, has favoured me with the following satisfactory observation:—

"The passage in the burial service does not mean the resurrection of the person interred, but the general resurrection; it is in sure and certain hope of *the* resurrection; not *his* resurrection. Where the deceased is really spoken of, the expression is very different,—'as our hope is, this

commoded with corpulency, he said, "He eats too much, Sir." BOSWELL. "I don't know, Sir; you will see one man fat, who eats moderately, and another lean, who eats a great deal." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, whatever may be the quantity that a man eats, it is plain that if he is too fat, he has eaten more than he should have done. One man may have a digestion that consumes food better than common; but it is certain that solidity is increased by putting something to it." BOSWELL. "But may not solids swell and be distended?" JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, they may swell and be distended; but that is not fat."

We talked of the accusation against a gentleman for supposed delinquencies in India. JOHNSON. "What foundation there is for accusation I know not, but they will not get at him. Where bad actions are committed at so great a distance, a delinquent can obscure the evidence till the scent becomes cold; there is a cloud between, which cannot be penetrated; therefore all distant power is bad. I am clear that the best plan for the government of India is a despotic governor; for if he be a good man, it is evidently the best government; and supposing him to be a bad man, it is better to have one plunderer than many. A governor whose power is checked lets others plunder, that he himself may be allowed to plunder; but if despotic, he sees that the more he lets others plunder, the less there will be for himself, so he restrains them; and though he himself plunders, the country is a gainer, compared with being plundered by numbers."

I mentioned the very liberal payment which had been received for reviewing; and as evidence of this, that it had been proved in a trial, that Dr. Shebbeare had received six guineas a sheet for that kind of literary labour. JOHNSON. "Sir, he might get six guineas for a particular sheet, but not *communibus sheetibus*." BOSWELL. "Pray, Sir, by a

our brother doth;' a mode of speech consistent with every thing but absolute certainty that the person departed doth *not* rest in Christ, which no one can be assured of without immediate revelation from Heaven. In the first of these places also, 'eternal life' does not necessarily mean eternity of bliss, but merely the eternity of the state, whether in happiness or in misery, to ensue upon the resurrection; which is probably the sense of 'the life everlasting,' in the Apostles' Creed. See Wheatly and Bennet on the Common Prayer."

JOHNSON. "Sir, you need not wonder at this, when you consider how large a proportion of almost every man's life is passed without thinking of it. I myself was for some years totally regardless of religion. It had dropped out of my mind. It was at an early part of my life. Sickness brought it back, and I hope I have never lost it since." BOSWELL. "My dear Sir, what a man must you have been without religion! Why you must have gone on drinking, and swearing, and—" JOHNSON (with a smile). "I drank enough, and swore enough, to be sure." SEWARD. "One should think that sickness and the view of death would make more men religious." JOHNSON. "Sir, they do not know how to go about it: they have not the first notion. A man who has never had religion before, no more grows religious when he is sick, than a man who has never learnt figures can count when he has need of calculation."

I mentioned a worthy friend[1] of ours, whom we valued much, but observed that he was too ready to introduce religious discourse upon all occasions. JOHNSON. "Why, yes, Sir, he will introduce religious discourse without seeing whether it will end in instruction and improvement, or produce some profane jest. He would introduce it in the company of Wilkes, and twenty more such."

I mentioned Dr. Johnson's excellent distinction between liberty of conscience and liberty of teaching. JOHNSON. "Consider, Sir; if you have children whom you wish to educate in the principles of the church of England, and there comes a quaker who tries to pervert them to his principles, you would drive away the quaker. You would not trust to the predomination of right which you believe is in your opinions; you will keep wrong out of their heads. Now the vulgar are the children of the state. If any one attempts to teach them doctrines contrary to what the state approves, the magistrate may and ought to restrain him." SEWARD. "Would you restrain private conversation, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, it is difficult to say where private conversation begins, and where it ends. If we three should discuss even the great question concerning the existence of a Supreme Being by ourselves, we should not be restrained;

[1] Mr. Langton.—*Croker.*

for that would be to put an end to all improvement. But if we should discuss it in the presence of ten boarding-school girls, and as many boys, I think the magistrate would do well to put us in the stocks, to finish the debate there."

Lord Hailes had sent him a present of a curious little printed poem, on repairing the university of Aberdeen, by David *Malloch*, which he thought would please Johnson, as affording clear evidence that Mallet had appeared even as a literary character by the name of *Malloch;* his changing which to one of softer sound had given Johnson occasion to introduce him into his Dictionary, under the article *Alias*.[1] This piece was, I suppose, one of Mallet's first essays. It is preserved in his works, with several variations. Johnson having read aloud, from the beginning of it, where there were some commonplace assertions as to the superiority of ancient times:—"How false," said he, "is all this, to say that 'in ancient times learning was not a disgrace to a peer, as it is now!' In ancient times a peer was as ignorant as any one else. He would have been angry to have it thought he could write his name. Men in ancient times dared to stand forth with a degree of ignorance with which nobody would now dare to stand forth. I am always angry when I hear ancient times praised at the expense of modern times. There is now a great deal more learning in the world than there was formerly; for it is universally diffused. You have, perhaps, no man who knows as much Greek and Latin as Bentley; no man who knows as much mathematics as Newton: but you have many more men who know Greek and Latin, and who know mathematics."

[1] Malloch, as Mr. Bindley observes to me, "continued to write his name thus, *after he came to London*. His verses prefixed to the second edition of Thomson's Winter are so subscribed, and so are his Letters written in London, and published a few years ago in the European Magazine; but he soon afterwards adopted the alteration to Mallet, for he is so called in the list of subscribers to Savage's Miscellanies, printed in 1726; and thenceforward uniformly *Mallet*, in all his writings."—*Malone*.

A notion has been entertained, that no such exemplification of *Alias* is to be found in Johnson's Dictionary, and that the whole story was waggishly fabricated by Wilkes in the North Briton. The real fact is, that it is not to be found in the folio or quarto editions, but was added by Johnson in his own *octavo* abridgment, in 1756.—*J. Boswell, jun.*

On Thursday, 1st May, I visited him in the evening along with young Mr. Burke. He said, "It is strange that there should be so little reading in the world, and so much writing. People in general do not willingly read, if they can have any thing else to amuse them. There must be an external impulse; emulation, or vanity, or avarice. The progress which the understanding makes through a book has more pain than pleasure in it. Language is scanty and inadequate to express the nice gradations and mixtures of our feelings. No man reads a book of science from pure inclination. The books that we do read with pleasure are light compositions, which contain a quick succession of events. However, I have this year read all Virgil through. I read a book of the Æneid every night, so it was done in twelve nights, and I had a great delight in it. The Georgics did not give me so much pleasure, except the fourth book. The Eclogues I have almost all by heart. I do not think the story of the Æneid interesting. I like the story of the Odyssey much better; and this not on account of the wonderful things which it contains; for there are wonderful things enough in the Æneid;—the ships of the Trojans turned to sea-nymphs,—the tree at Polydorus's tomb dropping blood. The story of tho Odyssey is interesting, as a great part of it is domestic. It has been said there is pleasure in writing, particularly in writing verses. I allow you may have pleasure from writing after it is over, if you have written well; but you don't go willingly to it again. I know, when I have been writing verses, I have run my finger down the margin, to see how many I had made, and how few I had to make."

He seemed to be in a very placid humour; and although I have no note of the particulars of young Mr. Burke's conversation, it is but justice to mention in general, that it was such that Dr. Johnson said to me afterwards, "He did very well indeed; I have a mind to tell his father." [1]

[1] Richard Burke died Aug. 2, 1794, in his thirty-fifth year.—*Malone.* The fond partiality of his father (for such it must be admitted to have been) for his talents is now well known. Mr. Burke is reported, with a mixture of personal and paternal pride, to have remarked how extraordinary it was that Lord Chatham, Lord Holland, and he should each have had a son so superior to their fathers.—*Croker.*

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"May 2, 1783.

"DEAR SIR,

"The gentleman who waits on you with this is Mr. Cruikshank, who wishes to succeed his friend Dr. Hunter[1] as professor of anatomy in the Royal Academy. His qualifications are very generally known, and it adds dignity to the institution that such men[2] are candidates. I am, Sir, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

I have no minute of any interview with Johnson till Thursday, May 15th, when I find what follows: BOSWELL. "I wish much to be in parliament, Sir." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, unless you come resolved to support any administration, you would be the worse for being in parliament, because you would be obliged to live more expensively." BOSWELL. "Perhaps, Sir, I should be the less happy for being in parliament. I never would sell my vote, and I should be vexed if things went wrong." JOHNSON. "That's cant, Sir. It would not vex you more in the House than in the gallery: public affairs vex no man." BOSWELL. "Have not they vexed yourself a little, Sir? Have not you been vexed by all the turbulence of this reign, and by that absurd vote of the House of Commons, 'That the influence of the crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished'"? JOHNSON. "Sir, I have never slept an hour less, nor eat an ounce less meat. I would have knocked the factious dogs on the head, to be sure; but I was not *vexed*." BOSWELL. "I declare, Sir, upon my honour, I did imagine I was vexed, and took a pride in it; but it *was*, perhaps, cant; for I own I neither eat less nor slept less." JOHNSON. "My dear friend, clear your *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do; you may say to a man, 'Sir, I am your humble servant.' You are *not* his

[1] William Hunter, M.D., the elder brother of the illustrious John Hunter, born at Kilbride, Lanarkshire, May 22, 1718, died in London, March 30, 1783. William Cruikshank, born at Edinburgh, 1745, died in London, 1800; he was most assiduous in his attentions to Johnson in his declining years.—*Editor.*

[2] Let it be remembered by those who accuse Dr. Johnson of illiberality, that both were *Scotchmen.*

most humble servant. You may say, 'These are bad times; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times.' You don't mind the times. You tell a man, 'I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey, and were so much wet.' You don't care sixpence whether he is wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner; it is a mode of talking in society; but don't *think* foolishly."

I talked of living in the country. JOHNSON. "Don't set up for what is called hospitality; it is a waste of time, and a waste of money: you are eaten up, and not the more respected for your liberality. If your house be like an inn, nobody cares for you. A man who stays a week with another makes him a slave for a week." BOSWELL. "But there are people, Sir, who make their houses a home to their guests, and are themselves quite easy." JOHNSON. "Then, Sir, home must be the same to the guests, and they need not come."

Here he discovered a notion common enough in persons not much accustomed to entertain company, that there must be a degree of elaborate attention, otherwise company will think themselves neglected: and such attention is no doubt very fatiguing. He proceeded: "I would not, however, be a stranger in my own county; I would visit my neighbours, and receive their visits; but I would not be in haste to return visits. If a gentleman comes to see me, I tell him he does me a great deal of honour. I do not go to see him, perhaps, for ten weeks; then we are very complaisant to each other. No, Sir, you will have much more influence by giving or lending money where it is wanted, than by hospitality."

On Saturday, May 17, I saw him for a short time. Having mentioned that I had that morning been with old Mr. Sheridan, he remembered their former intimacy with a cordial warmth, and said to me, "Tell Mr. Sheridan, I shall be glad to see him and shake hands with him." BOSWELL. "It is to me very wonderful that resentment should be kept up so long." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, it is not altogether resentment that he does not visit me; it is partly falling out of the habit,—partly disgust, such as one has at a drug that has made him sick. Besides, he knows that I laugh at his oratory."

Another day I spoke of one of our friends, of whom he, as well as I, had a very high opinion. He expatiated in his praise; but added, "Sir, he is a cursed Whig, a *bottomless* Whig, as they all are now."

I mentioned my expectations from the interest of an eminent person then in power; adding, "But I have no claim but the claim of friendship; however, some people will go a great way from that motive." JOHNSON. "Sir, they will go all the way from that motive." A gentleman talked of retiring;—"Never think of that," said Johnson. The gentleman urged, "I should then do no ill." JOHNSON. "Nor no good either. Sir, it would be a civil suicide."

On Monday, May 26, I found him at tea, and the celebrated Miss Burney,[1] the author of "Evelina" and "Cecilia," with him. I asked if there would be any speakers in parliament, if there were no places to be obtained. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir. Why do you speak here? Either to instruct and entertain, which is a benevolent motive; or for distinction, which is a selfish motive." I mentioned "Cecilia." JOHNSON. (with an air of animated satisfaction.) "Sir, if you talk of 'Cecilia,' talk on."

We talked of Mr. Barry's exhibition of his pictures. JOHNSON. "Whatever the hand may have done, the mind has done its part. There is a grasp of mind there which you find nowhere else."[2]

I asked, whether a man naturally virtuous, or one who has overcome wicked inclinations, is the best. JOHNSON. "Sir, to *you*, the man who has overcome wicked inclinations is not the best. He has more merit to *himself*. I would rather trust my money to a man who has no hands, and so a physical impossibility to steal, than to a man of the most honest principles. There is a witty satirical story of Foote. He had a small bust of Garrick placed upon his bureau. 'You may be surprised,' said he, 'that I allow

[1] On Mr. Croker's treatment of Miss Burney, see Appendix to this volume.—*Editor.*

[2] In Mr. Barry's printed analysis or description of these pictures, he speaks of Johnson's character in the highest terms.

They are still to be seen, in the great room of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi.—*Croker.*

him to be so near my gold;—but you will observe he has no hands.'"

On Friday, May 29,[1] being to set out for Scotland next morning, I passed a part of the day with him in more than usual earnestness, as his health was in a more precarious state than at any time when I had parted from him. He, however, was quick and lively, and critical, as usual. I mentioned one who was a very learned man. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, he has a great deal of learning; but it never lies straight. There is never one idea by the side of another; 'tis all entangled: and then he drives it so awkwardly upon conversation!"

I stated to him an anxious thought, by which a sincere Christian might be disturbed, even when conscious of having lived a good life, so far as is consistent with human infirmity; he might fear that he should afterwards fall away, and be guilty of such crimes as would render all his former religion vain. Could there be, upon this awful

[1] Before Boswell left town he was negotiating another dinner with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes at the house of the latter; but Johnson was pre-engaged.

BOSWELL TO WILKES.

"Wednesday, May 21, 1783.

"Mr. Boswell's compliments to Mr. Wilkes. He rejoices to find he is so much better as to be abroad. He finds that it would not be unpleasant to Dr. Johnson to dine at Mr. Wilkes's. The thing would be so curiously benignant, it were a pity it should not take place. Nobody but Mr. Boswell should be asked to meet the doctor. Mr. Boswell goes for Scotland on Friday the 30th. If, then, a card were sent to the doctor on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, without delay, it is to be hoped he would be fixed; and notice will be sent to Mr. Boswell."

BOSWELL TO MR. AND MISS WILKES.

"Mr. Boswell presents his best compliments to Mr. and Miss Wilkes; encloses Dr. Johnson's answer; and regrets much that so agreeable a meeting must be deferred till next year, as Mr. Boswell is to set out for Scotland in a few days. Hopes Mr. Wilkes will write to him there."

Enclosed.

"May 24, 1783.

"Dr. Johnson returns thanks to Mr. and Miss Wilkes for their kind invitation; but he is engaged for Tuesday to Sir Joshua Reynolds and for Wednesday to Mr. Paradise." Wilkes's Corresp., vol. iv., pp. 314, 321.—*Croker.*

subject, such a thing as balancing of accounts? Suppose a man who has led a good life for seven years commits an act of wickedness, and instantly dies; will his former good life have any effect in his favour? JOHNSON. "Sir, if a man has led a good life for seven years, and then is hurried by passion to do what is wrong, and is suddenly carried off, depend upon it he will have the reward of his seven years' good life: God will not take a catch of him. Upon this principle Richard Baxter believes that a suicide may be saved. 'If,' says he, 'it should be objected that what I maintain may encourage suicide, I answer, I am not to tell a lie to prevent it." BOSWELL. "But does not the text say, 'As the tree falls, so it must lie'"? JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir: as the tree falls: but,"—after a little pause—"that is meant as to the general state of the tree, not what is the effect of a sudden blast." In short, he interpreted the expression as referring to *condition*, not to *position*. The common notion, therefore, seems to be erroneous; and Shenstone's witty remark on divines trying to give the tree a jerk upon a death-bed, to make it lie favourably, is not well founded.[1]

I asked him what works of Richard Baxter's I should read. He said, "Read any of them; they are all good."

He said, "Get as much force of mind as you can. Live within your income. Always have something saved at the end of the year. Let your imports be more than your exports, and you'll never go far wrong."

I assured him, that in the extensive and various range of his acquaintance there never had been any one who had a more sincere respect and affection for him than I had. He said, "I believe it, Sir. Were I in distress, there is no man to whom I should sooner come than to you, I should like to come and have a cottage in your park, toddle about, live mostly on milk, and be taken care of by Mrs. Boswell. She and I are good friends now; are we not?"

Talking of devotion, he said, "Though it be true that

[1] "When a tree is falling, I have seen the labourers, by a trivial jerk with a rope, throw it upon the spot where they would wish it to lie. Divines, understanding this text too literally, pretend, by a little interposition in the article of death, to regulate a person's everlasting happiness." Shenstone's Works, vol. ii., p. 255. Lond. 3 vols 12mo., 1773.

[illegible]

"Good [illegible] this [illegible] pieces [illegible] Some [illegible] they say [illegible] may [illegible]

He [illegible] when I was [illegible] from his [illegible] might [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"The [illegible] a singer [illegible] Phillips [illegible] [illegible] name and [illegible] and [illegible] favourable [illegible] from you [illegible] "SAM. JOHNSON."

The following [illegible] letter :—

[illegible]

[illegible]

"DEAR SIR,

"I have sent [illegible] of my [illegible] performances [illegible] which I did not present [illegible] When I took the liberty of mentioning him to you, I did not know what I have since been told, that Mr. Moser had admitted him among the students of the Academy. What more can be done for him [illegible]

[1] Now the celebrated Mrs. [illegible]

She died in October, 18[illegible], aged [illegible]—[illegible]

[2] Mr. Windham was at this time in Dublin, secretary to the Earl of Northington, then lord lieutenant of Ireland.

[3] Young Paterson, the son of Mr. Samuel Paterson.

earnestly entreat you to consider; for I am very desirous that he should derive some advantage from my connection with him. If you are inclined to see him, I will bring him to wait on you at any time that you shall be pleased to appoint. I am, Sir, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

My anxious apprehensions at parting with him this year proved to be but too well founded; for not long afterwards he had a dreadful stroke of the palsy, of which there are very full and accurate accounts in letters written by himself, to show with what composure of mind and resignation to the Divine will his steady piety enabled him to behave.

TO MR. EDMUND ALLEN.

"June 17, 1783.

"It has pleased God this morning to deprive me of the powers of speech; and as I do not know but that it may be his further good pleasure to deprive me soon of my senses, I request you will, on the receipt of this note, come to me, and act for me as the exigencies of my case may require. I am, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE REVEREND DR. JOHN TAYLOR.

"June 17, 1783.

"DEAR SIR,

"It has pleased God, by a paralytic stroke in the night, to deprive me of speech. I am very desirous of Dr. Heberden's assistance, as I think my case is not past remedy. Let me see you as soon as it is possible. Bring Dr. Heberden with you, if you can; but come yourself at all events. I am glad you are so well when I am so dreadfully attacked.

"I think that by a speedy application of stimulants much may be done. I question if a vomit, vigorous and rough, would not rouse the organs of speech to action. As it is too early to send, I will try to recollect what I can that can be suspected to have brought on this dreadful distress.

"I have been accustomed to bleed frequently for an asthmatic complaint; but have forborne for some time by Dr. Pepys's persuasion, who perceived my legs beginning to swell. I sometimes

alleviate a painful, or, more properly, an oppressive constriction of my chest, by opiates; and have lately taken opium frequently; but the last, or two last times, in smaller quantities. My largest dose is three grains, and last night I took but two. You will suggest these things (and they are all that I can call to mind) to Dr. Heberden. I am, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

Two days after he wrote thus to Mrs. Thrale:—[1]

"On Monday, the 16th, I sat for my picture[2] and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked and sat up, as has been long my custom, when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted, I suppose, about half a minute. I was alarmed, and prayed God, that however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good, but I knew them not to be very good: I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.

"Soon after I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it.

"In order to rouse the vocal organs, I took two drams. Wine has been celebrated for the production of eloquence. I put myself into violent motion, and I think repeated it; but all was vain. I then went to bed; and, strange as it may seem, I think slept. When I saw light, it was time to contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech, he left me my hand: I enjoyed a mercy which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands.

"I then wrote a card to Mr. Allen, that I might have a dis-

[1] Vol. ii., p. 268 of Mrs. Thrale's collection.
[2] To Miss Reynolds.—*Croker.*

creet friend at hand to act as occasion should require. In penning this note I had some difficulty: my hand, I knew not how or why, made wrong letters. I then wrote to Dr. Taylor to come to me, and bring Dr. Heberden; and I sent to Dr. Brocklesby, who is my neighbour. My physicians are very friendly, and give me great hopes; but you may imagine my situation. I have so far recovered my vocal powers, as to repeat the Lord's Prayer with no imperfect articulation. My memory, I hope, yet remains as it was; but such an attack produces solicitude for the safety of every faculty."

TO MR. THOMAS DAVIES.

"June 18, 1783.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have had, indeed, a very heavy blow; but God, who yet spares my life, I humbly hope will spare my understanding and restore my speech. As I am not at all helpless, I want no particular assistance, but am strongly affected by Mrs. Davies's tenderness; and when I think she can do me good, shall be very glad to call upon her. I had ordered friends to be shut out; but one or two have found the way in; and if you come you shall be admitted; for I know not whom I can see that will bring more amusement on his tongue, or more kindness in his heart. I am, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

It gives me great pleasure to preserve such a memorial of Johnson's regard for Mr. Davies, to whom I was indebted for my introduction to him.[1] He indeed loved Davies cordially, of which I shall give the following little evidence:—One day when he had treated him with too much asperity, Tom, who was not without pride and spirit, went off in a passion; but he had hardly reached home, when Frank, who had been sent after him, delivered this note: "Come, come, dear Davies, I am always sorry when we quarrel; send me word that we are friends."

[1] Poor Derrick, however, though he did not himself introduce me to Dr. Johnson, as he promised, had the merit of introducing me to Davies, the immediate introducer.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, July 3, 1783.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your anxiety about my health is very friendly and very agreeable with your general kindness. I have indeed had a very frightful blow. On the 17th of last month, about three in the morning, as near as I can guess, I perceived myself almost totally deprived of speech. I had no pain. My organs were so obstructed that I could say *no*, but could scarcely say *yes*. I wrote the necessary directions, for it pleased God to spare my hand, and sent for Dr. Heberden and Dr. Brocklesby. Between the time in which I discovered my own disorder, and that in which I sent for the doctors, I had, I believe, in spite of my surprise and solicitude, a little sleep, and nature began to renew its operations. They came and gave the directions which the disease required, and from that time I have been continually improving in articulation. I can now speak, but the nerves are weak, and I cannot continue discourse long; but strength, I hope, will return. The physicians consider me as cured. I was last Sunday at church. On Tuesday I took an airing to Hampstead, and dined with the Club, where Lord Palmerston was proposed, and, against my opinion, was rejected.[1] I designed to go next week with Mr. Langton to Rochester, where I purpose to stay about ten days, and then try some other air. I have many kind invitations. Your brother has very frequently inquired after me. Most of my friends have, indeed, been very attentive. Thank dear Lord Hailes for his present.

"I hope you found at your return every thing gay and prosperous, and your lady, in particular, quite recovered and confirmed. Pay her my respects. I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] His lordship was soon after chosen, and is now a member of the Club.

He was elected Feb. 10, 1784.—*Editor.*

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER IN LICHFIELD.

"London, July 5, 1783.

"DEAR MADAM,

"The account which you give of your health is but melancholy. May it please God to restore you. My disease affected my speech, and still continues, in some degree, to obstruct my utterance; my voice is distinct enough for a while, but the organs being still weak are quickly weary; but in other respects I am, I think, rather better than I have lately been, and can let you know my state without the help of any other hand. In the opinion of my friends, and in my own, I am gradually mending. The physicians consider me as cured, and I had leave four days ago to wash the cantharides from my head. Last Tuesday I dined at the Club.

"I am going next week into Kent, and purpose to change the air frequently this summer: whether I shall wander so far as Staffordshire I cannot tell. I should be glad to come. Return my thanks to Mrs. Cobb, and Mr. Pearson,[1] and all that have shown attention to me. Let us, my dear, pray for one another, and consider our sufferings as notices mercifully given us to prepare ourselves for another state.

"I live now but in a melancholy way. My old friend Mr. Levett is dead, who lived with me in the house, and was useful and companionable; Mrs. Desmoulins is gone away; and Mrs. Williams is so much decayed, that she can add little to another's gratifications. The world passes away, and we are passing with it; but there is, doubtless, another world, which will endure for ever. Let us all fit ourselves for it. I am, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Such was the general vigour of his constitution, that he recovered from this alarming and severe attack with wonderful quickness: so that in July he was able to make a visit to Mr. Langton at Rochester, where he passed about a fortnight, and made little excursions as easily as at any time of his life.

[1] The Reverend Mr. Pearson, to whom Mrs. Lucy Porter bequeathed the greater part of her property.—*Malone.*

In August he went as far as the neighbourhood of Salisbury, to Heale, the seat of William Bowles, Esq., a gentleman whom I have heard him praise for exemplary religious order in his family. In his diary I find a short but honourable mention of this visit:—"August 28, I came to Heale without fatigue. 30th. I am entertained quite to my mind."

TO DR. BROCKLESBY.

"Heale, near Salisbury, Aug. 29, 1783.

"DEAR SIR,

"Without appearing to want a just sense of your kind attention, I cannot omit to give an account of the day which seemed to appear in some sort perilous. I rose at five, and went out at six; and having reached Salisbury about nine, went forward a few miles in my friend's chariot. I was no more wearied with the journey, though it was a high-hung, rough coach, than I should have been forty years ago. We shall now see what air will do. The country is all a plain; and the house in which I am, so far as I can judge from my window, for I write before I have left my chamber, is sufficiently pleasant.

"Be so kind as to continue your attention to Mrs. Williams. It is great consolation to the well, and still greater to the sick, that they find themselves not neglected; and I know that you will be desirous of giving comfort, even where you have no great hope of giving help.

"Since I wrote the former part of the letter, I find that by the course of the post I cannot send it before the 31st. I am, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

While he was here, he had a letter from Dr. Brocklesby, acquainting him of the death of Mrs. Williams,[1] which

[1] In his letter to Miss Susannah Thrale, Sept. 9, he thus writes:—

"Pray show mamma this passage of a letter from Dr. Brocklesby:—'Mrs. Williams, from mere inanition, has at length paid the great debt to nature, about three o'clock this morning (Sept. 6th). She died without a struggle, retaining her faculties entire to the very last; and, as she expressed it, having set her house in order, was prepared to leave it at the last summons of nature.'" Letters, vol. ii., p. 309.

In his letter to Mrs. Thrale, Sept. 22nd, *ibid.*, p. 311, he adds:—

affected him a good deal. Though for several years her temper had not been complacent, she had valuable qualities, and her departure left a blank in his house. Upon this occasion he, according to his habitual course of piety, composed a prayer.[1]

I shall here insert a few particulars concerning him, with which I have been favoured by one of his friends.

"He had once conceived the design of writing the Life of Oliver Cromwell, saying that he thought it must be highly curious to trace his extraordinary rise to the supreme power from so obscure a beginning. He at length laid aside his scheme, on discovering that all that can be told of him is already in print; and that it is impracticable to procure any authentic information in addition to what the world is already in possession of."[2]

"He had likewise projected, but at what part of his life is not known, a work to show how small a quantity of REAL FICTION there is in the world; and that the same images, with very little variation, have served all the authors who have ever written."

"His thoughts in the latter part of his life were frequently employed on his deceased friends. He often muttered these or such like sentences: 'Poor man! and then he died.'"

"Speaking of a certain literary friend, 'He is a very pompous puzzling fellow,' said he: 'he lent me a letter once that somebody had written to him, no matter what it was about; but he wanted to have the letter back, and expressed a mighty value

"Poor Williams has, I hope, seen the end of her afflictions. She acted with prudence, and she bore with fortitude. She has left me.

'Thou thy weary task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.'

Had she had good-humour and prompt elocution, her universal curiosity and comprehensive knowledge would have made her the delight of all that knew her. She left her little to your charity-school."—*Malone.*

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 210. First Edition.

[2] Mr. Malone observes, "This, however, was entirely a mistake, as appears from the Memoirs published by Mr. Noble. Had Johnson been furnished with the materials which the industry of that gentleman has procured, and with others which it is believed are yet preserved in manuscript, he would, without doubt, have produced a most valuable and curious history of Cromwell's life."

for it: he hoped it was to be met with again; he would not lose it for a thousand pounds. I laid my hand upon it soon afterwards, and gave it him. I believe I said I was very glad to have met with it. Oh, then he did not know that it signified any thing. So you see, when the letter was lost it was worth a thousand pounds, and when it was found it was not worth a farthing.'"

"The style and character of his conversation is pretty generally known: it was certainly conducted in conformity with a precept of Lord Bacon, but it is not clear, I apprehend, that this conformity was either perceived or intended by Johnson. The precept alluded to is as follows: 'In all kinds of speech, either pleasant, grave, severe, or ordinary, it is convenient to speak leisurely, and rather drawlingly than hastily; because hasty speech confounds the memory, and oftentimes, besides unseemliness, drives the man either to a nonplus, or unseemly harping upon that which should follow; whereas a slow stammering speech confirmeth the memory, addeth a conceit of wisdom to the hearers, besides a seemliness of speech and countenance.'[1] Dr. Johnson's method of conversation was certainly calculated to excite attention, and to amuse and instruct (as it happened), without wearying or confusing his company. He was always most perfectly clear and perspicuous; and his language was so accurate, and his sentences so neatly constructed, that his conversation might have been all printed without any correction. At the same time, it was easy and natural; the accuracy of it had no appearance of labour, constraint, or stiffness: he seemed more correct than others by the force of habit, and the customary exercises of his powerful mind."

"He spoke often in praise of French literature. 'The French are excellent in this,' he would say, 'they have a book on every subject.' From what he had seen of them he denied them the praise of superior politeness, and mentioned, with very visible disgust, the customs they had of spitting on the floors of their apartments. 'This,' said the doctor, 'is as gross a thing as can well be done; and one wonders how any man, or set of men, can persist in so offensive a practice for a whole day together: one should expect that the first effort towards civilization would remove it even among savages.'"

[1] Hints for Civil Conversation. Bacon's Works, 4to., vol. i., p. 571.—*Malone.* [Vol. vii., p. 109. Spedding's Edition.]

"Baxter's 'Reasons of the Christian Religion' he thought contained the best collection of the evidences of the divinity of the Christian system."

"Chymistry was always an interesting pursuit with Dr. Johnson. Whilst he was in Wiltshire, he attended some experiments that were made by a physician at Salisbury on the new kinds of air. In the course of the experiments frequent mention being made of Dr. Priestley, Dr. Johnson knit his brows, and in a stern manner inquired, 'Why do we hear so much of Dr. Priestley?'[1] He was very properly answered, 'Sir, because we are

[1] I do not wonder at Johnson's displeasure when the name of Dr. Priestley was mentioned; for I know no writer who has been suffered to publish more pernicious doctrines. I shall instance only three. First, *Materialism;* by which *mind* is denied to human nature; which, if believed, must deprive us of every elevated principle. Secondly, *Necessity;* or the doctrine that every action, whether good or bad, is included in an unchangeable and unavoidable system; a notion utterly subversive of moral government. Thirdly, that we have no reason to think that the *future* world (which, as he is pleased to *inform* us, will be adapted to our *merely improved* nature) will be materially different from *this;* which, if believed, would sink wretched mortals into despair, as they could no longer hope for the "rest that remaineth for the people of God," or for that happiness which is revealed to us as something beyond our present conceptions, but would feel themselves doomed to a continuation of the uneasy state under which they now groan. I say nothing of the petulant intemperance with which he dares to insult the venerable establishments of his country.

As a specimen of his writings, I shall quote the following passage, which appears to me equally absurd and impious, and which might have been retorted upon him by the men who were prosecuted for burning his house. "I cannot," says he, "as a *necessarian* [meaning *necessitarian*], hate *any man;* because I consider him as *being*, in all respects, just what God has *made him to be;* and also as *doing*, *with respect to me*, nothing but what he was *expressly designed* and *appointed* to do: God being the *only cause*, and men nothing more than the *instruments* in his hands to *execute all his pleasure*."—Illustrations of Philosophical Necessity, p. 111.

The Reverend Dr. Parr, in a late tract, appears to suppose that *Dr. Johnson not only endured, but almost solicited an interview with Dr. Priestley.* In justice to Dr. Johnson, I declare my firm belief that he never did. My illustrious friend was particularly resolute in not giving countenance to men whose writings he considered as pernicious to society. I was present at Oxford when Dr. Price, even before he had rendered himself so generally obnoxious by his zeal for the French revolution, came into a company where Johnson was, who instantly left the room. Much more would he have reprobated Dr. Priestley.

Whoever wishes to see a perfect delineation of this *Literary Jack of all*

indebted to him for these important discoveries.' On this Dr. Johnson appeared well content; and replied, 'Well, well, I believe we are; and let every man have the honour he has merited.'"

"A friend was one day, about two years before his death, struck with some instance of Dr. Johnson's great candour. 'Well, Sir,' said he, 'I will always say that you are a very candid man.' 'Will you?' replied the doctor; 'I doubt then you will be very singular. But, indeed, Sir,' continued he, 'I look upon myself to be a man very much misunderstood. I am not an uncandid, nor am I a severe man. I sometimes say more than I mean, in jest; and people are apt to believe me serious: however, I am more candid than I was when I was younger. As I know more of mankind, I expect less of them, and am ready now to call a man *a good man* upon easier terms than I was formerly.'"

On his return from Heale he wrote to Dr. Burney:—

"I came home on the 18th of September, at noon, to a very disconsolate house. You and I have lost our friends; but you have more friends at home. My domestic companion is taken from me. She is much missed, for her acquisitions were many, and her curiosity universal; so that she partook of every conversation. I am not well enough to go much out; and to sit, and eat or fast alone, is very wearisome. I always mean to send my compliments to all the ladies."

His fortitude and patience met with severe trials during this year. The stroke of the palsy has been related circumstantially; but he was also afflicted with the gout, and was besides troubled with a complaint which not only was attended with immediate inconvenience, but threatened him with a chirurgical operation, from which most men would shrink. The complaint was a *sarcocele*, which Johnson bore with uncommon firmness, and was not at all frightened while he looked forward to amputation. He was attended by Mr. Pott and Mr. Cruikshank. I have before me a letter of the 30th of July, this year, to Mr.

Trades may find it in an ingenious tract, entitled "A Small Whole-Length of Dr. Priestley," printed for Rivingtons, in St. Paul's Churchyard.

Cruikshank, in which he says, "I am going to put myself into your hands:" and another, accompanying a set of his "Lives of the Poets," in which he says, "I beg your acceptance of these volumes, as an acknowledgment of the great favours which you have bestowed on, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant." I have in my possession several more letters from him to Mr. Cruikshank, and also to Dr. Mudge at Plymouth, which it would be improper to insert, as they are filled with unpleasing technical details. I shall, however, extract from his letters to Dr. Mudge such passages as show either a felicity of expression, or the undaunted state of his mind.

"My conviction of your skill, and my belief of your friendship, determine me to entreat your opinion and advice. In this state I with great earnestness desire you to tell me what is to be done. Excision is doubtless necessary to the cure, and I know not any means of palliation. The operation is doubtless painful; but is it dangerous? The pain I hope to endure with decency; but I am loath to put life into much hazard. By representing the gout as an antagonist to the palsy, you have said enough to make it welcome. This is not strictly the first fit, but I hope it is as good as the first; for it is the second that ever confined me; and the first was ten years ago, much less fierce and fiery than this. Write, dear Sir, what you can to inform or encourage me. The operation is not delayed by any fears or objections of mine."

TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

"London, Sept. 29, 1783.

"Dear Sir,

"You may very reasonably charge me with insensibility of your kindness and that of Lady Rothes, since I have suffered so much time to pass without paying any acknowledgment. I now, at last, return my thanks; and why I did it not sooner I ought to tell you. I went into Wiltshire as soon as I well could, and was there much employed in palliating my own malady. Disease produces much selfishness. A man in pain is looking after ease, and lets most other things go as chance may dispose of them. In the mean time I have lost a companion (Mrs. Williams), to whom I have had recourse for domestic amusement for

thirty years, and whose variety of knowledge never was exhausted; and now return to a habitation vacant and desolate. I carry about a very troublesome and dangerous complaint, which admits no cure but by the chirurgical knife. Let me have your prayers. I am, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

Happily the complaint abated without his being put to the torture of amputation. But we must surely admire the manly resolution which he discovered while it hung over him.

In a letter to the same gentleman he writes, "The gout has within these four days come upon me with a violence which I never experienced before. It made me helpless as an infant." And in another, having mentioned Mrs. Williams, he says,—"whose death following that of Levett has now made my house a solitude. She left her little substance to a charity-school.[1] She is, I hope, where there is neither darkness, nor want, nor sorrow."

I wrote to him, begging to know the state of his health, and mentioned that "Baxter's Anacreon, which is in the library at Auchinleck, was, I find, collated by my father in 1727 with the MS. belonging to the University of Leyden, and he has made a number of notes upon it. Would you advise me to publish a new edition of it?" His answer was dated September 30.

"You should not make your letters such rarities, when you know, or might know, the uniform state of my health; it is very long since I heard from you; and that I have not answered is a very insufficient reason for the silence of a friend. Your Anacreon is a very uncommon book: neither London nor Cambridge can supply a copy of that edition. Whether it should be reprinted, you cannot do better than consult Lord Hailes. Besides my constant and radical disease, I have been for these ten days much harassed with the gout; but that is now remitted. I hope God will yet grant me a little longer life, and make me less unfit to appear before him."

[1] To the "Ladies' Charity School," in King Street, Snow Hill, instituted in 1702, and where Mrs. Williams's portrait is still to be seen, with the notice of her benefactions thus recorded on the walls:—

"1783. Mrs. Anna Williams, by gift in the 3 per cent. Stock, £200.

"1784. Also by her will, in cash, &c., £157 14s."—*P. Cunningham.*

He this autumn received a visit from the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. He gives this account of it in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale:[1]

"Mrs. Siddons, in her visit to me, behaved with great modesty and propriety, and left nothing behind her to be censured or despised. Neither praise nor money, the two powerful corruptors of mankind, seem to have depraved her. I shall be glad to see her again. Her brother Kemble[2] calls on me, and pleases me very well. Mrs. Siddons and I talked of plays; and she told me her intention of exhibiting this winter the characters of Constance, Catharine, and Isabella in Shakspeare."

Mr. Kemble has favoured me with the following minute of what passed at this visit:—

"When Mrs. Siddons came into the room, there happened to be no chair ready for her, which he observing said, with a smile, 'Madam, you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people, will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself.'

Having placed himself by her, he, with great good humour, entered upon a consideration of the English drama; and, among other inquiries, particularly asked her which of Shakspeare's characters she was most pleased with. Upon her answering that she thought the character of Queen Catharine, in Henry the Eighth, the most natural: 'I think so too, Madam,' said he; 'and whenever you perform it, I will once more hobble out to the theatre myself.' Mrs. Siddons promised she would do herself the honour of acting his favourite part for him; but many circumstances happened to prevent the representation of King Henry the Eighth during the doctor's life.[3]

[1] Letters, Oct. 27, vol. ii., p. 321.

[2] This great actor and amiable and accomplished man left the stage in 1816, and died 26th February, 1823, at Lausanne. In his own day he had no competitor in any walk of tragedy; and those (of whom I knew several) who remembered Barry, Mossop, Henderson, and Garrick, admitted, that in characters of high tragic dignity, such as Hamlet, Coriolanus, Alexander, Cato, he excelled all his predecessors, almost as much as his sister did all actresses in the female characters of the same heroic class. I never saw any that approached to either. She, it is agreed, was never excelled, and he by Garrick alone, and by Garrick only in his universality. In such characters as I have mentioned, those who had seen both preferred Kemble, whose countenance and figure were more suited to those parts.—*Croker.*

[3] It was acted many years after with critical attention to historical

"In the course of the evening he thus gave his opinion upon the merits of some of the principal performers whom he remembered to have seen upon the stage. 'Mrs. Porter in the vehemence of rage, and Mrs. Clive in the sprightliness of humour, I have never seen equalled. What Clive did best, she did better than Garrick; but could not do half so many things well: she was a better romp than any I ever saw in nature. Pritchard, in common life, was a vulgar idiot; she would talk of her *gownd:* but, when she appeared upon the stage, seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding. I once talked with Colley Cibber, and thought him ignorant of the principles of his art. Garrick, Madam, was no declaimer; there was not one of his own scene-shifters who could not have spoken *To be or not to be* better than he did: yet he was the only actor I ever saw whom I could call a master both in tragedy and comedy; though I liked him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguished excellences.' Having expatiated, with his usual force and eloquence, on Mr. Garrick's extraordinary eminence as an acter, he concluded with this compliment to his social talents: And after all, Madam, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of a table."

Johnson, indeed, had thought more upon the subject of acting than might be generally supposed. Talking of it one day to Mr. Kemble, he said, "Are you, Sir, one of those enthusiasts who believe yourself transformed into the very character you represent?" Upon Mr. Kemble's answering, that he had never felt so strong a persuasion himself,[1] "To be sure not, Sir," said Johnson; "the thing is impossible. And if Garrick really believed himself to be that monster, Richard the Third, he deserved to be hanged every time he performed it."[2]

accuracy, and with great success. Mrs. Siddons played Catharine; Mr. Kemble, Wolsey; Mr. Charles Kemble, Cromwell. There is an interesting picture, by Harlow (since engraved), of the trial scene, with portraits of all the performers.—*Croker.*

[1] Mr. Kemble repeated this to me thirty years later, adding that the occasion on which he had felt himself the most affected—the most personally touched—was in playing the last scene of The Stranger with Mrs. Siddons. Her pathos, he said, in that part quite overcame him, but he always endeavoured to restrain any impulses which might interfere with his previous study of his part.—*Croker, abridged.*

[2] My worthy friend, Mr. John Nichols, was present when Mr. Hen-

A pleasing instance of the generous attention of one of his friends has been discovered by the publication of Mrs. Thrale's Collection of Letters. In a letter to one of the Miss Thrales he writes:[1]

"A friend, whose name I will tell you when your mamma has tried to guess it, sent to my physician to inquire whether this long train of illness had brought me into difficulties for want of money, with an invitation to send to him for what occasion required. I shall write this night to thank him, having no need to borrow."

And afterwards in a letter to Mrs. Thrale:[2]

"Since you cannot guess, I will tell you, that the generous man was Gerard Hamilton. I returned him a very thankful and respectful letter."

I applied to Mr. Hamilton, by a common friend, and he has been so obliging as to let me have Johnson's letter to him upon this occasion, to adorn my collection.

derson, the actor, paid a visit to Dr. Johnson, and was received in a very courteous manner. See Gent. Mag., June, 1791.

I found among Dr. Johnson's papers the following letter to him, from the celebrated Mrs. Bellamy:—

"No. 10, Duke Street, St. James's, May 11, 1783.

"SIR,

"The flattering remembrance of the partiality you honoured me with some years ago, as well as the humanity you are known to possess, has encouraged me to solicit your patronage at my benefit.

"By a long Chancery suit, and a complicated train of unfortunate events, I am reduced to the greatest distress; which obliges me, once more to request the indulgence of the public.

"Give me leave to solicit the honour of your company, and to assure you, if you grant my request, the gratification I shall feel from being patronised by Dr. Johnson will be infinitely superior to any advantage that may arise from the benefit; as I am, with the profoundest respect, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant, "A. G. BELLAMY."

I am happy in recording these particulars, which prove that my illustrious friend lived to think much more favourably of players than he appears to have done in the early part of his life.

[1] Letters, vol. ii., p. 328. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 342.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM GERARD HAMILTON.

"Nov. 19, 1783.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your kind inquiries after my affairs, and your generous offers, have been communicated to me by Dr. Brocklesby I return thanks with great sincerity, having lived long enough to know what gratitude is due to such friendship; and entreat that my refusal may not be imputed to sullenness or pride. I am, indeed, in no want. Sickness is, by the generosity of my physicians, of little expense to me. But if any unexpected exigence should press me, you shall see, dear Sir, how cheerfully I can be obliged to so much liberality. I am Sir, your, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

I find in this, as in former years, notices of his kind attention to Mrs. Gardiner, who, though in the humble station of a tallow-chandler upon Snow Hill, was a woman of excellent good sense, pious, and charitable.[1] She told me she had been introduced to him by Mrs. Masters, the poetess, whose volumes he revised, and, it is said, illuminated here and there with a ray of his own genius. Mrs. Gardiner was very zealous for the support of the Ladies' Charity School, in the parish of St. Sepulchre. It is confined to females; and, I am told, it afforded a hint for the story of "Betty Broom" in "The Idler." Johnson this year, I find, obtained for it a sermon from the late Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Shipley, whom he, in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale, characterises as "knowing and conversable;" and whom all who knew his lordship, even those who differed from him in politics, remember with much respect.

The Earl of Carlisle having written a tragedy, entitled "The Father's Revenge," some of his lordship's friends applied to Mrs. Chapone, to prevail on Dr. Johnson to read and give his opinion of it, which he accordingly did,

[1] In his will Dr. Johnson left her a book "at her election, to keep as a token of remembrance."—*Malone.*

She was one of his oldest friends, attended him in his last illness, and she herself died in 1789, æt. 74.—*Croker.*

in a letter to that lady. Sir Joshua Reynolds having informed me that this letter was in Lord Carlisle's possession, though I was not fortunate enough to have the honour of being known to his lordship, trusting to the general courtesy of literature, I wrote to him, requesting the favour of a copy of it, and to be permitted to insert it in my Life of Dr. Johnson. His lordship was so good as to comply with my request, and has thus enabled me to enrich my work with a very fine piece of writing, which displays both the critical skill and politeness of my illustrious friend: and perhaps the curiosity which it will excite may induce the noble and elegant author to gratify the world by the publication of a performance of which Dr. Johnson has spoken in such terms.

JOHNSON TO MRS. CHAPONE.

"Nov. 28, 1783.

"Madam,

"By sending the tragedy to me a second time,[1] I think that a very honourable distinction has been shown me: and I did not delay the perusal, of which I am now to tell the effect.

"The construction of the play is not completely regular: the stage is too often vacant, and the scenes are not sufficiently connected. This, however, would be called by Dryden only a mechanical effect: which takes away little from the power of the poem, and which is seen rather than felt.

"A rigid examiner of the diction might, perhaps, wish some words changed, and some lines more vigorously terminated. But from such petty imperfections what writer was ever free?[2]

"The general form and force of the dialogue is of more importance. It seems to want that quickness of reciprocation which characterises the English drama, and is not always sufficiently fervid or animated.

"Of the sentiments, I remember not one that I wished omitted. In the imagery I cannot forbear to distinguish the comparison of joy, succeeding grief, to light rushing on the eye

[1] A few copies only of this tragedy have been printed, and given to the author's friends.

[2] Dr. Johnson having been very ill when the tragedy was first sent to him, had declined the consideration of it.

accustomed to darkness.[1] It seems to have all that can be desired to make it please. It is new, just, and delightful.

"With the characters, either as conceived or preserved, I have no fault to find; but was much inclined to congratulate a writer, who, in defiance of prejudice and fashion, made the archbishop a good man, and scorned all thoughtless applause, which a vicious churchman would have brought him.

"The catastrophe is affecting. The father and daughter both culpable, both wretched, and both penitent, divide between them our pity and our sorrow.

"Thus, Madam, I have performed what I did not willingly undertake, and could not decently refuse. The noble writer will be pleased to remember that sincere criticism ought to raise no resentment, because judgment is not under the control of will; but involuntary criticism, as it has still less of choice, ought to be more remote from possibility of offence. I am, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

I consulted him on two questions of a very different nature: one, Whether the unconstitutional influence exercised by the peers of Scotland in the election of the representatives of the commons, by means of fictitious qualifications, ought not to be resisted; the other, What in propriety and humanity should be done with old horses unable to labour. I gave him some account of my life at Auchinleck; and expressed my satisfaction that the gentlemen of the county had, at two public meetings, elected me their *præses* or chairman.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, Dec. 24, 1783.

"DEAR SIR,

"Like all other men who have great friends, you begin to feel the pangs of neglected merit; and all the comfort that I can give you is, by telling you that you have probably more pangs to

[1] "I could have borne my woes; that stranger, Joy,
Wounds while it smiles:—the long imprison'd wretch,
Emerging from the night of his damp cell,
Shrinks from the sun's bright beams; and that which flings
Gladness o'er all, to him is agony."

feel, and more neglect to suffer. You have, indeed, begun to complain too soon; and I hope I am the only confidant of your discontent. Your friends have not yet had leisure to gratify personal kindness; they have hitherto been busy in strengthening their ministerial interest. If a vacancy happens in Scotland, give them early intelligence: and as you can serve government as powerfully as any of your probable competitors, you may make in some sort a warrantable claim.

"Of the exaltations and depressions of your mind you delight to talk, and I hate to hear. Drive all such fancies from you.

"On the day when I received your letter, I think, the foregoing page was written; to which one disease or another has hindered me from making any additions. I am now a little better. But sickness and solitude press me very heavily. I could bear sickness better, if I were relieved from solitude.

"The present dreadful confusion of the public ought to make you wrap yourself up in your hereditary possessions, which, though less than you may wish, are more than you can want; and in an hour of religious retirement return thanks to God, who has exempted you from any strong temptation to faction, treachery, plunder, and disloyalty.

"As your neighbours distinguish you by such honours as they can bestow, content yourself with your station, without neglecting your profession. Your estate and the courts will find you full employment, and your mind well occupied will be quiet.

"The usurpation of the nobility, for they apparently usurp all the influence they gain by fraud and misrepresentation, I think it certainly lawful, perhaps your duty, to resist. What is not their own, they have only by robbery.

"Your question about the horses gives me more perplexity. I know not well what advice to give you. I can only recommend a rule which you do not want: give as little pain as you can. I suppose that we have a right to their service while their strength lasts; what we can do with them afterwards, I cannot so easily determine. But let us consider. Nobody denies that man has a right first to milk the cow, and to shear the sheep, and then to kill them for his table. May he not, by parity of reason, first work a horse, and then kill him the easiest way, that he may have the means of another horse, or food for cows and sheep? Man is influenced in both cases by different motives of self-

interest. He that rejects the one must reject the other. I am, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

"A happy and pious Christmas; and many happy years to you, your lady, and children."

The late ingenious Mr. Mickle, some time before his death, wrote me a letter concerning Dr. Johnson, in which he mentions,—

"I was upwards of twelve years acquainted with him, was frequently in his company, always talked with ease to him, and can truly say, that I never received from him one rough word."

In this letter he relates his having, while engaged in translating the "Lusiad," had a dispute of considerable length with Johnson, who, as usual, declaimed upon the misery and corruption of a sea life, and used this expression:—"It had been happy for the world, Sir, if your hero, Gama, Prince Henry of Portugal, and Columbus, had never been born, or that their schemes had never gone farther than their own imaginations."

"This sentiment," says Mr. Mickle, "which is to be found in his 'Introduction to the World Displayed,' I, in my Dissertation prefixed to the 'Lusiad,' have controverted; and though authors are said to be bad judges of their own works, I am not ashamed to own to a friend, that that dissertation is my favourite above all that I ever attempted in prose. Next year, when the 'Lusiad' was published, I waited on Dr. Johnson, who addressed me with one of his good-humoured smiles:—'Well, you have remembered our dispute about Prince Henry, and have cited me too. You have done your part very well indeed: you have made the best of your argument; but I am not convinced yet.'

"Before publishing the 'Lusiad,' I sent Mr. Hoole a proof of that part of the introduction in which I make mention of Dr. Johnson, yourself, and other well-wishers to the work, begging it might be shown to Dr. Johnson. This was accordingly done; and in place of the simple mention of him which I had made, he dictated to Mr. Hoole the sentence as it now stands.

"Dr. Johnson told me in 1772, that, about twenty years before that time, he himself had a design to translate the 'Lusiad,' of

the merit of which he spoke highly, but had been prevented by a number of other engagements."

Mr. Mickle reminds me in this letter of a conversation at dinner one day at Mr. Hoole's with Dr. Johnson, when Mr. Nicol, the king's bookseller, and I, attempted to controvert the maxim, "Better that ten guilty should escape, than one innocent person suffer," and were answered by Dr. Johnson with great power of reasoning and eloquence. I am very sorry that I have no record of that day: but I well recollect my illustrious friends having ably shown, that unless civil institutions ensure protection to the innocent, all the confidence which mankind should have in them would be lost.

I shall here mention what, in strict chronological arrangement, should have appeared in my account of last year; but may more properly be introduced here, the controversy having not been closed till this. The Reverend Mr. Shaw,[1] a native of one of the Hebrides, having entertained doubts of the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian, divested himself of national bigotry; and having travelled in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and also in Ireland, in order to furnish himself with materials for a Gaelic Dictionary, which he afterwards compiled,[2] was so fully satisfied that Dr. Johnson was in the right upon the question, that he candidly published a pamphlet,[3] stating his conviction, and the proofs and reasons on which it was founded. A person at Edinburgh, of the name of Clark,[4] answered this pamphlet with much zeal, and much abuse of its author. Johnson took Mr. Shaw under his protection, and gave him his assistance in writing a reply, which has been admired by the best judges, and by many been considered as conclusive. A few paragraphs, which sufficiently mark their great author, shall be selected:—

"My assertions are, for the most part, purely negative: I deny the existence of Fingal, because in a long and curious peregrina-

[1] See vol. iii., p. 140.

[2] A Gaelic and English Dictionary. Lond., 1780, 2 vols. 4to.—*Editor.*

[3] An Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems ascribed to Ossian. Lond., 1781, 8vo.—*Editor.*

[4] An Answer to Mr. Shaw's Enquiry, &c. By John Clark. Lond., 1781, 8vo.—*Editor.*

tion through the Gaelic regions I have never been able to find it. What I could not see myself, I suspect to be equally invisible to others; and I suspect with the more reason, as among all those who have seen it no man can show it.

"Mr. Clark compares the obstinacy of those who disbelieve the genuineness of Ossian to a blind man who should dispute the reality of colours, aud deny that the British troops are clothed in red. The blind man's doubt would be rational, if he did not know by experience that others have a power which he himself wants: but what perspicacity has Mr. Clark which Nature has withheld from me or the rest of mankind?

"The true state of the parallel must be this:—Suppose a man, with eyes like his neighbours, was told by a boasting corporal, that the troops, indeed, wore red clothes for their ordinary dress, but that every soldier had likewise a suit of black velvet, which he puts on when the king reviews them. This he thinks strange, and desires to see the fine clothes, but finds nobody in forty thousand men that can produce either coat or waistcoat. One, indeed, has left them in his chest at Port Mahon: another has always heard that he ought to have velvet clothes somewhere; and a third has heard somebody say that soldiers ought to wear velvet. Can the inquirer be blamed if he goes away believing that a soldier's red coat is all that he has?

"But the most obdurate incredulity may be shamed or silenced by facts. To overpower contradictions, let the soldier show his velvet coat, and the Fingalist the original of Ossian.

"The difference between us and the blind man is this: the blind man is unconvinced, because he cannot see: and we because, though we can see, we find nothing that can be shown."

Notwithstanding the complication of disorders under which Johnson now laboured, he did not resign himself to despondency and discontent, but with wisdom and spirit endeavoured to console and amuse his mind with as many innocent enjoyments as he could procure. Sir John Hawkins has mentioned the cordiality with which he insisted that such of the members of the old club in Ivy Lane as survived should meet again and dine together, which they did, twice at a tavern, and once at his house,[1] and in order to

[1] "With this invitation," says Hawkins, "I cheerfully complied, and met, at the time and place appointed, all who could be mustered of our

[illegible] himself society in the evening for three days in the week, he instituted a club at the Essex Head, in Essex Street, then kept by Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Mr. Thrale's.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"Dec. [illegible], 1783.

"Dear Sir,

"It is inconvenient to me to come out; I should else have waited on you with an account of a little evening club which we are establishing in Essex Street, in the Strand, and of which you are desired to be one. It will be held at the Essex Head, now kept by an old servant of Thrale's. The company is numerous, and, as you will see by the list, miscellaneous. The terms are [illegible], and the expenses light. Mr. Barry was adopted by Dr. Brocklesby, who joined with me in forming the plan. We meet thrice a week, and he who misses forfeits twopence. If you are willing to become a member, draw a line under your name. Return the list. We meet for the first time on Monday, at eight. I am, &c.

"Sam. Johnson."

It did not suit Sir Joshua to be one of this club. But when I mention only Mr. Daines Barrington, Dr. Brock-

society namely Johnson, Mr. Hyland, and Mr. Payne of the Bank. When we were collected, he thought that we were so few occasioned some melancholy reflections, and I could not but compare our meeting, at such an advanced period of life as it was to us all, to that of the four old men in the Senile Colloquium of Erasmus. We dined, and in the evening supplied with coffee. At ten we broke up, much to the regret of Johnson, who proposed staying; but finding us inclined to separate, he left us with a sigh that seemed to come from his heart, lamenting that he was retiring to solitude and cheerless meditation.

"Johnson had proposed a meeting like this once a month, and we had one more; but, the time approaching for a third, he began to feel a return of some of his complaints, and signified a wish that we would dine with him at his own house; and accordingly we met there, and were very cheerfully entertained by him." Life, p. 562.

"London, 13th December, 1783.—I dined about a fortnight ago with three old friends. We had not met together for thirty years, and one of us thought the others grown very old. In the thirty years two of our set have died. Our meeting may be supposed to be somewhat tender."—Letters, Vol. ii., p. 339.—Croker.

lesby, Mr. Murphy, Mr. John Nichols, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Joddrell, Mr. Paradise, Dr. Horsley, Mr. Windham,[1] I shall sufficiently obviate the misrepresentation of it by Sir John Hawkins,[2] as if it had been a low alehouse association, by which Johnson was degraded. Johnson himself, like his namesake Old Ben, composed the rules of his club.[3]

[1] I was in Scotland when this club was founded, and during all the winter. Johnson, however, declared I should be a member, and invented a word upon the occasion: "Boswell," said he, "is a very *clubable* man." When I came to town I was proposed by Mr. Barrington, and chosen. I believe there are few societies where there is better conversation or more decorum. Several of us resolved to continue it after our great founder was removed by death. Other members were added; and now, about eight years since that loss, we go on happily.

[2] Life of Johnson, p. 566.—*Editor.*

[3] "RULES.

"To-day deep thoughts with me resolve to drench
In mirth, which after no repenting draws."—MILTON.

"The club shall consist of four and twenty.

"The meetings shall be on the Monday, Thursday, and Saturday of every week; but in the week before Easter there shall be no meeting.

"Every member is at liberty to introduce a friend once a week, but not oftener.

"Two members shall oblige themselves to attend in their turn every night from eight to ten, or procure two to attend in their room.

"Every member present at the club shall spend at least sixpence; and every member who stays away shall forfeit threepence. (*sic.*)

"The master of the house shall keep an account of the absent members; and deliver to the president of the night a list of the forfeits incurred.

"When any member returns after absence, he shall immediately lay down his forfeits; which if he omits to do, the president shall require.

"There shall be no general reckoning, but every man shall adjust his own expenses.

"The night of indispensable attendance will come to every member once a month. Whoever shall for three months together omit to attend himself, or by substitution, nor shall make any apology in the fourth month, shall be considered as having abdicated the club.

"When a vacancy is to be filled, the name of the candidate, and of the member recommending him, shall stand in the club-room three nights. On the fourth he may be chosen by ballot; six members at least being present, and two-thirds of the ballot being in his favour; or the majority, should the numbers not be divisible by three.

"The master of the house shall give notice, six days before, to each of those members whose turn of necessary attendance is come.

"The notice may be in these words:—'Sir, On ——— the ——— of

In the end of this year he was seized with a spasmodic asthma of such violence, that he was confined to the house in great pain, being sometimes obliged to sit all night in his chair, a recumbent posture being so hurtful to his respiration, that he could not endure lying in bed; and there came upon him at the same time that oppressive and fatal disease, a dropsy. It was a very severe winter, which probably aggravated his complaints; and the solitude in which Mr. Levett and Mrs. Williams had left him rendered his life very gloomy. Mrs. Desmoulins, who still lived, was herself so very ill, that she could contribute very little to his relief. He, however, had none of that unsocial shyness which we commonly see in people afflicted with sickness. He did not hide his head from the world, in solitary abstraction; he did not deny himself to the visits of his friends and acquaintances; but at all times when he was not overcome by sleep, was as ready for conversation as in his best days.

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD.

"London, Nov. 29, 1783.

"DEAR MADAM,

"You may perhaps think me negligent that I have not written to you again upon the loss of your brother; but condolences and consolations are such common and such useless things, that the omission of them is no great crime; and my own diseases occupy my mind and engage my care. My nights are miserably restless, and my days, therefore, are heavy. I try, however, to hold up my head as high as I can.

"I am sorry that your health is impaired: perhaps the spring and the summer may, in some degree, restore it; but if not, we must submit to the inconveniences of time, as to the other dispensations of Eternal Goodness. Pray for me, and write to me, or let Mr. Pearson write for you. I am, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

———, will be your turn of presiding at the Essex Head. Your company is therefore earnestly requested.'

"One penny shall be left by each member for the waiter."

Johnson's definition of a club, in this sense, in his Dictionary, is, "An assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions."

And now I am arrived at the last year of the life of SAMUEL JOHNSON; a year in which, although passed in severe indisposition, he nevertheless gave many evidences of the continuance of those wondrous powers of mind which raised him so high in the intellectual world. His conversation and his letters of this year were in no respect inferior to those of former years. The following is a remarkable proof of his being alive to the most minute curiosities of literature.

TO MR. DILLY,

Bookseller, in the Poultry.

"Jan. 6, 1784.

"SIR,

"There is in the world a set of books which used to be sold by the booksellers on the bridge and which I must entreat you to procure me. They are called 'Burton's Books': [1] the title of one is 'Admirable Curiosities, Rarities, and Wonders in England.' I believe there are about five or six of them; they seem very proper to allure backward readers; be so kind as to get them for me, and send me them with the best printed edition of 'Baxter's Call to the Unconverted.' I am, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

JOHNSON TO MR. PERKINS.

"Jan. 21, 1784.

"DEAR SIR,

"I was very sorry not to see you when you were so kind as to call on me; but to disappoint friends, and if they are not very good-natured, to disoblige them, is one of the evils of sickness. If you will please to let me know which of the afternoons in this week I shall be favoured with another visit by you and Mrs. Perkins, and the young people, I will take all the measures that I can to be pretty well at that time. I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

His attention to the Essex Head Club appears from the

[1] Of these books, which are much more numerous than Johnson supposed, a full list is given in Lowndes' Manual, under Burton, p. 329.—*Editor.*

following letter to Mr. Alderman Clark, a gentleman for whom he deservedly entertained a great regard.[1]

TO RICHARD CLARK, ESQ.

"Jan. 27, 1784.

"DEAR SIR,

"You will receive a requisition, according to the rules of the club, to be at the house as president of the night. This turn comes once a month, and the member is obliged to attend, or send another in his place. You were inrolled in the club by my invitation, and I ought to introduce you; but as I am hindered by sickness, Mr. Hoole will very properly supply my place as introductor, or yours as president. I hope in milder weather to be a very constant attendant. I am, Sir, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"You ought to be informed that the forfeits began with the year, and that every night of non-attendance incurs the mulct of threepence, that is, ninepence a-week."

On the 8th of January I wrote to him, anxiously inquiring as to his health, and enclosing my "Letter to the People of Scotland on the Present State of the Nation." "I trust," said I, "that you will be liberal enough to make allowance for my differing from you on two points, [the Middlesex election and the American war,] when my general principles of government are according to your own heart, and when, at a crisis of doubtful event, I stand forth with honest zeal as an ancient and faithful Briton. My reason for introducing those two points was, that as my opinions with regard to them had been declared at the periods when they were least favourable, I might have the credit of a man who is not a worshipper of ministerial power."

[1] My venerable friend Mr. Clark, who had contributed some information to my first edition, died at Chertsey, Jan. 16, 1831, æt. 93.—*Croker.*

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Feb. 11, 1784.

"DEAR SIR,

"I hear of many inquiries which your kindness has disposed you to make after me. I have long intended you a long letter, which perhaps the imagination of its length hindered me from beginning. I will, therefore, content myself with a shorter.

"Having promoted the institution of a new club in the neighbourhood, at the house of an old servant of Thrale's, I went thither to meet the company, and was seized with a spasmodic asthma, so violent, that with difficulty I got to my own house, in which I have been confined eight or nine weeks, and from which I know not when I shall be able to go even to church. The asthma, however, is not the worst. A dropsy gains ground upon me: my legs and thighs are very much swollen with water, which I should be content if I could keep there; but I am afraid that it will soon be higher. My nights are very sleepless and very tedious, and yet I am extremely afraid of dying.

"My physicians try to make me hope that much of my malady is the effect of cold, and that some degree at least of recovery is to be expected from vernal breezes and summer suns. If my life is prolonged to autumn, I should be glad to try a warmer climate; though how to travel with a diseased body, without a companion to conduct me, and with very little money, I do not well see. Ramsay has recovered his limbs in Italy; and Fielding was sent to Lisbon, where, indeed, he died; but he was, I believe, past hope when he went. Think for me what I can do.

"I received your pamphlet, and when I write again may perhaps tell you some opinion about it; but you will forgive a man struggling with disease his neglect of disputes, politics, and pamphlets. Let me have your prayers. My compliments to your lady and young ones. Ask your physicians about my case: and desire Sir Alexander Dick to write me his opinion. I am, dear Sir, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER IN LICHFIELD.

"Feb. 23, 1784.

"My dearest Love,

"I have been extremely ill of an asthma and dropsy, but received by the mercy of God sudden and unexpected relief last Thursday by the discharge of twenty pints of water. Whether I shall continue free, or shall fill again, cannot be told. Pray for me. Death, my dear, is very dreadful; let us think nothing worth our care but how to prepare for it: what we know amiss in ourselves let us make haste to amend, and put our trust in the mercy of God and the intercession of our Saviour. I am, &c.,

"Sam. Johnson."

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, Feb. 27, 1784.

"Dear Sir,

"I have just advanced so far towards recovery as to read a pamphlet; and you may reasonably suppose that the first pamphlet which I read was yours. I am very much of your opinion, and, like you, feel great indignation at the indecency with which the king is every day treated. Your paper contains very considerable knowledge of history and of the constitution, very properly produced and applied. It will certainly raise your character,[1] though perhaps it may not make you a minister of state.

* * * * *

"I desire you to see Mrs. Stewart once again, and tell her, that in the letter-case was a letter relating to me, for which I

[1] Letter to the People of Scotland on the present State of the Nation. I sent it to Mr. Pitt, with a letter, in which I thus expressed myself:—"My principles may appear to you too monarchical; but I know and am persuaded they are not inconsistent with the true principles of liberty. Be this as it may, you, Sir, are now the prime minister, called by the sovereign to maintain the rights of the crown, as well as those of the people, against a violent faction. As such, you are entitled to the warmest support of every good subject in every department." He answered, "I am extremely obliged to you for the sentiments you do me the honour to express, and have observed with great pleasure the *zealous and able support* given to the CAUSE OF THE PUBLIC in the work you were so good to transmit to me."

will give her, if she is willing to give it me, another guinea. The letter is of consequence only to me. I am, dear Sir, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

In consequence of Johnson's request that I should ask our physicians about his case, and desire Sir Alexander Dick to send his opinion, I transmitted him a letter from that very amiable baronet, then in his eighty-first year, with his faculties as entire as ever, and mentioned his expressions to me in the note accompanying it,—"With my most affectionate wishes for Dr. Johnson's recovery, in which his friends, his country, and all mankind have so deep a stake;" and at the same time a full opinion upon his case by Dr. Gillespie, who, like Dr. Cullen, had the advantage of having passed through the gradations of surgery and pharmacy, and by study and practice had attained to such skill, that my father settled on him two hundred pounds a year for five years, and fifty pounds a year during his life, as an *honorarium* to secure his particular attendance. The opinion was conveyed in a letter to me, beginning, "I am sincerely sorry for the bad state of health your very learned and illustrious friend, Dr. Johnson, labours under at present."

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, March 2, 1784.

"DEAR SIR,

"Presently after I had sent away my last letter, I received your kind medical packet. I am very much obliged both to you and to your physicians for your kind attention to my disease. Dr. Gillespie has sent me an excellent *consilium medicum*, all solid practical experimental knowledge. I am at present, in the opinion of my physicians (Dr. Heberden and Dr. Brocklesby), as well as my own, going on very hopefully. I have just begun to take vinegar of squills. The powder hurt my stomach so much that it could not be continued.

"Return Sir Alexander Dick my sincere thanks for his kind letter; and bring with you the rhubarb[1] which he so tenderly

[1] From his garden at Prestonfield, where he cultivated that plant with such success, that he was presented with a gold medal by the Society

whom I esteem and respect as much as I do Dr. Johnson." Dr. Hope's, "Few people have a better claim on me than your friend, as hardly a day passes that I do not ask his opinion about this or that word." Dr. Munro's, "I most sincerely join you in sympathising with that very worthy and ingenious character, from whom his country has derived much instruction and entertainment."

Dr. Hope corresponded with his friend Dr. Brocklesby. Doctors Cullen and Munro wrote their opinions and prescriptions to me, which I afterwards carried with me to London, and, so far as they were encouraging, communicated to Johnson. The liberality on one hand, and grateful sense of it on the other, I have great satisfaction in recording.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"London, March 18, 1784.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am too much pleased with the attention which you and your dear lady[1] show to my welfare, not to be diligent in letting you know the progress which I make towards health. The dropsy, by God's blessing, has now run almost totally away by natural evacuation: and the asthma, if not irritated by cold, gives me little trouble. While I am writing this I have not any sensation of debility or disease. But I do not yet venture out, having been confined to the house from the 13th of December, now a quarter of a year.

"When it will be fit for me to travel as far as Auchinleck I am not able to guess; but such a letter as Mrs. Boswell's might draw any man not wholly motionless a great way. Pray tell the dear lady how much her civility and kindness have touched and gratified me.

"Our parliamentary tumults have now begun to subside, and the king's authority is in some measure re-established. Mr. Pitt will have great power, but you must remember that what he has to give must, at least for some time, be given to those who gave, and those who preserve his power. A new minister can sacrifice little to esteem or friendship: he must, till he is settled, think only of extending his interest.

[1] Who had written him a very kind letter.

[illegible] send for Mrs. [illegible] letter in the [illegible] claim till she [illegible] Anacreon: and [illegible] and Arthur [illegible] any other of

[illegible] I need not [illegible]

[illegible] JOHNSON."

[illegible] him [illegible] of mon- [illegible] in that [illegible] I was thus [illegible] of [illegible] my own [illegible] by [illegible] candi- [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 1784.

[illegible] when [illegible] which [illegible] ex- [illegible] and your [illegible]

[illegible] every [illegible] with [illegible] is [illegible] wonderfully [illegible]

[illegible] much [illegible] exasperating: [illegible] for [illegible] done [illegible] boosing [illegible] upon general principles, without descending [illegible] personal

or particular censures or objections. One thing I must enjoin you, which is seldom observed in the conduct of elections; I must entreat you to be scrupulous in the use of strong liquors. One night's drunkenness may defeat the labours of forty days well employed. Be firm, but not clamorous; be active, but not malicious; and you may form such an interest, as may not only exalt yourself, but dignify your family.

"We are, as you may suppose, all busy here. Mr. Fox resolutely stands for Westminster, and his friends say will carry the election.[1] However that be, he will certainly have a seat. Mr. Hoole has just told me, that the city leans towards the king.

"Let me hear, from time to time, how you are employed, and what progress you make. Make dear Mrs. Boswell, and all the young Boswells, the sincere compliments of, Sir, your affectionate humble servant, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

To Mr. Langton he wrote with that cordiality which was suitable to the long friendship which had subsisted between him and that gentleman.

"*March* 27. Since you left me I have continued, in my own opinion, and in Dr. Brocklesby's, to grow better, with respect to all my formidable and dangerous distempers; though, to a body battered and shaken as mine has lately been, it is to be feared that weak attacks may be sometimes mischievous. I have, indeed, by standing carelessly at an open window, got a very troublesome cough, which it has been necessary to appease by opium, in larger quantities than I like to take, and I have not found it give way so readily as I expected; its obstinacy, however, seems at last disposed to submit to the remedy, and I know not whether I should then have a right to complain of any morbid sensation. My asthma is, I am afraid, constitutional and incurable; but it is only occasional, and, unless it be excited by labour or by cold, gives me no molestation, nor does it lay very close siege to life; for Sir John Floyer, whom the physical race consider as author of one of the best books upon it, panted on to ninety, as was supposed. And why were we content with supposing a fact so interesting of a man so conspicuous? Because he corrupted, at perhaps seventy or eighty, the register, that he

[1] Mr. Fox was returned for Westminster, after a sharp election and a tedious scrutiny.—*Croker.*

might pass for younger than he was. He was not much less than eighty, when to a man of rank, who modestly asked his age, he answered, 'Go look;' though he was in general a man of civility and elegance. The ladies, I find, are at your house all well, except Miss Langton, who will probably soon recover her health by light suppers. Let her eat at dinner as she will, but not take a full stomach to bed. Pay my sincere respects to dear Miss Langton in Lincolnshire; let her know that I mean not to break our league of friendship, and that I have a set of Lives for her, when I have the means of sending it."

"*April* 8. I am still disturbed by my cough; but what thanks have I not to pay, when my cough is the most painful sensation that I feel? and from that I expect hardly to be released, while winter continues to gripe us with so much pertinacity. The year has now advanced eighteen days beyond the equinox, and still there is very little remission of the cold. When warm weather comes, which surely must come at last, I hope it will help both me and your young lady.

"The man so busy about addresses is neither more nor less than our own Boswell, who had come as far as York towards London, but turned back on the dissolution, and is said now to stand for some place. Whether to wish him success his best friends hesitate.

"Let me have your prayers for the completion of my recovery. I am now better than I ever expected to have been. May God add to his mercies the grace that may enable me to use them according to his will. My compliments to all."

"*April* 13. I had this evening a note from Lord Portmore[1] desiring that I would give you an account of my health. You might have had it with less circumduction. I am, by God's blessing, I believe, free from all morbid sensations, except a cough, which is only troublesome. But I am still weak, and can have no great hope of strength till the weather shall be softer. The summer, if it be kindly, will, I hope, enable me to support the winter. God, who has so wonderfully restored me, can preserve me in all seasons.

"Let me inquire in my turn after the state of your family,

[1] To which Johnson returned this answer:—

"Dr. Johnson acknowledges with great respect the honour of Lord Portmore's notice. He is better than he was; and will, as his Lordship directs, write to Mr. Langton."

great and little. I hope Lady Rothes and Miss Langton are both well. That is a good basis of content. Then how goes George on with his studies? How does Miss Mary? And how does my own Jenny? I think I owe Jenny a letter, which I will take care to pay. In the mean time tell her that I acknowledge the debt.

"Be pleased to make my compliments to the ladies. If Mrs. Langton comes to London, she will favour me with a visit, for I am not well enough to go out.'

TO OZIAS HUMPHRY, ESQ.[1]

"April 5, 1784.

"SIR,

"Mr. Hoole has told me with what benevolence you listened to a request which I was almost afraid to make, of leave to a young painter[2] to attend you from time to time in your painting-room, to see your operations, and receive your instructions. The young man has perhaps good parts, but has been without a regular education. He is my godson, and therefore I interest myself in his progress and success, and shall think myself much favoured if I receive from you a permission to send him.

"My health is, by God's blessing, much restored, but I am not yet allowed by my physicians to go abroad; nor, indeed, do I think myself yet able to endure the weather. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] The eminent painter, representative of the ancient family of Homfrey (now Humphry) in the west of England; who, as appears from their arms which they have invariably used, have been (as I have seen authenticated by the best authority) one of those among the knights and esquires of honour, who are represented by Holinshed as having issued from the Tower of London on coursers apparelled for the justes, accompanied by ladies of honour, leading every one a knight, with a chain of gold, passing through the streets of London into Smithfield, on Sunday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, being the first Sunday after Michaelmas, in the fourteenth year of King Richard the Second. This family once enjoyed large possessions, but, like others, have lost them in the progress of ages. Their blood, however, remains to them well ascertained; and they may hope, in the revolution of events, to recover that rank in society for which, in modern times, fortune seems to be an indispensable requisite.

Mr. Humphry died in 1810, æt. 68. His eminence as a painter was a good-natured error of Boswell's.—*Croker*.

[2] Son of Mr. Samuel Paterson. See vol. ii., p. 170, and vol. iii., p. 127.

TO THE SAME.

"April 10, 1784.

"SIR,

"The bearer is my godson, whom I take the liberty of recommending to your kindness; which I hope he will deserve by his respect to your excellence, and his gratitude for your favours. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE SAME.

"May 31, 1784.

"SIR,

"I am very much obliged by your civilities to my godson, but must beg of you to add to them the favour of permitting him to see you paint, that he may know how a picture is begun, advanced, and completed. If he may attend you in a few of your operations, I hope he will show that the benefit has been properly conferred, both by his proficiency and his gratitude. At least I shall consider you as enlarging your kindness to, Sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE REVEREND DR. TAYLOR,

Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

"London, Easter Monday, April 12, 1784.

"DEAR SIR,

"What can be the reason that I hear nothing from you? I hope nothing disables you from writing. What I have seen, and what I have felt, gives me reason to fear every thing. Do not omit giving me the comfort of knowing, that after all my losses, I have yet a friend left.

"I want every comfort. My life is very solitary and very cheerless. Though it has pleased [illegible] to deliver me from the dropsy, I am yet [illegible] not passed the door since the 13th of [illegible] help from warm weather, [illegible]

"I could [illegible] go to church yesterday [illegible] at home, in the room [illegible] Williams, a little

before her death. O my friend, the approach of death is very dreadful! I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid. It is vain to look round and round for that help which cannot be had. Yet we hope and hope, and fancy that he who has lived to-day may live to-morrow. But let us learn to derive our hope only from God.

"In the mean time let us be kind to one another. I have no friend now living but you and Mr. Hector, that was the friend of my youth. Do not neglect, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

What follows is a beautiful specimen of his gentleness and complacency to a young lady, his godchild, one of the daughters of his friend Mr. Langton, then, I think, in her seventh year. He took the trouble to write it in a large round hand, nearly resembling printed characters, that she might have the satisfaction of reading it herself. The original lies before me, but shall be faithfully restored to her; and I dare say will be preserved by her as a jewel, as long as she lives.[1]

JOHNSON TO MISS JANE LANGTON,

In Rochester, Kent.

"May 10, 1784.

"MY DEAREST MISS JENNY,

"I am sorry that your pretty letter has been so long without being answered; but, when I am not pretty well, I do not always write plain enough for young ladies. I am glad, my dear, to see that you write so well, and hope that you mind your pen, your book and your needle, for they are all necessary. Your books will give you knowledge, and make you respected; and your needle will find you useful employment when you do not care to read. When you are a little older, I hope you will be very diligent in learning arithmetic; and, above all, that through your whole life you will carefully say your prayers and read your Bible. I am, my dear, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] Mr. Croker says: "I have seen it very lately, framed and glazed, in the possession of the lady to whom it was addressed." This note bears the date 1847.—*Editor.*

On Wednesday, May 5, I arrived in London, and next morning had the pleasure to find Dr. Johnson greatly recovered. I but just saw him; for a coach was waiting to carry him to Islington, to the house of his friend the Reverend Mr. Strahan, where he went sometimes for the benefit of good air, which, notwithstanding his having formerly laughed at the general opinion upon the subject, he now acknowledged was conducive to health.

One morning afterwards, when I found him alone, he communicated to me, with solemn earnestness, the very remarkable circumstance which had happened in the course of his illness, when he was much distressed by the dropsy. He had shut himself up, and employed a day in particular exercises of religion, fasting, humiliation, and prayer. On a sudden he obtained extraordinary relief, for which he looked up to Heaven with grateful devotion. He made no direct inference from this fact; but from his manner of telling it, I could perceive that it appeared to him as something more than an incident in the common course of events. For my own part, I have no difficulty to avow that cast of thinking, which, by many modern pretenders to wisdom, is called *superstitious*. But here I think even men of dry rationality may believe, that there was an intermediate interposition of Divine Providence, and that the "fervent prayer of this righteous man" availed.[1]

On Sunday, May 9, I found Colonel Vallancy, the celebrated antiquary and engineer of Ireland, with him. On

[1] Upon this subject there is a very fair and judicious remark in the Life of Dr. Abernethy, in the first edition of the Biographia Britannica, which I should have been glad to see in his Life, which has been written for the second edition of that valuable work. "To deny the exercise of a particular providence in the Deity's government of the world is certainly impious, yet nothing serves the cause of the scorner more than incautious forward zeal in determining the particular instances of it."

In confirmation of my sentiments, I am also happy to quote that sensible and elegant writer, Mr. Melmoth, in Letter VIII. of his collection, published under the name of Fitzosborne: "We may safely assert, that the belief of a particular Providence is founded upon such probable reasons as may well justify our assent. It would scarce, therefore, be wise to renounce an opinion which affords so firm a support to the soul in those seasons wherein she stands in most need of assistance, merely because it is not possible, in questions of this kind, to solve every difficulty which attends them."

Monday, the 10th, I dined with him at Mr. Paradise's, where was a large company; Mr. Bryant, Mr. Joddrel, Mr. Hawkins Browne, &c. On Thursday, the 13th, I dined with him at Mr. Joddrel's, with another large company; the Bishop of Exeter, Lord Monboddo,[1] Mr. Murphy, &c.

On Saturday, May 15, I dined with him at Dr. Brocklesby's, where were Colonel Vallancy, Mr. Murphy, and that ever-cheerful companion, Mr. Devaynes, apothecary to his majesty. Of these days, and others on which I saw him, I have no memorials, except the general recollection of his being able and animated in conversation, and appearing to relish society as much as the youngest man. I find only these three small particulars: When a person was mentioned, who said, "I have lived fifty-one years in the world without having had ten minutes of uneasiness;" he exclaimed, "The man who says so lies: he attempts to impose on human credulity." The Bishop of Exeter[2] in vain observed that men were very different. His lordship's manner was not impressive; and I learnt afterwards, that Johnson did not find out that the person who talked to him was a prelate; if he had, I doubt not that he would have treated him with more respect; for, once talking of George Psalmanazar, whom he reverenced for his piety, he said, "I should as soon think of contradicting a bishop." One of the company[3] provoked him greatly by doing what he could least of all bear, which was, quoting something of his own writing, against what he then maintained. "What, Sir," cried the gentleman, "do you say to—

> 'The busy day, the peaceful night,
> Unfelt, uncounted, glided by'?"[4]

[1] I was sorry to observe Lord Monboddo avoid any communication with Dr. Johnson. I flattered myself that I had made them very good friends; (see Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, third edition, p. 67), but unhappily his lordship had resumed and cherished a violent prejudice against my illustrious friend, to whom I must do the justice to say, there was on his part not the least anger, but a good-humoured sportiveness. Nay, though he knew of his lordship's indisposition towards him, he was even kindly; as appeared from his inquiring of me after him, by an abbreviation of his name, "Well, how does *Monny?*"

[2] Malone supplies the name: Dr. John Ross.—*Editor.*

[3] Boswell himself, we believe.—*Editor*

[4] Verses on the death of Mr. Levett.

[illegible], finding himself thus presented as giving an instance of a man who had lived without uneasiness, was much offended, for he looked upon such a quotation as unfair: he angrily burst out in an unjustifiable retort, insinuating that the gentleman's remark was a sally of ebriety: "Sir, there is one passion I would advise you to command; when you have drunk out that glass, don't drink another." There was exemplified what Goldsmith said of him, with the aid of a very witty image from one of Cibber's comedies: "There is no arguing with Johnson: for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it."

Another was this: when a gentleman[1] of eminence in the literary world was violently censured for attacking people by anonymous paragraphs in newspapers, he, from the spirit of contradiction, as I thought, took up his defence, and said, "Come, come, this is not so terrible a crime; he means only to vex them a little. I do not say that I should do it; but there is a great difference between him and me: what is fit for Hephæstion is not fit for Alexander." Another, when I told him that a young and handsome countess had said to me, "I should think that to be praised by Dr. Johnson would make one a fool all one's life;" and that I answered, "Madam, I shall make him a fool to-day, by repeating this to him;" he said, "I am too old to be made a fool: but if you say I am made a fool, I shall not deny it. I am much pleased with a compliment, especially from a pretty woman."

On the evening of Saturday, May 15, he was in fine spirits at our Essex Head Club. He told us, "I dined yesterday at Mrs. Garrick's with Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and Miss Fanny Burney. Three such women are not to be found: I know not where I could find a fourth, except Mrs. Lennox, who is superior to them all." BOSWELL. "What! had you them all to yourself, Sir?" JOHNSON. "I had them all, as much as they were had; but it might have been better had there been more company there." BOSWELL. "Might not Mrs. Montagu have been a fourth?" JOHNSON. "Sir, Mrs. Montagu does not make a trade of

[1] George Steevens.—*Croker.*

her wit: but Mrs. Montagu is a very extraordinary woman: she has a constant stream of conversation, and it is always impregnated; it has always meaning." BOSWELL. "Mr. Burke has a constant stream of conversation." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; if a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed to shun a shower, he would say, 'this is an extraordinary man.' If Burke should go into a stable to see his horse dressed, the ostler would say, 'we have had an extraordinary man here.'" BOSWELL. "Foote was a man who never failed in conversation. If he had gone into a stable—" JOHNSON. "Sir, if he had gone into a stable, the ostler would have said, 'here has been a comical fellow;' but he would not have respected him." BOSWELL. "And, Sir, the ostler would have answered him, —would have given him as good as he brought, as the common saying is." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; and Foote would have answered the ostler. When Burke does not descend to be merry, his conversation is very superior indeed. There is no proportion between the powers which he shows in serious talk and in jocularity. When he lets himself down to that he is in the kennel." I have in another place[1] opposed, and I hope with success, Dr. Johnson's very singular and erroneous notion as to Mr. Burke's pleasantry. Mr. Windham now said low to me, that he differed from our great friend in this observation; for that Mr. Burke was often very happy in his merriment. It would not have been right for either of us to have contradicted Johnson at this time, in a society all of whom did not know and value Mr. Burke as much as we did. It might have occasioned something more rough, and at any rate would probably have checked the flow of Johnson's good humour. He called to us with a sudden air of exultation, as the thought started into his mind, "O! Gentlemen, I must tell you a very great thing. The Empress of Russia has ordered the 'Rambler' to be translated into the Russian language;[2] so I shall be read on the banks of the Wolga. Horace boasts that his fame would extend as far as the banks of

[1] Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, pp. 19, 20.

[2] I have since heard that the report was not well founded; but the elation discovered by Johnson, in the belief that it was true, showed a noble ardour for literary fame.

the Rhone; now the Wolga is farther from me than the Rhone was from Horace." BOSWELL. "You must certainly be pleased with this, Sir." JOHNSON. "I am pleased, Sir, to be sure. A man is pleased to find he has succeeded in that which he has endeavoured to do."

One of the company mentioned his having seen a noble person driving in his carriage, and looking exceedingly well, notwithstanding his great age. JOHNSON. "Ah, Sir, that is nothing. Bacon observes, that a stout healthy old man is like a tower undermined."

On Sunday, May 16, I found him alone: he talked of Mrs. Thrale with much concern, saying, "Sir, she has done every thing wrong since Thrale's bridle was off her neck;" and was proceeding to mention some circumstances which have since been the subject of public discussion, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury.

Dr. Douglas, upon this occasion, refuted a mistaken notion which is very common in Scotland, that the ecclesiastical discipline of the Church of England, though duly enforced, is insufficient to preserve the morals of the clergy, inasmuch as all delinquents may be screened by appealing to the convocation, which being never authorised by the king to sit for the despatch of business, the appeal never can be heard. Dr. Douglas observed, that this was founded upon ignorance; for that the bishops have sufficient power to maintain discipline, and that the sitting of the convocation was wholly immaterial in this respect, it being not a court of judicature, but like a parliament, to make canons and regulations as times may require.

Johnson, talking of the fear of death, said, "Some people are not afraid, because they look upon salvation as the effect of an absolute decree, and think they feel in themselves the marks of sanctification. Others, and those the most rational in my opinion, look upon salvation as conditional; and as they never can be sure that they have complied with the conditions, they are afraid."

In one of his little manuscript diaries about this time I find a short notice, which marks his amiable disposition more certainly than a thousand studied declarations. "Afternoon spent cheerfully and elegantly, I hope without

offence to God or man; though in no holy duty, yet in the general exercise and cultivation of benevolence."

On Monday, May 17, I dined with him at Mr. Dilly's, where were Colonel Vallancy, the Reverend Dr. Gibbons, and Mr. Capel Lofft, who, though a most zealous Whig, has a mind so full of learning and knowledge, and so much exercised in various departments, and withal so much liberality, that the stupendous powers of the literary Goliath, though they did not frighten this little David of popular spirit, could not but excite his admiration. There was also Mr. Braithwaite of the Post-office, that amiable and friendly man, who, with modest and unassuming manners, has associated with many of the wits of the age. Johnson was very quiescent to-day. Perhaps, too, I was indolent. I find nothing more of him in my notes, but that when I mentioned that I had seen in the king's library sixty-three editions of my favourite Thomas à Kempis,—amongst which it was in eight languages, Latin, German, French, Italian, Spanish, English, Arabic, and Armenian,—he said he thought it unnecessary to collect many editions of a book, which were all the same, except as to the paper and print; he would have the original, and all the translations, and all the editions which had any variations in the text. He approved of the famous collection of editions of Horace by Douglas,[1] mentioned by Pope, who is said to have had a closet filled with them; and he added, "every man should try to collect one book in that manner, and present it to a public library."

On Tuesday, May 18, I saw him for a short time in the morning. I told him that the mob had called out, as the

[1] The mention by Pope is in the following lines of the Dunciad, and the subjoined *note*:—

> "Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine,
> There all the learned shall at the labour stand,
> And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.

"*Douglas*, a physician of great learning and no less taste; above all, curious in what related to Horace; of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes." —*Dunciad*, b. iv., l. 392. Dr. James Douglas was born in Scotland in 1675, and died in London in 1742. He published some medical works. —*Croker*.

king passed,[1] "No Fox, no Fox!" which I did not like. He said, "They were right, Sir." I said, I thought not; for it seemed to be making Mr. Fox the king's competitor. There being no audience, so that there could be no triumph in a victory, he fairly agreed with me. I said it might do very well, if explained thus: "Let us have no Fox," understanding it as a prayer to his Majesty not to appoint that gentleman minister.

On Wednesday, May 19, I sat a part of the evening with him, by ourselves. I observed, that the death of our friends might be a consolation against the fear of our own dissolution, because we might have more friends in the other world than in this. He perhaps felt this as a reflection upon his apprehension as to death, and said, with heat, "How can a man know *where* his departed friends are, or whether they will be his friends in the other world? How many friendships have you known formed upon principles of virtue? Most friendships are formed by caprice or by chance—mere confederacies in vice or leagues in folly."

We talked of our worthy friend Mr. Langton. He said, "I know not who will go to heaven if Langton does not. Sir, I could almost say *Sit anima mea cum Langtono.*" I mentioned a very eminent friend as a virtuous man. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; but ——— has not the evangelical virtue of Langton. ———, I am afraid, would not scruple to pick up a wench."

He however charged Mr. Langton with what he thought want of judgment upon an interesting occasion. "When I was ill," said he, "I desired he would tell me sincerely in what he thought my life was faulty. Sir, he brought me a sheet of paper, on which he had written down several texts of Scripture recommending Christian charity. And when I questioned him what occasion I had given for such an animadversion, all that he could say amounted to this, —that I sometimes contradicted people in conversation. Now what harm does it do to any man to be contradicted?" BOSWELL. "I suppose he meant the *manner* of doing it; roughly and harshly." JOHNSON. "And who is the worse

[1] To open parliament. The Westminster election had concluded only the day before in favour of Mr. Fox, whose return, however, was delayed by the requisition for a scrutiny.—*Croker.*

for that?" BOSWELL. "It hurts people of weaker nerves." JOHNSON. "I know no such weak-nerved people." Mr. Burke, to whom I related this conference, said, "It is well if, when a man comes to die, he has nothing heavier upon his conscience than having been a little rough in conversation."

Johnson, at the time when the paper was presented to him, though at first pleased with the attention of his friend, whom he thanked in an earnest manner, soon exclaimed in a loud angry tone, "What is your drift, Sir?" Sir Joshua Reynolds pleasantly observed, that it was a scene for a comedy, to see a penitent get into a violent passion and belabour his confessor.[1]

I have preserved no more of his conversation at the times when I saw him during the rest of this month, till Sunday, the 30th of May, when I met him in the evening at Mr. Hoole's, where there was a large company both of ladies and gentlemen. Sir James Johnston happened to say that he paid no regard to the arguments of counsel at the bar of the House of Commons, because they were paid for speaking. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, argument is argument. You cannot help paying regard to their arguments if they are good. If it were testimony, you might disregard it, if you knew that it were purchased. There is a beautiful image in Bacon[2] upon this subject. Testimony

[1] After all, I cannot but be of opinion, that as Mr. Langton was seriously requested by Dr. Johnson to mention what appeared to him erroneous in the character of his friend, he was bound as an honest man to intimate what he really thought, which he certainly did in the most delicate manner; so that Johnson himself, when in a quiet frame of mind, was pleased with it. The texts suggested are now before me, and I shall quote a few of them. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."—*Matt.* v. 5. "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering forbearing one another in love."—*Ephes.* v. 1, 2. "And above all these things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness."—*Col.* iii. 14. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, does not behave itself unseemly, is not easily provoked."—1 *Cor.* xiii. 4, 5.

[2] Dr. Johnson's memory deceived him. The passage referred to is not Bacon's, but Boyle's, and may be found, with a slight variation, in Johnson's Dictionary, under the word *Crossbow.*—So happily selected are the greater part of the examples in that incomparable work, that if

is like an arrow shot from a long-bow; the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws it. Argument is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force though shot by a child."

He had dined that day at Mr. Hoole's, and Miss Helen Maria Williams being expected in the evening, Mr. Hoole put into his hands her beautiful "Ode on the Peace."[1] Johnson read it over, and when this elegant and accomplished[2] young lady was presented to him, he took her by the hand in the most courteous manner, and repeated the finest stanza of her poem. This was the most delicate and pleasing compliment he could pay. Her respectable friend, Dr. Kippis, from whom I had this anecdote, was standing by, and was not a little gratified.

Miss Williams told me, that the only other time she was fortunate enough to be in Dr. Johnson's company, he asked her to sit down by him, which she did; and upon her inquiring how he was, he answered, "I am very ill indeed, Madam. I am very ill even when you are near me; what should I be were you at a distance?"

He had now a great desire to go to Oxford, as his first jaunt after his illness. We talked of it for some days, and I had promised to accompany him. He was impatient and fretful to-night, because I did not at once agree to go with

the most striking passages found in it were collected by one of our modern bookmakers, under the title of "The Beauties of Johnson's Dictionary," they would form a very pleasing and popular volume.—*Malone.*

[1] The peace made by that very able statesman the Earl of Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdowne, which may fairly be considered as the foundation of all the prosperity of Great Britain since that time.

[2] In the first edition of my work, the epithet *amiable* was given. I was sorry to be obliged to strike it out; but I could not in justice suffer it to remain, after this young lady had not only written in favour of the savage anarchy with which France has been visited, but had (as I have been informed by good authority) walked, without horror, over the ground at the Thuilleries when it was strewed with the naked bodies of the faithful Swiss Guards, who were barbarously massacred for having bravely defended, against a crew of ruffians, the monarch whom they had taken an oath to defend. From Dr. Johnson she could now expect not endearment, but repulsion. Note in Second Edition. Vol. iii. p. 543.

Miss Williams, like many other early enthusiasts of the French revolution, had latterly altered her opinion very considerably. She died in 1828, æt. 65.—*Croker.*

him on Thursday. When I considered how ill he had been, and what allowance should be made for the influence of sickness upon his temper, I resolved to indulge him, though with some inconvenience to myself, as I wished to attend the musical meeting in honour of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, on the following Saturday.

In the midst of his own diseases and pains, he was ever compassionate to the distresses of others, and actively earnest in procuring them aid, as appears from a note to Sir Joshua Reynolds, of June, in these words:—

"I am ashamed to ask for some relief for a poor man, to whom I hope I have given what I can be expected to spare. The man importunes me, and the blow goes round. I am going to try another air on Thursday."[1]

On Thursday, June 3, the Oxford post coach took us up in the morning at Bolt Court. The other two passengers were Mrs. Beresford and her daughter, two very agreeable ladies from America; they were going to Worcestershire, where they then resided. Frank had been sent by his master the day before to take places for us; and I found from the way-bill that Dr. Johnson had made our names be put down. Mrs. Beresford, who had read it, whispered me, "Is this the great Dr. Johnson?" I told her it was; so she was then prepared to listen. As she soon happened to mention, in a voice so low that Johnson did not hear it, that her husband had been a member of the American Congress, I cautioned her to beware of introducing that subject, as she must know how very violent Johnson was

[1] The following note from Miss Reynolds shows that he was not a solicitor for the poor of his own acquaintance only. It seems to have been given to some poor woman as an introduction to Dr. Johnson:—

"Dover Street, July 9.

"MY GOOD SIR,

"I could not forbear to communicate to the poor woman the hope you had given me of using your interest with your friends to raise her a little sum to enable her to see her native country again; nor could I refuse to write a line to procure her the pleasure of the confirmation of that hope.

"I am, and *always have been*, very troublesome to you; but you are, and *always have been*, very good to your obliged humble servant,

"FRANCES REYNOLDS."

against the people of that country. He talked a great deal; but I am sorry I have preserved little of the conversation. Miss Beresford was so much charmed, that she said to me aside, "How he does talk! Every sentence is an essay." She amused herself in the coach with knotting. He would scarcely allow this species of employment any merit. "Next to mere idleness," said he, "I think knotting is to be reckoned in the scale of insignificance; though I once attempted to learn knotting: Dempster's sister (looking to me) endeavoured to teach me it, but I made no progress."

I was surprised at his talking without reserve in the public post coach of the state of his affairs: "I have," said he, "about the world, I think, above a thousand pounds, which I intend shall afford Frank an annuity of seventy pounds a year." Indeed, his openness with people at a first interview was remarkable. He said once to Mr. Langton, "I think I am like Squire Richard[1] in 'The Journey to London,' *I'm never strange in a strange place.*" He was truly *social.* He strongly censured what is much too common in England among persons of condition,—maintaining an absolute silence when unknown to each other; as, for instance, when occasionally brought together in a room before the master or mistress of the house has appeared. "Sir, that is being so uncivilised as not to understand the common rights of humanity."

At the inn where we stopped he was exceedingly dissatisfied with some roast mutton which we had for dinner. The ladies, I saw, wondered to see the great philosopher, whose wisdom and wit they had been admiring all the way, get into ill-humour from such a cause. He scolded the waiter, saying, "It is as bad as bad can be: it is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest."

He bore the journey very well, and seemed to feel himself elevated as he approached Oxford, that magnificent and venerable seat of learning, orthodoxy, and Toryism. Frank came in the heavy coach, in readiness to attend him; and we were received with the most polite hospitality at the house of his old friend Dr. Adams, Master of Pem-

[1] The remark is made by Miss Jenny, and not by her brother. From its smartness it would have been ill suited to one who was originally described in the dramatis personæ as "a mere whelp."—*Markland.*

broke College, who had given us a kind invitation. Before we were set down, I communicated to Johnson my having engaged to return to London directly for the reason I have mentioned, but that I would hasten back to him again. He was pleased that I had made this journey merely to keep him company. He was easy and placid with Dr. Adams, Mrs. and Miss Adams, and Mrs. Kennicott, widow of the learned Hebræan, who was here on a visit. He soon despatched the inquiries that were made about his illness and recovery by a short and distinct narrative, and then assuming a gay air, repeated from Swift,—

> "Nor think on our approaching ills,
> And talk of spectacles and pills."

Dr. Newton, the Bishop of Bristol, having been mentioned, Johnson, recollecting the manner in which he had been censured by that prelate,[1] thus retaliated:—"Tom knew he should be dead before what he has said of me

[1] Dr. Newton, in his account of his own Life, after animadverting upon Mr. Gibbon's History, says,—

"Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets afforded more amusement; but candour was much hurt and offended at the malevolence that predominates in every part. Some passages, it must be allowed, are judicious and well written, but make not sufficient compensation for so much spleen and ill-humour. Never was any biographer more sparing of his praise, or more abundant in his censures. He seemingly delights more in exposing blemishes, than in recommending beauties; slightly passes over excellences, enlarges upon imperfections, and, not content with his own severe reflections, revives old scandal, and produces large quotations from the forgotten works of former critics. His reputation was so high in the republic of letters, that it wanted not to be raised upon the ruins of others. But these essays, instead of raising a higher idea than was before entertained of his understanding, have certainly given the world a worse opinion of his temper. The bishop was therefore the more surprised and concerned for his townsman, for *he respected him not only for his genius and learning, but valued him much for the more amiable part of his character—his humanity and charity, his morality and religion.*"

The last sentence we may consider as the general and permanent opinion of Bishop Newton; the remarks which precede it must, by all who have read Johnson's admirable work, be imputed to the disgust and peevishness of old age. I wish they had not appeared, and that Dr. Johnson had not been provoked by them to express himself not in respectful terms of a prelate whose labours were certainly of considerable advantage both to literature and religion.

would appear. He durst not have printed it while he was alive." DR. ADAMS. "I believe his 'Dissertations on the Prophecies' is his great work." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, it is *Tom's* great work; but how far it is great, or how much of it is Tom's, are other questions. I fancy a considerable part of it was borrowed." DR. ADAMS. "He was a very successful man." JOHNSON. "I don't think so, Sir. He did not get very high. He was late in getting what he did get; and he did not get it by the best means. I believe he was a gross flatterer."

I fulfilled my intention by going to London, and returned to Oxford on Wednesday the 9th of June, when I was happy to find myself again in the same agreeable circle at Pembroke College, with the comfortable prospect of making some stay. Johnson welcomed my return with more than ordinary glee.

He talked with great regard of the Honourable Archibald Campbell, whose character he had given at the Duke of Argyll's table when we were at Inverary;[1] and at this time wrote out for me, in his own hand, a fuller account of that learned and venerable writer, which I have published in its proper place. Johnson made a remark this evening which struck me a good deal. "I never," said he, "knew a nonjuror who could reason."[2] Surely he did not

[1] Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3rd ed., p. 371. [See vol. v., p. 310.]

[2] The Rev. Mr. Agutter has favoured me with a note of a dialogue between Mr. John Henderson and Dr. Johnson on this topic, as related by Mr. Henderson, and it is evidently so authentic that I shall here insert it:—HENDERSON. "What do you think, Sir, of William Law?" JOHNSON. "William Law, Sir, wrote the best piece of parenetic divinity; but William Law was no reasoner." HENDERSON. "Jeremy Collier, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Jeremy Collier fought without a rival, and therefore could not claim the victory." Mr. Henderson mentioned Ken and Kettlewell; but some objections were made; at last he said, "But, Sir, what do you think of Leslie?" JOHNSON. "Charles Leslie I had forgotten. Leslie *was* a reasoner, and *a reasoner who was not to be reasoned against.*"

Charles was the son of Dr. John Leslie, Bishop of Clogher in Ireland. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Though zealous against popery and King James's popish measures, he could not reconcile his conscience to the oath to William and Mary, and so became a nonjuror, of which party he was one of the chief literary and theological supports and ornaments. After many years of exile he returned to his native

mean to deny that faculty to many of their writers—to Hickes, Brett, and other eminent divines of that persuasion; and did not recollect that the seven bishops, so justly celebrated for their magnanimous resistance of arbitrary power, were yet nonjurors[1] to the new government. The nonjuring clergy of Scotland, indeed, who, excepting a few, have lately, by a sudden stroke, cut off all ties of allegiance to the house of Stuart, and resolved to pray for our present lawful sovereign by name, may be thought to have confirmed this remark; as it may be said, that the divine indefeasible hereditary right which they professed to believe, if ever true, must be equally true still. Many of my readers will be surprised when I mention that Johnson assured me he had never in his life been in a nonjuring meeting-house.

Next morning at breakfast, he pointed out a passage in Savage's "Wanderer," saying, "These are fine verses." "If," said he, "I had written with hostility of Warburton in my Shakspeare, I should have quoted this couplet:—

> 'Here Learning, blinded first, and then beguiled,
> Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild.'

You see they'd have fitted him to a *T*" (smiling). DR. ADAMS. "But you did not write against Warburton." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, I treated him with great respect, both in my preface and in my notes."

Mrs. Kennicott spoke of her brother, the Reverend Mr. Chamberlayne, who had given up great prospects in the Church of England[2] on his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. Johnson, who warmly admired every man who acted from a conscientious regard to principle, erroneous or not, exclaimed fervently, "God bless him."

country, and died in 1722, at his own house at Glaslough, in the county of Monaghan, where his descendants have contined to reside. The present possessor, Mr. Charles Powell Leslie, his great grandson, has represented that county in several parliaments.—*Croker.*

[1] Mr. Boswell is mistaken: two of the seven bishops, viz. Lloyd, of St. Asaph's, and Trelawney, of Bristol, transferred after the Revolution to Exeter and Winchester, were not nonjurors.—*Croker.*

[2] Mr. Hallam informs me that there is here an inaccuracy. Mr. George Chamberlayne was a clerk in the Treasury, and never was in the Church of England. He became a Romish priest, and died in London within the last twenty years.—*Croker.*

[illegible] confirmation of Dr. Johnson's opinion [illegible] was not worse than former ages, men- [illegible] assured her there was now less infi- [illegible] than there had been: Voltaire and [illegible] asserted, from good authority, [illegible] was certainly less read. JOHNSON. [illegible] into oblivion when personal con- [illegible] of novelty are gone; though [illegible] who thinks he can be witty [illegible] again into notice. There will [illegible] joker, who does not consider [illegible] will not do in the world. [illegible] would apply a stanza of a [illegible] have seen in some old

[illegible] agree.

[illegible] other.

[illegible] other.'

[illegible] expression is not correct: [illegible] other."

[illegible] said, "If you join the [illegible] you strictly as [illegible] reasoning papist believes [illegible] the side on which a

[illegible] from memory; but [illegible] Hospital for Wit.

[illegible]

[illegible] Walpole. [illegible]

good man might be persuaded to embrace it. A good man of a timorous disposition, in great doubt of his acceptance with God, and pretty credulous, may be glad to be of a church where there are so many helps to get to heaven I would be a papist if I could. I have fear enough; but an obstinate rationality prevents me. I shall never be a papist, unless on the near approach of death, of which I have a very great terror. I wonder that women are not all papists." BOSWELL. "They are not more afraid of death than men are." JOHNSON. "Because they are less wicked." DR. ADAMS. "They are more pious." JOHNSON. "No, hang 'em, they are not more pious. A wicked fellow is the most pious when he takes to it. He'll beat you all at piety."

He argued in defence of some of the peculiar tenets of the church of Rome. As to the giving the bread only to the laity, he said, "They may think, that in what is merely ritual, deviations from the primitive mode may be admitted on the ground of convenience; and I think they are as well warranted to make this alteration, as we are to substitute sprinkling in the room of the ancient baptism." As to the invocation of saints, he said, "Though I do not think it authorised, it appears to me, that 'the communion of saints' in the Creed means the communion with the saints in heaven, as connected with 'the holy catholic church.'"[1] He admitted the influence of evil spirits upon our minds, and said, "Nobody who believes the New Testament can deny it."

I brought a volume of Dr. Hurd the Bishop of Worcester's Sermons, and read to the company some passages from one of them, upon this text, "*Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you.*" James, iv. 7. I was happy to produce so judicious and elegant a supporter[2] of a doctrine

[1] Waller, in his Divine Poesie, canto first, has the same thought finely expressed:—

> "The church triumphant and the church below
> In songs of praise their present union show:
> Their joys are full, our expectation long;
> In life we differ, but we join in song:
> Angels and we, assisted by this art,
> May sing together, though we dwell apart."

[2] The sermon thus opens:—

"That there are angels and spirits good and bad; that at the head of

which I know not why, should in this world of imperfect knowledge and therefore of wonder and mystery in a thousand instances, be connected by some with an unthinking assurance and dogmacy.

After dinner, when one of us talked of there being a great enmity between Whig and Tory:—JOHNSON. "Why, not so much. I think, unless when they come into competition with each other. There is none when they are only common acquaintance, none when they are of different sexes. A Tory will marry into a Whig family, and a Whig into a Tory family, without any reluctance. But, indeed, in a matter of much more concern than political tenets, and that is religion, men and women do not concern themselves much about difference of opinion: and ladies set no value

there, but there is one more considerable and malignant than the rest, who in the form or under the name of a serpent was deeply concerned in the fall of man, and whose head, as the prophetic language is, the Son of Man was one day to bruise, that this evil spirit, though that prophecy be in part completed, has not yet received his death's wound, but is still permitted, for ends unsearchable to us, and in ways which we cannot particularly explain, to have a certain degree of power in this world hostile to its virtue and happiness, and sometimes exerted with too much success; all this is so clear from Scripture, that no believer, unless he be first of all *seduced by philosophy and vain deceit*, can possibly entertain a doubt of it."

Having treated of possessions, his lordship says:—

"As I have no authority to affirm that there *are* now any such, so neither may I presume to say with confidence that there are *not* any." "But then, with regard to the influence of evil spirits at this day upon the *souls of men*, I shall take leave to be a great deal more peremptory. (Then, having stated the various proofs, he adds). All this, I say, is so *manifest to every one* who reads the Scriptures, that, if we respect their *authority*, the question concerning the reality of the demoniac influence *upon the minds of men* is clearly determined."

Let it be remembered, that these are not the words of an antiquated or *theurgic enthusiast*, but of a learned and polite prelate, now alive; and *were spoken not to* a vulgar congregation, but to the Honourable Society *of Lincoln's Inn*. His lordship in this sermon explains the words "deliver *us from evil*," in the Lord's Prayer, as signifying a request to be protected from "the evil one," that is, the Devil. This is well illustrated in a short but excellent Commentary by my late worthy friend the Reverend Dr. Lort, of whom it may truly be said, *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit*. It is remarkable that Waller, in his Reflections on the several Petitions in that sacred Form of Devotion, has understood this in the same sense:

"Guard us from all temptations of the Foe."

on the moral character of men who pay their addresses to them: the greatest profligate will be as well received as the man of the greatest virtue, and this by a very good woman, by a woman who says her prayers three times a day." Our ladies endeavoured to defend their sex from this charge; but he roared them down! "No, no, a lady will take Jonathan Wild as readily as St. Austin, if he has threepence more; and, what is worse, her parents will give her to him. Women have a perpetual envy of our vices: they are less vicious than we, not from choice, but because we restrict them; they are the slaves of order and fashion; their virtue is of more consequence to us than our own, so far as concerns this world."

Miss Adams mentioned a gentleman of licentious character, and said, "Suppose I had a mind to marry that gentleman, would my parents consent?" JOHNSON. "Yes, they'd consent, and you'd go. You'd go, though they did not consent." MISS ADAMS. "Perhaps their opposing might make me go." JOHNSON. "Oh, very well; you'd take one whom you think a bad man, to have the pleasure of vexing your parents. You put me in mind of Dr. Barrowby,[1] the physician, who was very fond of swine's flesh. One day, when he was eating it, he said, 'I wish I was a Jew.'—'Why so?' said somebody; 'the Jews are not allowed to eat your favourite meat.'—'Because,' said he, 'I should then have the gust of eating it, with the pleasure of sinning.'"—Johnson then proceeded in his declamation.

Miss Adams soon afterwards made an observation that I do not recollect, which pleased him much: he said with a good-humoured smile, "That there should be so much excellence united with so much *depravity*, is strange."

Indeed this lady's good qualities, merit, and accomplishments, and her constant attention to Dr. Johnson, were not lost upon him. She happened to tell him that a little coffee-pot, in which she had made him coffee, was the only thing she could call her own. He turned to her with a complacent gallantry:—"Don't say so, my dear: I hope you don't reckon my heart as nothing."

[1] Dr. Barrowby died in 1758, the senior member of the college of physicians.—*Croker.*

I asked him if it was true, as reported, that he had said lately, "I am for the King against Fox; but I am for Fox against Pitt." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; the King is my master; but I do not know Pitt; and Fox is my friend."

"Fox," added he, "is a most extraordinary man: here is a man (describing him in strong terms of objection in some respects according as he apprehended, but which exalted his abilities the more) who has divided the kingdom with Cæsar; so that it was a doubt whether the nation should be ruled by the sceptre of George the Third, or the tongue of Fox."

Dr. Wall, physician at Oxford, drank tea with us. Johnson had in general a peculiar pleasure in the company of physicians, which was certainly not abated by the conversation of this learned, ingenious, and pleasing gentleman. Johnson said, "It is wonderful how little good Radcliffe's travelling fellowships have done. I know nothing that has been imported by them; yet many additions to our medical knowledge might be got in foreign countries. Inoculation, for instance, has saved more lives than war destroys; and the cures performed by the Peruvian bark are innumerable. But it is in vain to send our travelling physicians to France and Italy and Germany, for all that is known there is known here. I'd send them out of Christendom; I'd send them among barbarous nations."

On Friday, June 11, we talked at breakfast of forms of prayer. JOHNSON. "I know of no good prayers but those in the 'Book of Common Prayer.'" DR. ADAMS (in a very earnest manner). "I wish, Sir, you would compose some family prayers." JOHNSON. "I will not compose prayers for you, Sir, because you can do it for yourself. But I have thought of getting together all the books of prayers which I could, selecting those which should appear to me the best, putting out some, inserting others, adding some prayers of my own, and prefixing a discourse on prayer." We all now gathered about him, and two or three of us at a time joined in pressing him to execute this plan. He seemed to be a little displeased at the manner of our importunity, and in great agitation called out, "Do not talk thus of what is so awful. I know not what time GOD will allow me in this world. There are many things which I wish to do." Some

of us persisted, and Dr. Adams said, "I never was more serious about any thing in my life." JOHNSON. "Let me alone—let me alone—I am overpowered." And then he put his hands before his face, and reclined for some time upon the table.

I mentioned Jeremy Taylor's using, in his forms of prayer, "I am the chief of sinners," and other such self-condemning expressions. "Now," said I, "this cannot be said with truth by every man, and therefore is improper for a general printed form. I myself cannot say that I am the worst of men; I *will* not say so." JOHNSON. "A man may know, that physically, that is, in the real state of things, he is not the worst man; but that morally he may be so. Law observes, 'that every man knows something worse of himself, than he is sure of in others.' You may not have committed such crimes as some men have done; but you do not know against what degree of light they have sinned. Besides, Sir, 'the chief of sinners' is a mode of expression for 'I am a great sinner.' So St. Paul, speaking of our SAVIOUR'S having died to save sinners, says, 'of whom I am the chief:' yet he certainly did not think himself so bad as Judas Iscariot." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, Taylor means it literally, for he founds a conceit upon it. When praying for the conversion of sinners, and of himself in particular, he says, 'LORD, thou wilt not leave thy *chief* work undone.'" JOHNSON. "I do not approve of figurative expressions in addressing the Supreme Being; and I never use them. Taylor gives a very good advice: 'Never lie in your prayers; never confess more than you really believe; never promise more than you mean to perform.'" I recollected this precept in his 'Golden Grove;' but his *example* for prayer contradicts his *precept*.

Dr. Johnson and I went in Dr. Adams's coach to dine with Dr. Nowell, Principal of St. Mary Hall, at his villa at Iffley, on the banks of the Isis, about two miles from Oxford. While we were upon the road, I had the resolution to ask Johnson whether he thought that the roughness of his manner had been an advantage or not, and if he would not have done more good if he had been more gentle. I proceeded to answer myself thus: "Perhaps it has been of advantage, as it has given weight to what you said; you

could not, perhaps, have talked with such authority without it." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; I have done more good as I am. Obscenity and impiety have always been repressed in my company." BOSWELL. "True, Sir; and that is more than can be said of every bishop. Greater liberties have been taken in the presence of a bishop, though a very good man, from his being milder, and therefore not commanding such awe. Yet, Sir, many people who might have been benefited by your conversation have been frightened away. A worthy friend of ours has told me, that he has often been afraid to talk to you." JOHNSON. "Sir, he need not have been afraid, if he had any thing rational to say. If he had not, it was better he did not talk."

Dr. Nowell is celebrated for having preached a sermon[1] before the House of Commons, on the 30th of January, 1772, full of high Tory sentiments, for which he was thanked as usual, and printed it at their request; but, in the midst of that turbulence and faction which disgraced a part of the present reign, the thanks were afterwards ordered to be expunged. This strange conduct sufficiently exposes itself; and Dr. Nowell will ever have the honour which is due to a lofty friend of our monarchical constitution. Dr. Johnson said to me, "Sir, the court will be very much to blame if he is not promoted." I told this to Dr. Nowell; and asserting my humbler, though not less zealous, exertions in the same cause, I suggested, that whatever return we might receive, we should still have the consolation of being, like Butler's steady and generous royalist,—

> "True as the dial to the sun,
> Although it be not shone upon."

We were well entertained and very happy at Dr. Nowell's, where was a very agreeable company; and we drank "Church and King" after dinner, with true Tory cordiality.

We talked of a certain clergyman[2] of extraordinary cha-

[1] See vol. ii., p. 149, n. 1. Nowell died in 1801, aged seventy-three, Principal of St. Mary Hall, without obtaining the high preferment Johnson thought he deserved.—*Editor.*

[2] The Rev. Henry Bate, who, in 1784, took the name of Dudley, was

racter, who, by exerting his talents in writing on temporary topics, and displaying uncommon intrepidity, had raised himself to affluence. I maintained that we ought not to be indignant at his success; for merit of every sort was entitled to reward. JOHNSON. "Sir, I will not allow this man to have merit. No, Sir; what he has is rather the contrary: I will, indeed, allow him courage; and on this account we so far give him credit. We have more respect for a man who robs boldly on the highway, than for a fellow who jumps out of a ditch, and knocks you down behind your back. Courage is a quality so necessary for maintaining virtue, that it is always respected, even when it is associated with vice."

I censured the coarse invectives which were become fashionable in the House of Commons, and said, that if members of parliament must attack each other personally in the heat of debate, it should be done more genteelly. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; that would be much worse. Abuse is not so dangerous when there is no vehicle of wit and delicacy, no subtle conveyance. The difference between coarse and refined abuse is as the difference between being bruised by a club, and wounded by a poisoned arrow."—I have since observed his position elegantly expressed by Dr. Young:—

> "As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
> Good breeding sends the satire to the heart."

On Saturday, June 12, there drank tea with us at Dr. Adams's, Mr. John Henderson, student of Pembroke Col-

created a baronet in 1815, and died in 1824, without issue. He became first known to the world for a rather unclerical exhibition of personal prowess in a Vauxhall squabble (see Lond. Mag. for 1773, p. 461); he was afterwards actively connected with the public press; and in consequence of something that appeared in the Morning Post, of which he was the proprietor, and was supposed to reflect on Lady Strathmore, he was involved in a duel (or *pretended* duel, Gent. Mag. 1810, p. 183, 1828, p. 496) with Mr. Robinson Stoney, who soon after married the lady, and took the name of Bowes. He afterwards quarrelled with his co-proprietors in the Post, one of whom, Joseph Richardson, he wounded in another duel, and set up the Morning Herald. He subsequently obtained considerable church preferment, became an active and respectable magistrate, and the latter portion of his life was amiable and decorous.—*Croker*.

lege, celebrated for his wonderful acquirements in alchymy, judicial astrology, and other abstruse and curious learning[1] —and the Reverend Herbert Croft, who, I am afraid, was somewhat mortified by Dr. Johnson's not being highly pleased with some "Family Discourses" which he had printed; they were in too familiar a style to be approved of by so manly a mind. I have no note of this evening's conversation, except a single fragment. When I mentioned Thomas Lord Lyttelton's vision, the prediction of the time of his death, and its exact fulfilment:—JOHNSON. "It is the most extraordinary thing that has happened in my day. I heard it with my own ears, from his uncle, Lord Westcote. I am so glad to have every evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it." DR. ADAMS. "You have evidence enough; good evidence, which needs not such support." JOHNSON. "I like to have more."[2]

Mr. Henderson, with whom I had sauntered in the venerable walks of Merton College, and found him a very learned and pious man, supped with us. Dr. Johnson surprised him not a little, by acknowledging with a look of horror, that he was much oppressed by the fear of death. The amiable Dr. Adams suggested that GOD was infinitely good:—JOHNSON. "That he is infinitely good, so far as the perfection of his nature will allow, I certainly believe; but it is necessary for good upon the whole, that individuals should be punished. As to an *individual*, therefore, he is not infinitely good; and as I cannot be *sure* that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted, I am afraid I may be one of those who shall be damned." (Looking dismally.) DR. ADAMS. "What do you mean by damned?" JOHNSON (passionately and loudly). "Sent to hell, Sir, and punished everlastingly." DR. ADAMS. "I don't believe that doctrine." JOHNSON. "Hold, Sir: do

[1] See an account of him, in a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Agutter.

[He was a young man of extraordinary abilities, but of strange habits and manners. He was supposed to be well-read in books which no one else reads. He took his bachelor's degree, but never got out into the world, having died in College in 1788. Mr. Croker states this on the authority of Hall, Master of Pembroke, 1809-1843.]

[2] A correct account of Lord Lyttelton's supposed vision may be found in Nash's History of Worcestershire.—*Malone.*

This correct account I confess my inability to find.—*Editor.*

you believe that some will be punished at all?" DR. ADAMS. "Being excluded from heaven will be a punishment; yet there may be no great positive suffering." JOHNSON. "Well, Sir, but if you admit any degree of punishment, there is an end of your argument for infinite goodness simply considered; for infinite goodness would inflict no punishment whatever. There is not infinite goodness physically considered: morally there is." BOSWELL. "But may not a man attain to such a degree of hope as not to be uneasy from the fear of death?" JOHNSON. "A man may have such a degree of hope as to keep him quiet. You see I am not quiet, from the vehemence with which I talk; but I do not despair." MRS. ADAMS. "You seem, Sir, to forget the merits of our Redeemer." JOHNSON. "Madam, I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer; but my Redeemer has said that he will set some on his right hand and some on his left."—He was in gloomy agitation, and said, "I'll have no more on't."—If what has now been stated should be urged by the enemies of Christianity, as if its influence on the mind were not benignant, let it be remembered, that Johnson's temperament was melancholy, of which such direful apprehensions of futurity are often a common effect. We shall presently see, that when he approached nearer to his awful change, his mind became tranquil, and he exhibited as much fortitude as becomes a thinking man in that situation.

From the subject of death we passed to discourse of life, whether it was upon the whole more happy or miserable. Johnson was decidedly for the balance of misery:[1] in confirmation of which I maintained that no man would choose to lead over again the life which he had experienced. Johnson acceded to that opinion in the strongest terms. This is an inquiry often made: and its being a subject of disquisition is a proof that much misery presses upon human feelings; for those who are conscious of a felicity of existence would never hesitate to accept of a repetition of it. I have met with very few who would. I have heard Mr. Burke make use of a very ingenious and

[1] The long note, containing the remarks of the Rev. Ralph Churton, Fellow of Brasenose, on Boswell's work, is transferred to the Appendix of this volume.—*Editor.*

plausible argument on this subject: "Every man," said he, "would lead his life over again; for every man is willing to go on and take an addition to his life, which, as he grows older, he has no reason to think will be better, or even so good as what has preceded." I imagine, however, the truth is, that there is a deceitful hope that the next part of life will be free from the pains, and anxieties, and sorrows, which we have already felt. We are for wise purposes "condemned to Hope's delusive mine," as Johnson finely says; and I may also quote the celebrated lines of Dryden, equally philosophical and poetical:—

> "When I consider life, 't is all a cheat,
> Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit·
> Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
> To-morrow's falser than the former day;
> Lies worse; and, while it says we shall be blest
> With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
> Strange cozenage! none would live past years again;
> Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
> And from the dregs of life think to receive
> What the first sprightly running could not give."[1]

It was observed to Dr. Johnson, that it seemed strange that he, who has so often delighted his company by his lively and brilliant conversation, should say he was miserable. JOHNSON. "Alas! it is all outside; I may be cracking my joke, and cursing the sun. *Sun, how I hate thy beams!*" I knew not well what to think of this declaration; whether to hold it as a genuine picture of his mind,[2] or as the effect of his persuading himself, contrary to fact, that the position which he had assumed as to human unhappiness was true. We may apply to him a sentence in Mr. Greville's "Maxims, Characters, and Reflections;"[3] a book which is entitled to much more praise than it has

[1] Aurengzebe, act iv., sc. 1.

[2] Yet there is no doubt that a man may appear very gay in company, who is sad at heart. His merriment is like the sound of drums and trumpets in a battle, to drown the groans of the wounded and dying.

[3] Fulke Greville, Esq., of Welbury, in Wilts, the husband of the authoress of the Ode to Indifference.—*Markland.* The book was published anonymously. Lond. 1756. 8vo.—*Editor.*

received: "Aristarchus is charming; how full of knowledge, of sense, of sentiment. You get him with difficulty to your supper; and after having delighted every body and himself for a few hours, he is obliged to return home; he is finishing his treatise, to prove that unhappiness is the portion of man."

On Sunday, 13th June, our philosopher was calm at breakfast. There was something exceedingly pleasing in our leading a college life, without restraint and with superior elegance, in consequence of our living in the master's house, and having the company of ladies. Mrs. Kennicott related, in his presence, a lively saying of Dr. Johnson to Miss Hannah More, who had expressed a wonder that the poet who had written "Paradise Lost," should write such poor sonnets: "Milton, Madam, was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones."

We talked of the casuistical question, "Whether it was allowable at any time to depart from *truth?*" JOHNSON. "The general rule is, that truth should never be violated, because it is of the utmost importance to the comfort of life that we should have a full security by mutual faith; and occasional inconveniences should be willingly suffered, that we may preserve it. There must, however, be some exceptions. If, for instance, a murderer should ask you which way a man is gone, you may tell him what is not true, because you are under a previous obligation not to betray a man to a murderer." BOSWELL. "Supposing the person who wrote 'Junius' were asked whether he was the author, might he deny it?" JOHNSON. "I don't know what to say to this. If you were *sure* that he wrote 'Junius,' would you, if he denied it, think as well of him afterwards? Yet it may be urged that what a man has no right to ask, you may refuse to communicate; and there is no other effectual mode of preserving a secret, and an important secret, the discovery of which may be very hurtful to you, but a flat denial; for if you are silent, or hesitate, or evade, it will be held equivalent to a confession. But stay, Sir, here is another case. Supposing the author had told me confidentially that he had written 'Junius,' and I were asked if he had, I should hold myself at liberty

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

> [illegible]

> But when the world's loud praise is thine,
>   And spleen no more shall blame;
> When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
>   In one establish'd fame—

[illegible] annotator calls them "amiable verses." [illegible] annotator was Pope himself.—*Croker*.

"When none shall rail, and every lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
That day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see."

It is surely not a little remarkable that they should appear without a name. Miss Seward, knowing Dr. Johnson's almost universal and minute literary information, signified a desire that I should ask him who was the author. He was prompt with his answer:—"Why, Sir, they were written by one Lewis, who was either undermaster or an usher of Westminster-school and published a Miscellany, in which 'Grongar Hill' first came out."[1] Johnson praised them highly, and repeated them with a noble animation. In the twelfth line, instead of "one established fame," he repeated "one unclouded flame," which he thought was the reading in former editions; but

[1] Lewis's verses addressed to Pope (as Mr. Bindley suggests to me) were first published in a collection of Pieces in verse and prose on occasion of The Dunciad, 8vo., 1729. They are there called an Epigram. In that miscellany the beautiful poem Away, let nought to love displeasing (reprinted in Percy's Reliques, vol. i., Book iii., No. 13 [Winifreda]), first appeared; and is there said to be a translation from the Ancient British. Lewis was author of Philip of Macedon, a tragedy, published in 1727, and dedicated to Pope: and in 1730 he published a second volume of miscellaneous poems. As Dr. Johnson settled in London not long after the verses addressed to Pope first appeared, he probably then obtained some information concerning their author, David Lewis, whom he has described as an usher of Westminster-school; yet the Dean of Westminster who has been pleased to make some inquiry on this subject, has not found any vestige of his having ever been employed in this situation. A late writer (Environs of London. iv., 171) supposed that the following inscription in the churchyard of the church of Low Leyton in Essex, was intended to commemorate this poet: "*Sacred to the memory of David Lewis, Esq., who died the 8th day of April*, 1760, *aged* 77 *years; a great favourite of the Muses, as his many excellent pieces in poetry sufficiently testify.*

'*Inspired verse may on this marble live.*
But can no honour to thy ashes give.'"—

But it appears to me improbable that this monument was erected for the author of the verses to Pope, and of the tragedy already mentioned: the language both of the dedication prefixed to that piece, and of the dedication addressed to the Earl of Shaftesbury, and prefixed to the Miscellanies, 1730, denoting a person who moved in a lower sphere than this Essex squire seems to have done.—*Malone.*

I believe was a flash of his own genius. It is much more poetical than the other.

On Monday, 14th June, and Tuesday, 15th, Dr. Johnson and I dined, on one of them, I forget which, with Mr. Mickle, translator of the "Lusiad," at Wheatley, a very pretty country place a few miles from Oxford; and on the other with Dr. Wetherell, Master of University College. From Dr. Wetherell's he went to visit Mr. Sackville Parker, the bookseller; and when he returned to us gave the following account of his visit, saying, "I have been to see my old friend, Sack. Parker; I find he has married his maid; he has done right. She had lived with him many years in great confidence, and they had mingled minds; I do not think he could have found any wife that would have made him so happy. The woman was very attentive and civil to me; she pressed me to fix a day for dining with them, and to say what I liked, and she would be sure to get it for me. Poor Sack! he is very ill indeed. We parted as never to meet again. It has quite broken me down." This pathetic narrative was strangely diversified with the grave and earnest defence of a man's having married his maid. I could not but feel it as in some degree ludicrous.

In the morning of Tuesday, 15th of June, while we sat at Dr. Adams's, we talked of a printed letter from the Reverend Herbert Croft, to a young gentleman who had been his pupil, in which he advised him to read to the end of whatever books he should begin to read. JOHNSON. "This is surely a strange advice; you may as well resolve that whatever men you happen to get acquainted with, you are to keep to them for life. A book may be good for nothing; or there may be only one thing in it worth knowing; are we to read it all through? These Voyages [1] (pointing to the three large volumes of 'Voyages to the South Sea' which were just come out) *who* will read them through? A man had better work his way before the mast than read them through: they will be eaten by rats and mice, before they are read through. There can be

[1] [An Account of the Voyages undertaken by the order of his present Majesty for making discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere. Drawn up by Hawkesworth. 3 vols., 4to. London. 1783.]

little entertainment in such books; one set of savages is like another." BOSWELL. "I do not think the people of Otaheite can be reckoned savages." JOHNSON. "Don't cant in defence of savages." BOSWELL. "They have the art of navigation." JOHNSON. "A dog or cat can swim." BOSWELL. "They carve very ingeniously." JOHNSON. "A cat can scratch, and a child with a nail can scratch." I perceived this was none of the *mollia tempora fandi;* so desisted.

Upon his mentioning that when he came to college he wrote his first exercise twice over, but never did so afterwards:—MISS ADAMS. "I suppose, Sir, you could not make them better?" JOHNSON. "Yes, Madam, to be sure, I could make them better. Thought is better than no thought." MISS ADAMS, "Do you think, Sir, you could make your Ramblers better?" JOHNSON. "Certainly I could." BOSWELL. "I'll lay a bet, Sir, you cannot." JOHNSON. "But I will, Sir, if I choose. I shall make the best of them you shall pick out, better." BOSWELL. "But you may add to them. I will not allow of that." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, there are three ways of making them better; putting out, adding, or correcting."

During our visit at Oxford, the following conversation passed between him and me on the subject of my trying my fortune at the English bar. Having asked whether a very extensive acquaintance in London, which was very valuable, and of great advantage to a man at large, might not be prejudicial to a lawyer, by preventing him giving sufficient attention to his business? JOHNSON. "Sir, you will attend to business as business lays hold of you. When not actually employed, you may see your friends as much as you do now. You may dine at a club every day, and sup with one of the members every night; and you may be as much at public places as one who has seen them all would wish to be. But you must take care to attend constantly in Westminster Hall; both to mind your business, as it is almost all learnt there (for nobody reads now), and to show that you want to have business. And you must not be too often seen at public places, that competitors may not have it to say, 'He is always at the playhouse or at Ranelagh, and never to be found at his chambers.' And, Sir, there

must be a kind of solemnity in the manner of a professional man, I have nothing particular to say to *you* on the subject. All this I should say to any one; I should have said it to Lord Thurlow twenty years ago."

The profession may probably think this representation of what is required in a barrister who would hope for success, to be much too indulgent; but certain it is, that as

"The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,'

some of the lawyers of this age who have risen high have by no means thought it absolutely necessary to submit to that long and painful course of study which a Plowden, a Coke and a Hale considered as requisite. My respected friend, Mr. Langton, has shown me, in the handwriting of his grandfather, a curious account of a conversation which he had with Lord Chief Justice Hale,[1] in which that great man tells him, "That for two years after he came to the inn of court, he studied sixteen hours a day; however, his lordship added, that by this intense application he almost brought himself to his grave, though he were of a very strong constitution, and after reduced himself to eight hours; but that he would not advise any body to so much; that he thought six hours a day, with attention and constancy, was sufficient; that a man must use his body as he would his horse, and his stomach; not tire him at once, but rise with an appetite."

On Wednesday, June 16th, Dr. Johnson and I returned to London: he was not well to-day, and said very little, employing himself chiefly in reading Euripides. He expressed some displeasure at me for not observing sufficiently the various objects upon the road. "If I had your eyes, Sir," said he, "I should count the passengers." It was wonderful how accurate his observation of visual objects was, notwithstanding his imperfect eyesight, owing to a habit of attention. That he was much satisfied with the respect paid to him at Dr. Adams's is thus attested by himself: "I returned last night from Oxford, after a fortnight's abode with Dr. Adams, who treated me as well as I could expect or wish; and he that contents a sick man, a

[1] This interesting conversation is given at length, in Seward's Anecdotes of distinguished Persons, vol. iv., p. 489.—*Markland.*

man whom it is impossible to please, has surely done his part well."[1]

After his return to London from this excursion, I saw him frequently, but have few memorandums; I shall therefore here insert some particulars which I collected at various times.

The Reverend Mr. Astle, of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, brother to the learned and ingenious Thomas Astle, Esq., was from his early years known to Dr. Johnson, who obligingly advised him as to his studies, and recommended to him the following books, of which a list which he has been pleased to communicate lies before me, in Johnson's own handwriting:—

"Universal History (ancient)—Rollin's Ancient History—Puffendorf's Introduction to History—Vertot's History of Knights of Malta—Vertot's Revolution of Portugal—Vertot's Revolution of Sweden—Carte's History of England—Present State of England—Geographical Grammar—Prideaux's Connexion—Nelson's Feasts and Fasts—Duty of Man—Gentleman's Religion—Clarendon's History—Watt's Improvement of the Mind—Watt's Logic—Nature Displayed—Lowth's English Grammar—Blackwall on the Classics—Sherlock's Sermons—Burnet's Life of Hale—Dupin's History of the Church—Shuckford's Connexions—Law's Serious Call—Walton's Complete Angler—Sandys's Travels—Sprat's History of the Royal Society—England's Gazetteer—Goldsmith's Roman History—Some Commentaries on the Bible."

It having been mentioned to Dr. Johnson, that a gentleman who had a son whom he imagined to have an extreme degree of timidity, resolved to send him to a public school, that he might acquire confidence: "Sir," said Johnson, "this is a preposterous expedient for removing his infirmity; such a disposition should be cultivated in the shade. Placing him at a public school is forcing an owl upon day."

Speaking of a gentleman whose house was much frequented by low company: "Rags, Sir," said he, "will

[1] Letters to Mrs. Thrale, vol. ii., p. 372.

always make their appearance where they have a right to do it."

Of the same gentleman's mode of living, he said, "Sir, the servants, instead of doing what they are bid, stand round the table in idle clusters, gaping upon the guests; and seem as unfit to attend a company, as to steer a man of war."

A dull country magistrate gave Johnson a long, tedious account of his exercising his criminal jurisdiction, the result of which was his having sentenced four convicts to transportation. Johnson, in an agony of impatience to get rid of such a companion, exclaimed, "I heartily wish, Sir, that I were a fifth."

Johnson was present when a tragedy was read, in which there occurred this line:

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

The company having admired it much, "I cannot agree with you," said Johnson: "it might as well be said,

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

He was pleased with the kindness of Mr. Cator, who was joined with him in Mr. Thrale's important trust, and thus describes him:[1] "There is much good in his character, and much usefulness in his knowledge." He found a cordial solace at that gentleman's seat at Beckenham, in Kent, which is indeed one of the finest places at which I ever was a guest; and where I find more and more a hospitable welcome.

Johnson seldom encouraged general censure of any profession; but he was willing to allow a due share of merit to the various departments necessary in civilised life. In a splenetic, sarcastical, or jocular frame of mind, however, he would sometimes utter a pointed saying of that nature. One instance has been mentioned[2] where he gave a sudden satirical stroke to the character of an *attorney*. The too indiscriminate admission to that employment, which requires both abilities and integrity, has given rise to injurious reflections, which are totally inapplicable to many

[1] Letters to Mrs. Thrale, vol. ii., p. 284. [2] See vol. ii. p. 125.

very respectable men who exercise it with reputation and honour.

Johnson having argued for some time with a pertinacious gentleman; his opponent, who had talked in a very puzzling manner, happened to say, "I don't understand you, Sir;" upon which Johnson observed, "Sir, I have found you an argument, but I am not obliged to find you an understanding."

Talking to me of *Horry Walpole* (as Horace, now Earl of Orford, was often called), Johnson allowed that he got together a great many curious little things, and told them in an elegant manner. Mr. Walpole thought Johnson a more amiable character after reading his Letters to Mrs. Thrale: but never was one of the true admirers of that great man. We may suppose a prejudice conceived, if he ever heard Johnson's account to Sir George Staunton, that when he made speeches in parliament for the Gentleman's Magazine, "he always took care to put Sir Robert Walpole in the wrong, and to say every thing he could against the electorate of Hanover." The celebrated Heroic Epistle, in which Johnson is satirically introduced, has been ascribed both to Mr. Walpole and Mr. Mason. One day at Mr. Courtenay's, when a gentleman expressed his opinion that there was more energy in that poem than could be expected from Mr. Walpole; Mr. Warton, the late laureate, observed, "It may have been written by Walpole, and *buckram'd* by Mason." [1]

He disapproved of Lord Hailes, for having modernised the language of the *ever memorable* John Hales of Eton,[2] in an edition[3] which his lordship published of that writer's works. "An author's language, Sir," said he, "is a characteristical part of his composition, and is also characteristical of the age in which he writes. Besides, Sir, when the language is changed, we are not sure that the sense

[1] It is now (1804) *known* that the Heroick Epistle was written by Mason.—*Malone.*

[2] John Hales, fellow of Eton, was an eminent scholar and divine, and a suffering loyalist under the Commonwealth; but I think he owes the title of *ever memorable*, by which he is distinguished, to his being, by the partiality of a friendly editor, Bishop Pearson, so styled in the title-page to his Golden Remains, published in 1659.—*Croker.*

[3] In 3 vols. sm. 8vo. Foulis, Glasgow.—*Editor.*

is the same. No, Sir: I am sorry Lord Hailes has done this."

Here it may be observed, that his frequent use of the expression. *No, Sir,* was not always to intimate contradiction: for he would do so when he was about to enforce an affirmative proposition which had not been denied, as in the instance last mentioned. I used to consider it as a kind of flag of defiance; as if he had said, "Any argument you may offer against this is not just. No, Sir, it is not." It was like Falstaff's "I deny your major."[1]

Sir Joshua Reynolds having said that he took the altitude of a man's taste by his stories and his wit, and of his understanding by the remarks which he repeated; being always sure that he must be a weak man who quotes common things with an emphasis as if they were oracles;—Johnson agreed with him; and Sir Joshua having also observed that the real character of a man was found out by his amusements, Johnson added, "Yes, Sir; no man is a hypocrite in his pleasures."

I have mentioned Johnson's general aversion to a pun. He once, however, endured one of mine. When we were talking of a numerous company in which he had distinguished himself highly, I said, "Sir, you were a cod surrounded by smelts. Is not this enough for you? at a time too when you were not *fishing* for a compliment?" He laughed at this with a complacent approbation. Old Mr. Sheridan observed, upon my mentioning it to him, "He liked your compliment so well, he was willing to take it with *pun sauce.*" For my own part, I think no innocent species of wit or pleasantry should be suppressed; and that a good pun may be admitted among the smaller excellencies of lively conversation.

Had Johnson treated at large *De Claris Oratoribus,* he might have given us an admirable work. When the Duke of Bedford attacked the ministry as vehemently as he

[1] Sir James Mackintosh remembers that while spending the Christmas of 1793 at Beaconsfield, Mr. Burke said to him, "Johnson showed more powers of mind in company than in his writings; but he argued only for victory; and when he had neither a paradox to defend, nor an antagonist to crush, he would preface his *assent* with *Why, no, Sir.*" —*Croker.*

could, for having taken upon them to extend the time for the importation of corn, Lord Chatham, in his first speech in the House of Lords, boldly avowed himself to be an adviser of that measure. "My colleagues," said he, "as I was confined by indisposition, did me the signal honour of coming to the bedside of a sick man, to ask his opinion. But, had they not thus condescended, I should have *taken up my bed and walked,* in order to have delivered that opinion at the Council-board." Mr. Langton, who was present, mentioned this to Johnson, who observed, "Now, Sir, we see that he took these words as he found them, without considering, that though the expression in Scripture, *Take up thy bed and walk,* strictly suited the instance of the sick man restored to health and strength, who would of course be supposed to carry his bed with him, it could not be proper in the case of a man who was lying in a state of feebleness, and who certainly would not add to the difficulty of moving at all, that of carrying his bed."

When I pointed out to him in the newspaper one of Mr. Grattan's animated and glowing speeches in favour of the freedom of Ireland, in which this expression occurred (I know not if accurately taken): "We will persevere, till there is not one link in the English chain left to clank upon the rags of the meanest beggar in Ireland:"—"Nay, Sir," said Johnson, "don't you perceive that *one* link cannot clank?"

Mrs. Thrale has published,[1] as Johnson's, a kind of parody or counterpart of a fine poetical passage in one of Mr. Burke's speeches on American taxation. It is vigorously but somewhat coarsely executed; and, I am inclined to suppose, is not quite correctly exhibited. I hope he did not use the words "*vile agents*" for the Americans in the House of Parliament; and if he did so, in an extempore effusion, I wish the lady had not committed it to writing.

Mr. Burke uniformly showed Johnson the greatest respect; and—when Mr. Townshend, now Lord Sydney, at a period when he was conspicuous in opposition, threw out some reflection in parliament upon the grant of a pension

[1] Johnsoniana, p. 20.

to a man of such political principles as Johnson—Mr Burke, though then of the same party with Mr. Townshend, stood warmly forth in defence of his friend, to whom, he justly observed, the pension was granted solely on account of his eminent literary merit. I am well assured, that Mr. Townshend's attack upon Johnson was the occasion of his "hitching in a rhyme;" for that in the original copy of Goldsmith's character of Mr. Burke, in his "Retaliation," another person's name stood in the couplet where Mr. Townshend is now introduced:

"Though fraught with all learning yet straining his throat,
To persuade *Tommy Townshend* to lend him a vote."[1]

It may be worth remarking, among the *minutiæ* of my collection, that Johnson was once drawn to serve in the militia, the trained bands of the city of London, and that Mr. Rackstrow, of the museum in Fleet Street, was his colonel. It may be believed he did not serve in person; but the idea, with all its circumstances, is certainly laughable. He upon that occasion provided himself with a musket, and with a sword and belt, which I have seen hanging in his closet.

He was very constant to those whom he once employed, if they gave him no reason to be displeased. When somebody talked of being imposed on in the purchase of tea and sugar, and such articles: "That will not be the case," said he, "if you go to a *stately shop*, as I always do. In such a shop it is not worth their while to take a petty advantage.

An author of most anxious and restless vanity being mentioned;—"Sir," said he, "there is not a young sapling upon Parnassus more severely blown about by every wind of criticism than that poor fellow."

The difference, he observed, between a well-bred and an ill-bred man is this: "One immediately attracts your liking, the other your aversion. You love the one till you

[1] I rather believe that it was in consequence of his persisting in clearing the gallery of the House of Commons, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of Burke and Fox, one evening when Garrick was present.—*Mackintosh.—Croker.*

find reason to hate him; you hate the other till you find reason to love him."

The wife of one of his acquaintance had fraudulently made a purse for herself out of her husband's fortune. Feeling a proper compunction in her last moments, she confessed how much she had secreted; but before she could tell where it was placed, she was seized with a convulsive fit and expired. Her husband said, he was more hurt by her want of confidence in him, than by the loss of his money. "I told him," said Johnson, "that he should console himself; for *perhaps* the money might be *found*, and he was *sure* that his wife was *gone*."

A foppish physician once reminded Johnson of his having been in company with him on a former occasion: "I do not remember it, Sir." The physician still insisted; adding that he that day wore so fine a coat that it must have attracted his notice. "Sir," said Johnson, "had you been dipped in Pactolus, I should not have noticed you."

He seemed to take a pleasure in speaking in his own style; for when he had carelessly missed it, he would repeat the thought translated into it. Talking of the comedy of "The Rehearsal," he said, "It has not wit enough to keep it sweet." This was easy;—he therefore caught himself, and pronounced a more round sentence: "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction."

He censured a writer of entertaining travels for assuming a feigned character, saying (in his sense of the word), "He carries out one lie; we know not how many he brings back." At another time, talking of the same person, he observed, "Sir, your assent to a man whom you have never known to falsify is a debt; but after you have known a man to falsify, your assent to him then is a favour."

Though he had no taste for painting, he admired much the manner in which Sir Joshua Reynolds treated of his art, in his "Discourses to the Royal Academy." He observed one day of a passage in them, "I think I might as well have said this myself;" and once when Mr. Langton was sitting by him, he read one of them very eagerly, and expressed himself thus: "Very well, Master Reynolds; very well, indeed. But it will not be understood."

When I observed to him that Painting was so far in-

ferior to Poetry, that the story or even emblem which it communicates must be previously known, and mentioned as a natural and laughable instance of this, that a little miss, on seeing a picture of Justice with the scales, had exclaimed to me, "See, there's a woman selling sweetmeats;" he said, "Painting, Sir, can illustrate, but cannot inform."

No man was more ready to make an apology when he had censured unjustly than Johnson. When a proof-sheet of one of his works was brought to him, he found fault with the mode in which a part of it was arranged, refused to read it, and in a passion, desired that the compositor[1] might be sent to him. The compositor was Mr. Manning, a decent sensible man, who had *composed* about one half of his "Dictionary," when in Mr. Strahan's printing-house; and a great part of his "Lives of the Poets," when in that of Mr. Nichols; and who (in his seventy-seventh year) when in Mr. Baldwin's printing-house, composed a part of the first edition of this work concerning him. By producing the manuscript, he at once satisfied Dr. Johnson that he was not to blame. Upon which Johnson candidly and earnestly said to him, "Mr. Compositor, I ask your pardon; Mr. Compositor, I ask your pardon, again and again."

His generous humanity to the miserable was almost beyond example. The following instance is well attested: coming home late one night, he found a poor woman lying in the street, so much exhausted that she could not walk; he took her upon his back and carried her to his house, where he discovered that she was one of those wretched females who had fallen into the lowest state of vice, poverty, and disease. Instead of harshly upbraiding her, he had her taken care of with all tenderness for a long time, at a considerable expense, till she was restored to health, and endeavoured to put her into a virtuous way of living.[2]

He thought Mr. Caleb Whitefoord singularly happy in

[1] Compositor in the printing-house means, the person who adjusts the types in the order in which they are to stand for printing; and arranges what is called the *form*, from which an impression is taken.

[2] The circumstance therefore alluded to in Mr. Courtenay's Poetical Character of him is strictly true. My informer was Mrs. Desmoulins, who lived many years in Dr. Johnson's house.

hitting on the signature of *Papyrius Cursor* to his ingenious and diverting Cross Readings of the newspapers;[1] it being a real name of an ancient Roman, and clearly expressive of the thing done in this lively conceit.

He once in his life was known to have uttered what is called a *bull:* Sir Joshua Reynolds, when they were riding together in Devonshire, complained that he had a very bad horse, for that even when going down hill he moved slowly step by step. "Ay," says Johnson, "and when he *goes* up hill he *stands still.*"

He had a great aversion to gesticulating in company. He called once to a gentleman[2] who offended him in that point, "Don't *attitudinise.*" And when another gentleman thought he was giving additional force to what he uttered by expressive movements of his hands, Johnson fairly seized them, and held them down.

An author of considerable eminence having engrossed a good share of the conversation in the company of Johnson, and having said nothing but what was trifling and insignificant, Johnson, when he was gone, observed to us, "It is wonderful what a difference there sometimes is between a man's powers of writing and of talking. ****** writes with great spirit, but is a poor talker: had he held his tongue, we might have supposed him to have been restrained by modesty; but he has spoken a great deal to-day, and you have heard what stuff it was."

A gentleman having said that a *congé d'élire* has not, perhaps, the force of a command, but may be considered only as a strong recommendation:—"Sir," replied Johnson, who overheard him, "it is such a recommendation, as if I should throw you out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, and recommend to you to fall soft."[3]

[1] He followed his Cross Readings by a still more witty paper on the Errors of the Press. These two laughable essays are preserved in the Foundling Hospital for Wit.—*Croker.*

[2] This was Sir Richard Musgrave, an Irish Baronet, author of a History of the Rebellion of 1798, whom I knew intimately, and who had, it must be confessed, a great eagerness of manner. One day, when Sir Richard was urging him with singular warmth to write the lives of the prose writers, and getting up to enforce his suit, Johnson coldly replied, "Sit down, Sir."—*Piozzi,* Anecdotes.—*Croker.* [Johnsoniana, p. 116.]

[3] This has been printed in other publications "fall *to the ground.*"

Mr. Steevens, who passed many a social hour with him during their long acquaintance, which commenced when they both lived in the Temple, has preserved a good number of particulars concerning him, most of which are to be found in the department of Apophthegms,[1] &c., in the collection of "Johnson's Works." But he has been pleased to favour me with the following, which are original:—

"One evening, previous to the trial of Baretti, a consultation of his friends was held at the house of Mr. Cox, the solicitor, in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. Among others present were Mr. Burke and Dr. Johnson, who differed in sentiments concerning the tendency of some part of the defence the prisoner was to make. When the meeting was over, Mr. Steevens observed that the question between him and his friend had been agitated with rather too much warmth. 'It may be so, Sir,' replied the doctor, 'for Burke and I should have been of one opinion if we had had no audience.'"

"Dr. Johnson once assumed a character in which perhaps even Mr. Boswell never saw him. His curiosity having been excited by the praises bestowed on the celebrated Torré's fireworks at Marybone Gardens, he desired Mr. Steevens to accompany him thither. The evening had proved showery, and soon after the few people present were assembled, public notice was given that the conductors of the wheels, suns, stars, &c. were so thoroughly watersoaked that it was impossible any part of the exhibition should be made, 'This is a mere excuse,' says the doctor, 'to save their crackers for a more profitable company. Let us both hold up our sticks and threaten to break those coloured lamps that surround the orchestra, and we shall soon have our wishes gratified. The core of the fireworks cannot be injured; let the different pieces be touched in their respective centres, and they will do their offices as well as ever.' Some young men, who overheard him, immediately began the violence he had recommended, and an attempt was speedily made to fire some of the wheels which appeared to have received the smallest damage; but to little purpose were they lighted, for most of them com-

But Johnson himself gave me the true expression, which he had used as above; meaning that the recommendation left as little choice in the one case as the other.

[1] In the eleventh volume of Hawkins's edition of Johnson's works, pp. 197-216. [Reprinted in the Johnsoniana, pp. 123-137.]—*Editor.*

pletely failed. The author of 'The Rambler,' however, may be considered on this occasion as the ringleader of a successful riot, though not as a skilful pyrotechnist."

"It has been supposed that Dr. Johnson, so far as fashion was concerned, was careless of his appearance in public. But this is not altogether true, as the following slight instance may show:—Goldsmith's last comedy was to be represented during some court-mourning, and Mr. Steevens appointed to call on Dr. Johnson, and carry him to the tavern where he was to dine with other of the poet's friends. The doctor was ready dressed, but in coloured clothes; yet being told that he would find every one else in black, received the intelligence with a profusion of thanks, hastened to change his attire, all the while repeating his gratitude for the information that had saved him from an appearance so improper in the front row of a front box. 'I would not,' added he, 'for ten pounds have seemed so retrograde to any general observance.'"

"He would sometimes found his dislikes on very slender circumstances. Happening one day to mention Mr. Flexman, a dissenting minister, with some compliment to his exact memory in chronological matters; the doctor replied, 'Let me hear no more of him, Sir. That is the fellow who made the index to my Ramblers, and set down the name of Milton thus:—Milton, *Mr.* John.'"

Mr. Steevens adds this testimony:

"It is unfortunate, however, for Johnson, that his particularities and frailties can be more distinctly traced than his good and amiable exertions. Could the many bounties he studiously concealed, the many acts of humanity he performed in private, be displayed with equal circumstantiality, his defects would be so far lost in the blaze of his virtues, that the latter only would be regarded."

Though, from my very high admiration of Johnson, I have wondered that he was not courted by all the great and all the eminent persons of his time, it ought fairly to be considered, that no man of humble birth, who lived entirely by literature, in short, no author by profession, ever rose in this country into that personal notice which he did. In the course of this work a numerous variety of names

has been mentioned, to which many might be added. I cannot omit Lord and Lady Lucan, at whose house he often enjoyed all that an elegant table and the best company can contribute to happiness: he found hospitality united with extraordinary accomplishments, and embellished with charms of which no man could be insensible.

On Tuesday, June 22, I dined with him at the Literary Club, the last time of his being in that respectable society. The other members present were the Bishop of St. Asaph, Lord Eliot, Lord Palmerston, Dr. Fordyce, and Mr. Malone. He looked ill, but had such a manly fortitude, that he did not trouble the company with melancholy complaints. They all showed evident marks of kind concern about him, with which he was much pleased, and he exerted himself to be as entertaining as his indisposition allowed him.

The anxiety of his friends to preserve so estimable a life as long as human means might be supposed to have influence, made them plan for him a retreat from the severity of a British winter to the mild climate of Italy. This scheme was at last brought to a serious resolution at General Paoli's, where I had often talked of it. One essential matter, however, I understood, was necessary to be previously settled, which was obtaining such an addition to his income as would be sufficient to enable him to defray the expense in a manner becoming the first literary character of a great nation, and, independent of all his other merits, the author of the "Dictionary of the English Language." The person to whom I above all others thought I should apply to negotiate this business was the Lord Chancellor, because I knew that he highly valued Johnson, and that Johnson highly valued his lordship, so that it was no degradation of my illustrious friend to solicit for him the favour of such a man. I have mentioned what Johnson said of him to me when he was at the bar; and after his lordship was advanced to the seals, he said of him, "I would prepare myself for no man in England but Lord Thurlow. When I am to meet with him, I should wish to know a day before." How he would have prepared himself, I cannot conjecture. Would he have selected certain topics, and considered them in every view, so as to be in readiness to argue them at all points? And what

may we suppose those topics to have been? I once started the curious inquiry to the great man who was the subject of this compliment: he smiled, but did not pursue it.

I first consulted with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who perfectly coincided in opinion with me; and I therefore, though personally very little known to his lordship, wrote to him, stating the case, and requesting his good offices for Dr. Johnson. I mentioned that I was obliged to set out for Scotland early in the following week, so that if his lordship should have any commands for me as to this pious negotiation, he would be pleased to send them before that time, otherwise Sir Joshua Reynolds would give all attention to it.[1]

This application was made not only without any suggestion on the part of Johnson himself, but was utterly unknown to him, nor had he the smallest suspicion of it. Any insinuations, therefore, which since his death have been thrown out, as if he had stooped to ask what was superfluous, are without any foundation. But, had he asked it, it would not have been superfluous; for though the money he had saved proved to be more than his friends imagined, or than I believe he himself, in his carelessness concerning worldly matters, knew it to be, had he travelled upon the continent, an augmentation of his income would by no means have been unnecessary.

On Wednesday, June 23, I visited him in the morning, after having been present at the shocking sight of fifteen men executed before Newgate. I said to him, I was sure that human life was not machinery, that is to say, a chain of fatality planned and directed by the Supreme Being, as it had in it so much wickedness and misery, so many instances of both, as that by which my mind was now clouded. Were it machinery, it would be better than it is in these respects, though less noble, as not being a system of moral government. He agreed with me now, as he

[1] It is strange that Sir John Hawkins should have related that the application was made by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he could so easily have been informed of the truth by inquiring of Sir Joshua. Sir John's carelessness to ascertain facts is very remarkable.

Boswell's letter to Lord Thurlow, first published by Mr. Croker, in the text, will be found in the Appendix to this volume.—*Editor.*

always did, upon the great question of the liberty of the human will, which has been in all ages perplexed with so much sophistry: "But, Sir, as to the doctrine of necessity, no man believes it. If a man should give me arguments that I do not see, though I could not answer them, should I believe that I do not see?" It will be observed, that Johnson at all times made the just distinction between doctrines *contrary* to reason, and doctrines *above* reason.

Talking of the religious discipline proper for unhappy convicts, he said, "Sir, one of our regular clergy will probably not impress their minds sufficiently: they should be attended by a methodist preacher,[1] or a popish priest." Let me however observe, in justice to the Reverend Mr. Vilette, who has been ordinary of Newgate for no less than eighteen years, in the course of which he has attended many hundreds of wretched criminals, that his earnest and humane exhortations have been very effectual. His extraordinary diligence is highly praiseworthy, and merits a distinguished reward.[2]

On Thursday, June 24, I dined with him at Mr. Dilly's, where were the Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Knox, master of Tunbridge School, Mr. Smith, vicar of Southill, Dr. Beattie, Mr. Pinkerton, author of various literary performances, and the Rev. Dr. Mayo. At my desire old Mr. Sheridan was invited, as I was earnest to have Johnson and him brought together again by chance, that a reconciliation might be effected. Mr. Sheridan happened to come early, and having learnt that Dr. Johnson was to be there, went away; so I found, with sincere regret, that my friendly intentions were hopeless. I recollect nothing that passed this day, except Johnson's quickness, who, when Dr. Beattie observed, as something remarkable which had happened to him, that he had chanced to see both No. 1 and No. 1000

[1] A friend of mine happened to be passing by a *field congregation* in the environs of London, when a methodist preacher quoted this passage with triumph.

[2] I trust that the City of London, now happily in unison with the court, will have the justice and generosity to obtain preferment for this reverend gentleman, now a worthy old servant of that magnificent corporation.

This wish was not gratified. Mr. Vilette died in April, 1799, having been nearly thirty years chaplain of Newgate.—*Croker.*

of the hackney-coaches, the first and the last—"Why, Sir," said Johnson, "there is an equal chance for one's seeing those two numbers as any other two." He was clearly right; yet the seeing of the two extremes, each of which is in some degree more conspicuous than the rest, could not but strike one in a stronger manner than the sight of any other two numbers.—Though I have neglected to preserve his conversation, it was perhaps at this interview that Dr. Knox formed the notion of it which he has exhibited in his "Winter Evenings."

On Friday, June 25, I dined with him at General Paoli's, where, he says in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale, "I love to dine." There was a variety of dishes much to his taste, of all which he seemed to me to eat so much, that I was afraid he might be hurt by it; and I whispered to the General my fear, and begged he might not press him. "Alas!" said the General, "see how very ill he looks; he can live but a very short time. Would you refuse any slight gratifications to a man under sentence of death? There is a humane custom in Italy, by which persons in that melancholy situation are indulged with having whatever they like best to eat and drink, even with expensive delicacies."

I showed him some verses on Lichfield by Miss Seward, which I had that day received from her, and had the pleasure to hear him approve of them. He confirmed to me the truth of a high compliment which I had been told he had paid to that lady, when she mentioned to him "The Columbiade," an epic poem by Madame du Boccage:—"Madam, there is not any thing equal to your description of the sea round the North Pole, in your Ode on the Death of Captain Cook."

On Sunday, June 27, I found him rather better. I mentioned to him a young man who was going to Jamaica with his wife and children, in expectation of being provided for by two of her brothers settled in that island, one a clergyman and the other a physician. JOHNSON. "It is a wild scheme, Sir, unless he has a positive and deliberate invitation. There was a poor girl, who used to come about me, who had a cousin in Barbadoes, that, in a letter to her, expressed a wish she should come out to that island, and ex-

patiated on the comforts and happiness of her situation. The poor girl went out: her cousin was much surprised, and asked her how she could think of coming. 'Because,' said she, 'you invited me.'—'Not I,' answered the cousin. The letter was then produced. 'I see it is true,' said she, 'that I did invite you: but I did not think you would come.' They lodged her in an out-house, where she passed her time miserably; and as soon as she had an opportunity she returned to England. Always tell this when you hear of people going abroad to relations upon a notion of being well received. In the case which you mention, it is probable the clergyman spends all he gets, and the physician does not know how much he is to get."

We this day dined at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, with General Paoli, Lord Eliot (formerly Mr. Eliot, of Port Eliot), Dr. Beattie, and some other company. Talking of Lord Chesterfield;—JOHNSON. "His manner was exquisitely elegant, and he had more knowledge than I expected." BOSWELL. "Did you find, Sir, his conversation to be of a superior style?" JOHNSON. "Sir, in the conversation which I had with him I had the best right to superiority, for it was upon philology and literature." Lord Eliot, who had travelled at the same time with Mr. Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's natural son, justly observed, that it was strange that a man who showed he had so much affection for his son as Lord Chesterfield did, by writing so many long and anxious letters to him, almost all of them when he was secretary of state, which certainly was a proof of great goodness of disposition, should endeavour to make his son a rascal. His lordship told us that Foote had intended to bring on the stage a father who had thus tutored his son, and to show the son an honest man to every one else, but practising his father's maxims upon him, and cheating him. JOHNSON. "I am much pleased with this design; but I think there was no occasion to make the son honest at all. No: he should be a consummate rogue: the contrast between honesty and knavery would be the stronger. It should be contrived so that the father should be the only sufferer by the son's villany, and thus there would be poetical justice."[1]

[1] Johnson said that he had once seen Mr. Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's son, at Dodsley's shop, and was so much struck with his awkward

He put Lord Eliot in mind of Dr. Walter Harte. "I know," said he, "Harte was your lordship's tutor, and he was also tutor to the Peterborough family. Pray, my lord, do you recollect any particulars that he told you of Lord Peterborough? He is a favourite of mine, and is not enough known; his character has been only ventilated in party pamphlets." Lord Eliot said, if Dr. Johnson would be so good as to ask him any questions, he would tell what he could recollect. Accordingly some things were mentioned. "But," said his lordship, "the best account of Lord Peterborough that I have happened to meet with is in 'Captain Carleton's Memoirs.'[1] Carleton was descended of an ancestor who had distinguished himself at the siege of Derry. He was an officer; and, what was rare at that time, had some knowledge of engineering." Johnson said, he had never heard of the book. Lord Eliot had it at Port Eliot; but, after a good deal of inquiry, procured a copy in London, and sent it to Johnson, who told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he was going to bed when it came, but was so much pleased with it, that he sat up till he had read it through, and found in it such an air of truth, that he could not doubt of its authenticity; adding with a smile (in allusion to Lord Eliot's having recently been raised to the peerage,) "I did not think a *young lord* could have mentioned to me a book in the English history that was not known to me."

An addition to our company came after we went up to the drawing-room; Dr. Johnson seemed to rise in spirits as his audience increased. He said, he wished Lord Orford's pictures[2] and Sir Ashton Lever's museum[3] might be pur-

manner and appearance, that he could not help asking Mr. Dodsley who he was.—Apoph. 209. Hawkins' Edit. of Johnson's Works, vol. xi. p. 209.—*Croker.* [See Johnsoniana, p. 132.]

[1] See Appendix to this volume for a note on these Memoirs.—*Editor.*

[2] The fine Houghton collection, which was sold to the Empress.—*Croker.*

[3] Sir Ashton Lever was knighted by George the Third. He died in 1788. His celebrated museum (valued before a committee of the House of Commons at 53,000*l.*) was disposed of, in 1784, by a private lottery, to Mr. Parkinson, who removed it to Albion-place, Blackfriars-bridge, where it was for many years open as an exhibition. The several articles of which it was composed were afterwards sold separately by auction.—*Croker.*

chased by the public, because both the money, and the pictures, and the curiosities would remain in the country; whereas if they were sold into another kingdom, the nation would indeed get some money, but would lose the pictures and curiosities, which it would be desirable we should have for improvement in taste and natural history. The only question was, as the nation was much in want of money, whether it would not be better to take a large price from a foreign state?

He entered upon a curious discussion of the difference between intuition and sagacity; one being immediate in its effect, the other requiring a circuitous process; one, he observed, was the *eye* of the mind, the other the *nose* of the mind.

A young gentleman[1] present took up the argument against him, and maintained that no man ever thinks of the *nose of the mind*, not adverting that though that figurative sense seems strange to us, as very unusual, it is truly not more forced than Hamlet's "In my *mind's eye*, Horatio." He persisted much too long, and appeared to Johnson as putting himself forward as his antagonist with too much presumption; upon which he called to him in a loud tone, "What is it you are contending for, if you *be* contending?"—And afterwards, imagining that the gentleman retorted upon him with a kind of smart drollery, he said, "Mr. *****, it does not become you to talk so to me. Besides, ridicule is not your talent; you have *there* neither intuition nor sagacity."—The gentleman protested that he intended no improper freedom, but had the greatest respect for Dr. Johnson. After a short pause, during which we were somewhat uneasy;—JOHNSON. "Give me your hand, Sir, you were too tedious, and I was too short." Mr. *****. "Sir, I am honoured by your attention in any way." JOHNSON, "Come, Sir, let's have no more of it. We offended one another by our contention; let us not offend the company by our compliments."

He now said, he wished much to go to Italy, and that he dreaded passing the winter in England. I said nothing;

[1] The epithet "*young*" was added after the two first editions, and the ***** substituted instead of a dash ——, which makes it pretty clear that young Mr. Burke was meant.—*Croker.*

but enjoyed a secret satisfaction in thinking that I had taken the most effectual measures to make such a scheme practicable.

On Monday, June 28, I had the honour to receive from the Lord Chancellor the following letter:

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"SIR,

"I should have answered your letter immediately, if (being much engaged when I received it) I had not put it in my pocket, and forgot to open it till this morning.

"I am much obliged to you for the suggestion; and I will adopt and press it as far as I can. The best argument, I am sure, and I hope it is not likely to fail, is Dr. Johnson's merit. But it will be necessary, if I should be so unfortunate as to miss seeing you, to converse with Sir Joshua on the sum it will be proper to ask,—in short, upon the means of setting him out. It would be a reflection on us all if such a man should perish for want of the means to take care of his health. Yours, &c.,

"THURLOW."

This letter gave me very high satisfaction; I next day went and showed it to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was exceedingly pleased with it. He thought that I should now communicate the negotiation to Dr. Johnson, who might afterwards complain if the attention with which he had been honoured should be too long concealed from him. I intended to set out for Scotland next morning; but Sir Joshua cordially insisted that I should stay another day, that Johnson and I might dine with him, that we three might talk of his Italian tour, and, as Sir Joshua expressed himself, "have it all out."

I hastened to Johnson, and was told by him that he was rather better to-day. BOSWELL. "I am very anxious about you, Sir, and [illegible] should go to Italy for the winter [illegible] vish." JOHNSON. "[illegible] ject-tion, I [illegible] N-

SON. "Why, no, Sir." Upon which I gave him a particular account of what had been done, and read to him the Lord Chancellor's letter. He listened with much attention; then warmly said, "This is taking prodigious pains about a man." "O, Sir," said I, with most sincere affection, "your friends would do every thing for you." He paused, —grew more and more agitated,—till tears started into his eyes, and he exclaimed with fervent emotion, "GOD bless you all!" I was so affected that I also shed tears. After a short silence, he renewed and extended his grateful benediction, "God bless you all, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake." We both remained for some time unable to speak. He rose suddenly, and quitted the room, quite melted in tenderness. He staid but a short time, till he had recovered his firmness; soon after he returned I left him, having first engaged him to dine at Sir Joshua Reynolds's next day.

I never was again under that roof which I had so long reverenced.

On Wednesday, June 30, the friendly confidential dinner with Sir Joshua Reynolds took place, no other company being present. Had I known that this was the last time that I should enjoy in this world the conversation of a friend whom I so much respected, and from whom I derived so much instruction and entertainment, I should have been deeply affected. When I now look back to it, I am vexed that a single word should have been forgotten.

Both Sir Joshua and I were so sanguine in our expectations, that we expatiated with confidence on the liberal provision which we were sure would be made for him, conjecturing whether munificence would be displayed in one large donation, or in an ample increase of his pension. He himself catched so much of our enthusiasm as to allow himself to suppose it not impossible that our hopes might in one or other be realised. He said that he would rather have his pension doubled than a grant of a thousand pounds. "For," said he, "though probably I may not live to receive as much as a thousand pounds, a man would have the consciousness that he should pass the remainder of his life in splendour, how long soever it might be."

Considering what a moderate proportion an income of six hundred pounds a-year bears to innumerable fortunes in this country, it is worthy of remark, that a man so truly great should think it splendour.

As an instance of extraordinary liberality of friendship, he told us that Dr. Brocklesby had upon this occasion offered him a hundred a year for his life.[1] A grateful tear started into his eye, as he spoke in a faltering tone.

Sir Joshua and I endeavoured to flatter his imagination with agreeable prospects of happiness in Italy. "Nay," said he, "I must not expect much of that; when a man goes to Italy merely to feel how he breathes the air, he can enjoy very little."

Our conversation turned upon living in the country, which Johnson, whose melancholy mind required the dissipation of quick successive variety, had habituated himself to consider as a kind of mental imprisonment. "Yet, Sir," said I, "there are many people who are content to live in the country." JOHNSON. "Sir it is in the intellectual world as in the physical world; we are told by natural philosophers that a body is at rest in the place that is fit for it; they who are content to live in the country are *fit* for the country."

Talking of various enjoyments, I argued that a refinement of taste was a disadvantage, as they who have attained to it must be seldomer pleased than those who have no nice discrimination, and are therefore satisfied with every thing that comes in their way. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, that is a paltry notion. Endeavour to be as perfect as you can in every respect."

I accompanied him in Sir Joshua Reynolds's coach to the entry of Bolt Court. He asked me whether I would not go with him to his house; I declined it, from an apprehension that my spirits would sink. We bade adieu to each other affectionately in the carriage. When he had got down upon the foot pavement, he called out, "Fare

[1] It is stated in the Biographical Dictionary, that he pressed Johnson in his last illness to remove to his house for the more immediate convenience of medical advice. Dr. Brocklesby died in 1797 æt. 76.—*Croker.*

you well!" and, without looking back, sprang away with a kind of pettish briskness, if I may use that expression, which seemed to indicate a struggle to conceal uneasiness, and impressed me with a foreboding of our long, long separation.

I remained one day more in town, to have the chance of talking over my negotiation with the Lord Chancellor; but the multiplicity of his lordship's important engagements did not allow of it: so I left the management of the business in the hands of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Soon after this time Dr. Johnson had the mortification of being informed by Mrs. Thrale, that "what she supposed he never believed" was true: namely, that she was actually going to marry Signor Piozzi, an Italian music-master. He endeavoured to prevent it: but in vain. If she would publish the whole of the correspondence that passed between Dr. Johnson and her on the subject, we should have a full view of his real sentiments. As it is, our judgment must be biassed by that characteristic specimen which Sir John Hawkins has given us:

"Poor Thrale! I thought that either her virtue or her vice would have restrained her from such a marriage. She is now become a subject for her enemies to exult over, and for her friends, if she has any left, to forget or pity."[2]

It must be admitted that Johnson derived a considerable portion of happiness from the comforts and elegancies which he enjoyed in Mr. Thrale's family; but Mrs. Thrale assures us he was indebted for these to her husband alone, who certainly respected him sincerely. Her words are, "*Veneration for his virtue, reverence for his talents*, delight *in his conversation, and* habitual endurance of a yoke my husband first put upon me, *and of which he contentedly bore his share for sixteen or seventeen years, made me go on so long with* Mr. Johnson; *but the perpetual confinement I will own to have been* terrifying *in the first years of our friendship, and* irksome *in the last; nor could I pretend to* sup-

[1] Letters to Mrs. Thrale, vol. ii., p. 375.
[2] Dr. Johnson's Letter to Sir John Hawkins, Life, p. 570.

port *it without help, when my coadjutor was no more.*"[1] Alas! how different is this from the declarations which I have heard Mrs. Thrale make in his lifetime, without a single murmur against any peculiarities, or against any one circumstance which attended their intimacy!

As a sincere friend of the great man whose life I am writing, I think it necessary to guard my readers against the mistaken notion of Dr. Johnson's character, which this lady's "Anecdotes" of him suggest; for, from the very nature and form of her book, "it lends deception lighter wings to fly."

"Let it be remembered," says an eminent critic,[2] "that she has comprised in a small volume all that she could recollect of Dr. Johnson in *twenty years*, during which period, doubtless, some severe things were said by him; and they who read the book in *two hours* naturally enough suppose that his whole conversation was of this complexion. But the fact is, I have been often in his company, and never *once* heard him say a severe thing to any one; and many others can attest the same. When he did say a severe thing, it was generally extorted by ignorance pretending to knowledge, or by extreme vanity or affectation.

"Two instances of inaccuracy," adds he, are peculiarly worthy of notice.

"It is said,[3] '*that natural roughness of his manner so often mentioned would, notwithstanding the regularity of his notions, burst through them all from time to time; and he once bade a very celebrated lady,*[4] *who praised him with too much zeal perhaps, or perhaps too strong an emphasis (which always offended him), consider what her flattery was worth before she choked him with it.*'

"Now let the genuine anecdote be contrasted with this.—The person thus represented as being harshly treated, though a very celebrated lady, was *then* just come to London from an

[1] Anecdotes. [Johnsoniana, p. 116.]

[2] Who has been pleased to furnish me with his remarks.

This "critic" is no doubt Mr. Malone, whose MS. notes on Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes contain the *germs* of these criticisms. Mr. Malone's notes were communicated to me by Mr. Markland, who purchased the volume at the sale of the library of the late James Boswell, junior, in 1825.—*Croker.*

[3] Anecdotes. [Johnsoniana, p. 76.]

[4] Hannah More.—*Croker.*

obscure situation in the country. At Sir Joshua Reynolds's one evening, she met Dr. Johnson. She very soon began to pay her court to him in the most fulsome strain. 'Spare me, I beseech you, dear Madam,' was his reply. She still *laid it on*. 'Pray, Madam, let us have no more of this,' he rejoined. Not paying any attention to these warnings, she continued still her eulogy. At length, provoked by this indelicate and *vain* obtrusion of compliments, he exclaimed, 'Dearest Lady, consider with yourself what your flattery is worth, before you bestow it so freely.'

"How different does this story appear, when accompanied with all those circumstances which really belong to it, but which Mrs. Thrale either did not know or has suppressed!

"She says in another place,[1] *One gentleman, however, who dined at a nobleman's house in his company, and that of Mr Thrale, to whom I was obliged for the anecdote, was willing to enter the lists in defence of King William's character; and having opposed and contradicted Johnson two or three times, petulantly enough, the master of the house began to feel uneasy, and expect disagreeable consequeuces; to avoid which he said, loud enough for the doctor to hear, 'Our friend here has no meaning now in all this, except just to relate at club to-morrow how he teased Johnson at dinner to-day; this is all to do himself honour.'—'No, upon my word,' replied the other, 'I see no honour in it, whatever you may do.'—'Well, Sir' (returned Mr. Johnson sternly) 'if you do not see the honour, I am sure I feel the disgrace.'*

"This is all sophisticated. Mr. Thrale was *not* in the company, though he might have related the story to Mrs. Thrale. A friend, from whom I had the story, was present, and it was *not* at the house of a nobleman. On the observation being made by the master of the house on a gentleman's contradicting Johnson, that he had talked for the honour, &c., the gentleman muttered in a low voice, 'I see no honour in it;' and Dr. Johnson said nothing: so all the rest (though *bien trouvé*) is mere garnish."

I have had occasion several times, in the course of this work, to point out the incorrectness of Mrs. Thrale as to particulars which consisted with my own knowledge. But indeed she has, in flippant terms enough, expressed her disapprobation of that anxious desire of authenticity which

[1] Anecdotes. [Johnsoniana, p. 83.]

prompts a person who is to record conversations to write them down at the moment.[1] Unquestionably, if they are to be recorded at all, the sooner it is done the better. This lady herself says,[2]

"To recollect, however, and to repeat the sayings of Dr. Johnson is almost all that can be done by the writers of his life; as his life, at least since my acquaintance with him, consisted in little else than talking, when he was not absolutely employed in some serious piece of work."

She boasts of her having kept a commonplace book; and we find she noted, at one time or other, in a very lively manner, specimens of the conversation of Dr. Johnson, and of those who talked with him; but had she done it recently, they probably would have been less erroneous, and we should have been relieved from those disagreeable doubts of their authenticity with which we must now peruse them. She says of him,[3]—

"He was the most charitable of mortals, without being what we call an active friend. Admirable at giving counsel, no man saw his way so clearly: but he would not stir a finger for the assistance of those to whom he was willing enough to give advice."

And, again, on the same page,

"If you wanted a slight favour, you must apply to people of other dispositions; for not a step would Johnson move to obtain a man a vote in a society, to repay a compliment which might be useful or pleasing, to write a letter of request, &c., or to obtain a hundred pounds a year more for a friend who perhaps had already two or three. No force could urge him to diligence, no importunity could conquer his resolution to stand still."

It is amazing that one who had such opportunities of knowing Dr. Johnson should appear so little acquainted with his real character. I am sorry this lady does not advert, that she herself contradicts the assertion of his being obstinately defective in the *petites morales*, in the

[1] Anecdotes. [Johnsoniana, p. 21.] [2] *Ibid.* [p. 13.] [3] *Ibid.* [p. 79.]

little endearing charities of social life in conferring smaller favours; for she says,[1]

"Dr. Johnson was liberal enough in granting literary assistance to others, I think; and innumerable are the prefaces, sermons, lectures, and dedications which he used to make for people who begged of him."

I am certain that a more active friend has rarely been found in any age. This work, which I fondly hope will rescue his memory from obloquy, contains a thousand instances of his benevolent exertions in almost every way that can be conceived; and particularly in employing his pen with a generous readiness for those to whom its aid could be useful. Indeed his obliging activity in doing little offices of kindness, both by letters and personal application, was one of the most remarkable features in his character; and for the truth of this I can appeal to a number of his respectable friends: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Langton, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, Mr. Malone, the Bishop of Dromore, Sir William Scott, Sir Robert Chambers. And can Mrs. Thrale forget the advertisements which he wrote for her husband at the time of his election contest; the epitaphs on him and her mother; the playful and even trifling verses for the amusement of her and her daughters, his corresponding with her children, and entering into their minute concerns, which shows him in the most amiable light?

She relates,[2] that Mr. Cholmondeley[3] unexpectedly rode up to Mr. Thrale's carriage, in which Mr. Thrale, and she, and Dr. Johnson were travelling; that he paid them all his proper compliments; but observing that Dr. Johnson, who was reading, did not see him, "tapped him gently on the shoulder. *'Tis Mr. Cholmondeley,' says my husband. 'Well, Sir,—and what if it is Mr. Cholmondeley?' says the other, sternly, just lifting his eyes a moment from his book, and returning to it again with renewed avidity.*"

[1] Anecdotes. [Johnsoniana, p. 24.] [2] *Ibid.* [p. 103.]

[3] George James Cholmondeley, Esq., grandson of George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, and one of the commissioners of excise; a gentleman respected for his abilities and elegance of manners.

This surely conveys a notion of Johnson, as if he had been grossly rude to Mr. Cholmondeley, a gentleman whom he always loved and esteemed. If, therefore, there was an absolute necessity for mentioning the story at all, it might have been thought that her tenderness for Dr. Johnson's character would have disposed her to state anything that could soften it. Why then is there a total silence as to what Mr. Cholmondeley told her?—that Johnson, who had known him from his earliest years, having been made sensible of what had doubtless a strange appearance, took occasion, when he afterwards met him, to make a very courteous and kind apology. There is another little circumstance which I cannot but remark. Her book was published in 1785; she had then in her possession a letter from Dr. Johnson, dated in 1777,[1] which begins thus: "Cholmondeley's story shocks me, if it be true, which I can hardly think, for I am utterly unconscious of it: I am very sorry, and very much ashamed." Why then publish the anecdote? Or, if she did, why not add the circumstances, with which she was well acquainted?

In his social intercourse she thus describes him:[2]—"Ever musing till he was called out to converse, and conversing till the fatigue of his friends, or the promptitude of his own temper to take offence, consigned him back again to silent meditation." Yet in the same book[3] she tells us, "He was, however, seldom inclined to be silent when any moral or literary question was started; and it was on such occasions that, like the sage in 'Rasselas,' he spoke, and attention watched his lips; he reasoned, and conviction closed his periods."

His conversation, indeed, was so far from ever *fatiguing* his friends, that they regretted when it was interrupted or ceased, and could exclaim in Milton's language,

"With thee conversing, I forgot all time."

I certainly, then, do not claim too much in behalf of my illustrious friend in saying, that however smart and entertaining Mrs. Thrale's "Anecdotes" are, they must not

[1] Letters to Mrs. Thrale, vol. ii., p. 12.
[2] Anecdotes. [Johnsoniana, p. 13.]
[3] *Ibid.* [p. 119.]

[illegible] wherever a[illegible] leave t[illegible] may hav[illegible] [illegible]roof t[illegible] [illegible] in th[illegible]

[illegible] is t[illegible] [illegible] affection [illegible]

[illegible] killed i[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] al you [illegible] [illegible] while w[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

It is with concern that I find myself obliged to animadvert on the inaccuracies of Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes," and perhaps I may be thought to have dwelt too long upon her little collection. But as from Johnson's long residence under Mr. Thrale's roof, and his intimacy with her, the account which she has given of him may have made an unfavourable and unjust impression, my duty, as a faithful biographer, has obliged me reluctantly to perform this unpleasing task.

Having left the *pious negotiation*, as I called it, in the best hands, I shall here insert what relates to it. Johnson wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds, on July 6, as follows:—

"I am going, I hope, in a few days, to try the air of Derbyshire, but hope to see you before I go. Let me, however, mention to you what I have much at heart. If the Chancellor should continue his attention to Mr. Boswell's request, and confer with you on the means of relieving my languid state, I am very desirous to avoid the appearance of asking for money upon false pretences. I desire you to represent to his lordship, what, as as soon as it is suggested, he will perceive to be reasonable,—that, if I grow much worse, I shall be afraid to leave my physicians, to suffer the inconveniences of travel, and pine in the solitude of a foreign country;—that if I grow much better, of which indeed there is now little appearance, I shall not wish to leave my friends and my domestic comforts, for I do not travel for pleasure or curiosity; yet if I should recover, curiosity would revive. In my present state I am desirous to make a struggle for a little longer life, and to hope to obtain some help from a softer climate. Do for me what you can."

He wrote to me July 26:—

"I wish your affairs could have permitted a longer and continued exertion of your zeal and kindness. They that have your kindness may want your ardour. In the meantime I am very very feeble and very dejected."

By a letter from Sir Joshua Reynolds I was informed that the Lord Chancellor had called on him, and acquainted him that the application had not been successful; but that his lordship, after speaking highly in praise of Johnson, as

a man who was an honour to his country, desired Sir Joshua to let him know, that on granting a mortgage of his pension, he should draw on his lordship to the amount of five or six hundred pounds, and that his lordship explained the meaning of the mortage to be, that he wished the business to be conducted in such a manner, that Dr. Johnson should appear to be under the least possible obligation. Sir Joshua mentioned that he had by the same post communicated all this to Dr. Johnson.

How Johnson was affected upon the occasion will appear from what he wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds:—

"Ashbourne, Sept. 9.

"Many words I hope are not necessary between you and me, to convince you what gratitude is excited in my heart by the Chancellor's liberality, and your kind offices.

"I have enclosed a letter to the Chancellor, which, when you have read it, you will be pleased to seal with a head, or any other general seal, and convey it to him: had I sent it directly to him, I should have seemed to overlook the favour of your intervention."

TO THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR,[1]

"September, 1784.

"My Lord.

"After a long and not inattentive observation of mankind, the generosity of your lordship's offer raises in me not less wonder than gratitude. Bounty, so liberally bestowed, I should gladly receive, if my condition made it necessary; for, to such a mind, who would not be proud to own his obligations? But it has pleased God to restore me to so great a measure of health, that if I should now appropriate so much of a fortune destined to

[1] Sir Joshua Reynolds, on account of the excellence both of the sentiment and expression of this letter, took a copy of it, which he showed to some of his friends: one of whom [*Lady Lucan, it is said.*—C.], who admired it, being allowed to peruse it leisurely at home, a copy was made, and found its way into the newspapers and magazines. It was transcribed with some inaccuracies. I print it from the original draft in Johnson's own handwriting.

do good, I could not escape from myself the charge of advancing a false claim. My journey to the Continent, though I once thought it necessary, was never much encouraged by my physicians; and I was very desirous that your lordship should be told of it by Sir Joshua Reynolds as an event very uncertain; for if I grew much better, I should not be willing, if much worse, not able, to migrate. Your lordship was first solicited without my knowledge; but, when I was told that you were pleased to honour me with your patronage, I did not expect to hear of a refusal; yet, as I have had no long time to brood hope, and have not rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment; and, from your lordship's kindness, I have received a benefit, which only men like you are able to bestow. I shall now live *mihi carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit. I am, my Lord, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

Upon this unexpected failure I abstain from presuming to make any remarks, or to offer any conjectures.[1]

[1] This affair soon became a topic of conversation, and it was stated that the cause of the failure was *the refusal of the King himself;* but from the following letter it appears that the *matter was never mentioned to his Majesty;* that, as time pressed, Lord Thurlow proposed the beforementioned arrangement as from himself—running the risk of obtaining the King's subsequent approbation when he should have an opportunity of mentioning it to his Majesty. This affords some, and yet not a satisfactory, explanation of the device suggested by Lord Thurlow of Johnson's giving him a *mortgage on his pension.* But it still seems very strange that Boswell, who evidently was much pained at the idea that the King had been the obstacle, should have been kept in ignorance of the real state of the case, as by the following letter, which I found in the Reynolds' papers, it appears he was.

"LORD THURLOW TO SIR J. REYNOLDS.

"Thursday, Nov. 18, 1784.

"DEAR SIR,

"My choice, if that had been left me, would certainly have been that the matter should not have been talked of at all. The only object I regarded was my own pleasure, in contributing to the health and comfort of a man whom I venerate sincerely and highly for every part, without exception, of his exalted character. This you know I proposed to do, as it might be without any expense—in all events at a rate infinitely below the satisfaction I proposed to myself. It would have suited the purpose better if nobody had heard of it, except Dr. Johnson, you, and *J. Boswell. But the chief objection to the rumour is, that his Majesty is supposed to have refused it.* Had that been so, I should not

Having, after repeated reasonings, brought Dr. Johnson to agree to my removing to London, and even to furnish me with arguments in favour of what he had opposed; I wrote to him, requesting he would write them for me. He was so good as to comply, and I shall extract that part of his letter to me, as a proof how well he could exhibit a cautious yet encouraging view of it.

"June 11, 1784.

"I remember, and entreat you to remember that *virtus est vitium fugere*, the first approach to riches is security from poverty. The condition upon which you have my consent to settle in London is, that your expense never exceeds your annual income. Fixing this basis of security, you cannot be hurt, and you may be very much advanced. The loss of your Scottish business, which is all that you can lose, is not to be reckoned as any equivalent to the hopes and possibilities that open here upon you. If you succeed, the question of prudence is at an end; every body will think that done right which ends happily; and though your expectations, of which I would not

have communicated the circumstance. It was impossible for me to take the King's pleasure on the suggestion I presumed to move. I am an untoward solicitor. The time seemed to press, and I chose rather to take on myself the risk of his Majesty's concurrence than delay a journey which might conduce to Dr. Johnson's health and comfort.

"But these are all trifles, and scarce deserve even this cursory explanation. The only question of any worth is whether Dr. Johnson has any wish to go abroad, or other occasion for my assistance. Indeed he should give me credit for perfect simplicity, when I treat this as merely a pleasure afforded me, and accept it accordingly: any reluctance, if he examines himself thoroughly, will certainly be found to rest, in some part or other, upon a doubt of the disposition with which I offer it.

"I am, &c.,

"THURLOW."

That this letter was kept from Boswell's knowledge is certain, by his obvious vexation at thinking that the refusal had come from the *King*—that it was *designedly* kept from him is rendered probable by the following curious circumstance. On the face of the original letter *his name* had been obliterated with so much care that but for the different colour of the ink and some other small circumstances, it would not have been discoverable; it is artfully done, and the sentence appears to run, "*except Dr. Johnson, you, and I*"—"*Boswell*" being erased. This looks like an uncandid trick, to defraud Boswell of his merit in this matter: but by whom the obliteration was made I cannot guess.—*Croker.*

advise you to talk too much, should not be totally answered, you can hardly fail to get friends who will do for you all that your present situation allows you to hope; and if, after a few years, you should return to Scotland, you will return with a mind supplied by various conversation, and many opportunities of inquiry, with much knowledge, and materials for reflection and instruction."

Let us now contemplate Johnson thirty years after the death of his wife, still retaining for her all the tenderness of affection.

TO THE REV. MR. BAGSHAW,

At Bromley.

"July 12, 1784.

"SIR,

"Perhaps you may remember, that in the year 1752 you committed to the ground my dear wife. I now entreat your permission to lay a stone upon her; and have sent the inscription, that, if you find it proper, you may signify your allowance.

"You will do me a great favour by showing the place where she lies, that the stone may protect her remains.

"Mr. Ryland[1] will wait on you for the inscription,[2] and procure it to be engraved. You will easily believe that I shrink from this mournful office. When it is done, if I have strength remaining, I will visit Bromley once again, and pay you part of the respect to which you have a right from, reverend Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

On the same day he wrote to Mr. Langton:—

"I cannot but think that in my languid and anxious state, I have some reason to complain that I receive from you neither inquiry nor consolation. You know how much I value your friendship, and with what confidence I expect your kindness, if I

[1] Mr. Ryland was one of his oldest friends, and had probably been an acquaintance of his wife's. Mr. Ryland died July 24, 1798, ætat. 81.—*Croker.*

[2] See vol. i., p. 178.—*Editor.*

wanted any act of tenderness that you could perform; at least, if you do not know it, I think your ignorance is your own fault. Yet how long is it that I have lived almost in your neighbourhood without the least notice?—I do not, however, consider this neglect as particularly shown to me; I hear two of your most valuable friends make the same complaint. But why are all thus overlooked? You are not oppressed by sickness, you are not distracted by business; if you are sick, you are sick of leisure: and allow yourself to be told, that no disease is more to be dreaded or avoided. Rather to do nothing than to do good, is the lowest state of a degraded mind. Boileau says to his pupil,

> 'Que les vers ne soient pas votre eternel emploi,
> Cultivez vos amis.'——

"That voluntary debility which modern language is content to term indolence will, if it is not counteracted by resolution, render in time the strongest faculties lifeless, and turn the flame to the smoke of virtue. I do not expect or desire to see you, because I am much pleased to find that your mother stays so long with you, and I should think you neither elegant nor grateful if you did not study her gratification. You will pay my respects to both the ladies, and to all the young people.—I am going northward for a while, to try what help the country can give me; but if you write, the letter will come after me."

Next day he set out on a jaunt to Staffordshire and Derbyshire, flattering himself that he might be in some degree relieved.

During his absence from London he kept up a correspondence with several of his friends, from which I shall select what appears to me proper for publication, without attending nicely to chronological order.

To Dr. Brocklesby he writes:—

"Ashbourne, July 20.

"The kind attention which you have so long shown to my health and happiness makes it as much a debt of gratitude as a call of interest to give you an account of what befalls me, when accident removes me from your immediate care. The journey of the first day was performed with very little sense of fatigue: the second day brought me to Lichfield without much lassitude; but

I am afraid that I could not have borne such violent agitation for many days together. Tell Dr. Heberden, that in the coach I read 'Ciceronianus,' which I concluded as I entered Lichfield. My affection and understanding went along with Erasmus, except that once or twice he somewhat unskilfully entangles Cicero's civil or moral with his rhetorical character.—I staid five days at Lichfield, but, being unable to walk, had no great pleasure; and yesterday (19th) I came hither, where I am to try what air and attention can perform.—Of any improvement in my health I cannot yet please myself with the perception. * * * * * * The asthma has no abatement. Opiates stop the fit, so as that I can sit and sometimes lie easy, but they do not now procure me the power of motion; and I am afraid that my general strength of body does not increase. The weather indeed is not benign: but how low is he sunk whose strength depends upon the weather! I am now looking into Floyer,[1] who lived with his asthma to almost his ninetieth year. His book, by want of order, is obscure; and his asthma, I think, not of the same kind with mine. Something, however, I may, perhaps, learn.—My appetite still continues keen enough; and what I consider as a symptom of radical health, I have a voracious delight in raw summer fruit, of which I was less eager a few years ago.—You will be pleased to communicate this account to Dr. Heberden, and if anything is to be done, let me have your joint opinion.—Now—*abite, curæ!*—let me inquire after the club."[2]

"July 31st.—Not recollecting that Dr. Heberden might be at Windsor, I thought your letter long in coming. But you know *nocitura petuntur*, the letter which I so much desired tells me that I have lost one of my best and tenderest friends.[3] My comfort is, that he appeared to live like a man that had always before his eyes the fragility of our present existence, and was therefore, I hope, not unprepared to meet his Judge.—Your attention, dear Sir, and that of Dr. Heberden, to my health, is

[1] A little circumstance of pathetic interest has been courteously communicated to me by Mr. Henry Stevens, of Vermont. On examining the old borrowing books of the Library of Lichfield Cathedral, of July 17, 1784, he found that Johnson borrowed and signed for "Sir John Floyer on the Asthma," and the book is ticked off as returned on the 9th November following.—*Editor.*

[2] At the Essex head, Essex Street.

[3] Mr. Allen, the printer.

extremely kind. I am loth to think that I grow worse; and cannot fairly prove even to my own partiality that I grow much better."

"Aug. 5—I return you thanks, dear Sir, for your unwearied attention both medicinal and friendly, and hope to prove the effect of your care by living to acknowledge it."

"Aug. 12.—Pray be so kind as to have me in your thoughts, and mention my case to others as you have opportunity. I seem to myself neither to gain nor lose strength. I have lately tried milk, but have yet found no advantage, and am afraid of it merely as a liquid. My appetite is still good, which I know is dear Dr. Heberden's criterion of the *vis vitæ*.—As we cannot now see each other, do not omit to write, for you cannot think with what warmth of expectation I reckon the hours of a post day."

"Aug. 14.—I have hitherto sent you only melancholy letters: you will be glad to hear some better account. Yesterday the asthma remitted, perceptibly remitted, and I moved with more ease than I have enjoyed for many weeks. May God continue his mercy! This account I would not delay, because I am not a lover of complaints or complainers; and yet I have, since we parted, uttered nothing till now but terror and sorrow. Write to me, dear Sir."

"Aug. 16.—Better, I hope, and better. My respiration gets more and more ease and liberty. I went to church yesterday, after a very liberal dinner, without any inconvenience; it is indeed no long walk, but I never walked it without difficulty, since I came, before. * * * * * * the intention was only to overpower the seeming *vis inertiæ* of the pectoral and pulmonary muscles.—I am favoured with a degree of ease that very much delights me, and do not despair of another race up the stairs of the Academy.—If I were, however, of a humour to see, or to show, the state of my body, on the dark side, I might say,

'Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?'

The nights are still sleepless, and the water rises, though it does not rise very fast. Let us, however, rejoice in all the good that we have. The remission of one disease will enable nature to combat the rest.—The squills I have not neglected; for I have taken more than a hundred drops a day, and one day took two hundred and fifty, which, according to the popular equivalent of

a drop to a grain, is more than half an ounce. I thank you, dear Sir, for your attention in ordering the medicines; your attention to me has never failed. If the virtue of medicines could be enforced by the benevolence of the prescriber, how soon should I be well!"

"August 19.—The relaxation of the asthma still continues, yet I do not trust it wholly to itself, but soothe it now and then with an opiate. I not only perform the act of respiration with less labour, but I can walk with fewer intervals of rest, and with greater freedom of motion. I never thought well of Dr. James's compounded medicines; his ingredients appear to me sometimes inefficacious and trifling, and sometimes heterogeneous and destructive of each other. This prescription exhibits a composition of about three hundred and thirty grains, in which there are four grains of emetic tartar, and six drops [of] thebaic tincture. He that writes thus surely, writes for show. The basis of his medicine is the gum ammoniacum, which dear Dr. Lawrence used to give, but of which I never saw any effect. We will, if you please, let this medicine alone. The squills have every suffrage, and in the squills we will rest for the present."

"Aug. 21.—The kindness which you show by having me in your thoughts upon all occasions will, I hope, always fill my heart with gratitude. Be pleased to return my thanks to Sir George Baker,[1] for the consideration which he has bestowed upon me. Is this the balloon that has been so long expected, this balloon[2] to which I subscribed, but without payment? It is pity that philosophers have been disappointed, and shame that they have been cheated; but I know not well how to prevent either. Of this experiment I have read nothing: where was it exhibited? and who was the man that ran away with so much money? Continue, dear Sir, to write often, and more at a time; for none of your prescriptions operate to their proper uses more certainly than your letters operate as cordials."

[1] The eminent physician, who was created a Baronet in 1776, and died June 1809, ætat. 88.—*Croker.*

[2] Does Dr. Johnson here allude to the unsuccessful attempt made in 1784, by De Moret, who was determined to anticipate Lunardi in his first experiment in England? "Moret attempted to inflate his bal
with rarefied air, but by some accident in the proce
the fire; and the populace, who regarded the whole
rushing in, completely destroyed the machine."—Bra
vol. ii., p. 162, *note.—Markland.*

"August 26.—I suffered you to escape last post without a letter, but you are not to expect such indulgence very often; for I write not so much because I have any thing to say, as because I hope for an answer; and the vacancy of my life here makes a letter of great value. I have here little company and little amusement; and, thus abandoned to the contemplation of my own miseries, I am something gloomy and depressed: this too I resist as I can, and find opium, I think, useful; but I seldom take more than one grain. Is not this strange weather? Winter absorbed the spring, and now autumn is come before we have had summer. But let not our kindness for each other imitate the inconstancy of the seasons."

"Sept. 2.—Mr. Windham has been here to see me;[1] he came, I think, forty miles out of his way, and staid about a day and a half; perhaps I make the time shorter than it was. Such conversation I shall not have again till I come back to the regions of literature; and there Windham is *inter stellas*[2] *Luna minores.*"

He then mentions the effects of certain medicines, as taken; that "Nature is recovering its original powers, and the functions returning to their proper state. God continue his mercies, and grant me to use them rightly!"

"Sept. 9.—Do you know the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire? And have you ever seen Chatsworth? I was at Chatsworth on Monday: I had seen it before, but never when its owners were at home; I was very kindly received, and honestly pressed to stay; but I told them that a sick man is not a fit inmate of a great house. But I hope to go again some time."

"Sept. 11.—I think nothing grows worse, but all rather better, except sleep, and that of late has been at its old pranks. Last evening, I felt what I had not known for a long time, an inclination to walk for amusement; I took a short walk, and came back again neither breathless nor fatigued. This has been a gloomy, frigid, ungenial summer; but of late it seems to mend; I hear the heat sometimes mentioned, but I do not feel it:

[1] In Windham's Diary this visit is recorded: "Sept. 1. Left Ashbourne at half-past one, having gone with Dr. Johnson in the morning to prayers, but regretted upon reflection that I had not stayed another day."—Diary, p. 20.—*Editor.*

[2] Hor. Carm. i. 12, 47. It is remarkable that so good a Latin scholar as Johnson should have been so inattentive to the metre, as by mistake to have written *stellas* instead of *ignes.*

'Præterea minimus gelido jam in corpore sanguis
Febre calet solâ.'[1]

I hope, however, with good help, to find means of supporting a winter at home, and to hear and tell at the Club what is doing, and what ought to be doing, in the world. I have no company here, and shall naturally come home hungry for conversation. To wish you, dear Sir, more leisure, would not be kind; but what leisure you have, you must bestow upon me."

"Sept 16.—I have now let you alone for a long time, having indeed little to say. You charge me somewhat unjustly with luxury. At Chatsworth, you should remember that I have eaten but once; and the doctor, with whom I live, follows a milk diet. I grow no fatter, though my stomach, if it be not disturbed by physic, never fails me. I now grow weary of solitude, and think of removing next week to Lichfield, a place of more society, but otherwise of less convenience. When I am settled, I shall write again. Of the hot weather that you mentioned, we have [not] had in Derbyshire very much; and for myself I seldom feel heat, and suppose that my frigidity is the effect of my distemper—a supposition which naturally leads me to hope that a hotter climate may be useful. But I hope to stand another English winter."

"Lichfield, Sept. 29.—On one day I had three letters about the air-balloon:[2] yours was far the best, and has enabled me to impart to my friends in the country an idea of this species of amusement. In amusement, mere amusement, I am afraid it must end, for I do not find that its course can be directed so as that it should serve any purposes of communication; and it can give no new intelligence of the state of the air at different heights, till they have ascended above the height of mountains, which they seem never likely to do. I came hither on the 27th. How

[1] Juv., x. 217.

[2] Lunardi had ascended from the Artillery Ground on the 15th of this month; and as it was the first ascent in a balloon which had been witnessed in England, it was not surprising that very general interest was excited by the spectacle, and that so many allusions should be made to it by Johnson and his correspondents. The late Lord Tenterden, whilst a student at Oxford, obtained a prize in this year, for his Latin verses entitled *Globus Aërostaticus.—Markland.*

"Sept. 29. About nine came to Brookes', where I heard that the balloon had been burnt about four o'clock."—Windham's Diary, p. 24.—*Editor.*

long I shall stay, I have not determined. My dropsy is gone, and my asthma is much remitted, but I have felt myself a little declining these two days, or at least to-day; but such vicissitudes must be expected. One day may be worse than another; but this last month is far better than the former; if the next should be as much better than this, I shall run about the town on my own legs."

"Oct. 6.—The fate of the balloon I do not much lament: to make new balloons is to repeat the jest again. We now know a method of mounting into the air, and I think, are not likely to know more. The vehicles can serve no use till we can guide them; and they can gratify no curiosity till we mount with them to greater heights than we can reach without; till we rise above the tops of the highest mountains, which we have yet not done. We know the state of the air in all its regions, to the top of Teneriffe, and therefore learn nothing from those who navigate a balloon below the clouds. The first experiment, however, was bold, and deserved applause and reward: but since it has been performed, and its event is known, I had rather now find a medicine that can ease an asthma."

"Oct. 25.—You write to me with a zeal that animates and a tenderness that melts me. I am not afraid either of a journey to London, or a residence in it. I came down with little fatigue, and am now not weaker. In the smoky atmosphere I was delivered from the dropsy, which I consider as the original and radical disease. The town is my element:[1] there are my friends, there are my books, to which I have not yet bid farewell, and there are my amusements. Sir Joshua told me long ago, that vocation was to public life; and I hope still to keep my n. till God shall bid me *Go in peace*."

[1] ove of London continually appears. In a letter from him to rt, wife of his friend the poet, which is published in a well- of him, prefixed to an edition of his poems, in 1791, there is sentence: "To one that has passed so many years in the nd opulence of London, there are few places that can give Vinat."

t han reading that line in the curious epitaph quoted in "The s, b- Diary.. Born in New England, did in London die,"— Car

on sind said, "I do not wonder at this. It would have been ave wn in London, he had died in New England."

TO MR. HOOLE.

"Ashbourne, Aug. 7.

"Since I was here, I have two little letters from you, and have not had the gratitude to write. But every man is most free with his best friends, because he does not suppose that they can suspect him of intentional incivility. One reason for my omission is, that being in a place to which you are wholly a stranger, I have no topics of correspondence. If you had any knowledge of Ashbourne, I could tell you of two Ashbourne men, who, being last week condemned at Derby to be hanged for robbery, went and hanged themselves in their cell. But this, however it may supply us with talk, is nothing to you. Your kindness, I know, would make you glad to hear some good of me, but I have not much good to tell: if I grow not worse, it is all that I can say. I hope Mrs. Hoole receives more help from her migration. Make her my compliments, and write again to, dear Sir, your affectionate servant."

"Aug. 13.—I thank you for your affectionate letter. I hope we shall both be the better for each other's friendship, and I hope we shall not very quickly be parted. Tell Mr. Nicholas that I shall be glad of his correspondence when his business allows him a little remission; though to wish him less business, that I may have more pleasure, would be too selfish. To pay for seats at the balloon is not very necessary, because in less than a minute they who gaze at a mile's distance will see all that can be seen. About the wings, I am of your mind: they cannot at all assist it, nor I think regulate its motion. I am now grown somewhat easier in my body, but my mind is somewhat depressed. About the Club I am in no great pain. The forfeitures go on, and the house, I hear, is improved for our future meetings. I hope we shall meet often and sit long."

"Sept. 4.—Your letter was indeed long in coming, but it was very welcome. Our acquaintance has now subsisted long, and our recollection of each other involves a great space, and many little occurrences which melt the thoughts to tenderness. Write to me, therefore, as frequently as you can. I hear from Dr. Brocklesby and Mr. Ryland that the Club is not crowded. I hope we shall enliven it when winter brings us together."

TO DR. BURNEY.

"August 2.

"The weather, you know, has not been balmy. I am now reduced to think, and am at least content to talk, of the weather. Pride must have a fall.[1] I have lost dear Mr. Allen; and wherever I turn, the dead or the dying meet my notice, and force my attention upon misery and mortality. Mrs. Burney's escape from so much danger, and her ease after so much pain, throws, however, some radiance of hope upon the gloomy prospect. May her recovery be perfect, and her continuance long! I struggle hard for life. I take physic and take air: my friend's chariot is always ready. We have run this morning twenty-four miles, and could run forty-eight more. *But who can run the race with death?*"

"Sept. 4."—[Concerning a private transaction, in which his opinion was asked, and after giving it, he makes the following reflections, which are applicable on other occasions.] "Nothing deserves more compassion than wrong conduct with good meaning; than loss or obloquy suffered by one who, as he is conscious only of good intentions, wonders why he loses that kindness which he wishes to preserve; and not knowing his own fault—if, as may sometimes happen, nobody will tell him—goes on to offend by his endeavours to please. I am delighted by finding that our opinions are the same. You will do me a real kindness by continuing to write. A post-day has now been long a day of recreation."

"Nov. 1.—Our correspondence paused for want of topics. I had said what I had to say on the matter proposed to my consideration, and nothing remained but to tell you that I waked or slept, that I was more or less sick. I drew my thoughts in upon myself, and supposed yours employed upon your book. That your book has been delayed I am glad, since you have gained an

[1] There was no information for which Dr. Johnson was less grateful than for that which concerned the weather. It was in allusion to his impatience with those who were reduced to keep conversation alive by observations on the weather, that he applied the old proverb to himself. If any one of his intimate acquaintance told him it was hot or cold, wet or dry, windy or calm, he would stop them by saying. "Poh! poh! you are telling us that of which none but men in a mine or a dungeon can be ignorant. Let us bear with patience, or enjoy in quiet, elementary changes, whether for the better or the worse, as they are never secrets." —*Burney.*

opportunity of being more exact. Of the caution necessary in adjusting narratives there is no end. Some tell what they do not know, that they may not seem ignorant, and others from mere indifference about truth. All truth is not, indeed, of equal importance: but if little violations are allowed, every violation will in time be thought little; and a writer should keep himself vigilantly on his guard against the first temptations to negligence or supineness. I had ceased to write, because respecting you I had no more to say, and respecting myself could say little good. I cannot boast of advancement; and in case of convalescence it may be said, with few exceptions, *Non progredi est regredi.* I hope I may be excepted. My great difficulty was with my sweet Fanny,[1] who, by her artifice of inserting her letter in yours, had given me a precept of frugality which I was not at liberty to neglect; and I know not who were in town under whose cover I could send my letter. I rejoice to hear that you are so well, and have a delight particularly sympathetic in the recovery of Mrs. Burney."

TO MR. LANGTON.

"August 25.

"The kindness of your last letter, and my omission to answer it, begin to give you, even in my opinion, a right to recriminate and to charge me with forgetfulness for the absent. I will therefore delay no longer to give an account of myself, and wish I could relate what would please either myself or my friend. On July 13 I left London, partly in hope of help from new air and change of place, and partly excited by the sick man's impatience of the present. I got to Lichfield in a stage vehicle, with very little fatigue in two days, and had the consolation[2] to find that since my last visit my three old acquaintances are all dead.—July 20. I went to Ashbourne, where I have been till now. The house in which we live is repairing. I live in too much

[1] The celebrated Miss Fanny Burney.

[2] Probably some word has been here omitted before consolation;—perhaps *sad* or *miserable;* or the word *consolation*, has been printed by mistake, instead of *mortification;* but the original letter not being now in Mr. Langton's hands, the error (if it be one) cannot be corrected.—*Malone.*

solitude, and am often deeply dejected. I wish we were nearer, and rejoice in your removal to London. A friend at once cheerful and serious is a great acquisition. Let us not neglect one another for the little time which Providence allows us to hope. Of my health I cannot tell you, what my wishes persuaded me to expect, that it is much improved by the season or by remedies. I am sleepless; my legs grow weary with a very few steps, and the water breaks its boundaries in some degree. The asthma, however, has remitted: my breath is still much obstructed, but is more free than it was. Nights of watchfulness produce torpid days. I read very little, though I am alone; for I am tempted to supply in the day what I lost in bed. This is my history; like all other histories, a narrative of misery. Yet I am so much better than in the beginning of the year, that I ought to be ashamed of complaining. I now sit and write with very little sensibility of pain or weakness; but when I rise I shall find my legs betraying me. Of the money which you mentioned I have no immediate need: keep it, however, for me, unless some exigence requires it. Your papers I will show you certainly when you would see them; but I am a little angry at you for not keeping minutes of your own *acceptum et expensum*, and think a little time might be spared from Aristophanes for the *res familiares*. Forgive me, for I mean well. I hope, dear Sir, that you and Lady Rothes and all the young people, too many to enumerate, are well and happy. God bless you all."

TO MR. WINDHAM.

"August.

"The tenderness with which you have been pleased to treat me through my long illness, neither health nor sickness can, I hope, make me forget; and you are not to suppose that after we parted you were no longer in my mind. But what can a sick man say, but that he is sick? His thoughts are necessarily concentred in himself: he neither receives nor can give delight; his inquiries are after alleviations of pain, and his efforts are to catch some momentary comfort. Though I am now in the neighbourhood of the Peak, you must expect no account of its wonders, of its hills, its waters, its caverns, or its mines; but I will tell you,

dear Sir, what I hope you will not hear with less satisfaction, that, for about a week past, my asthma has been less afflictive."

"Lichfield, Oct. 2.[1]—I believe you had been long enough acquainted with the *phenomena* of sickness not to be surprised that a sick man wishes to be where he is not, and where it appears to every body but himself that he might easily be, without having the resolution to remove. I thought Ashbourne a solitary place, but did not come hither till last Monday. I have here more company, but my health has for this last week not advanced; and in the languor of disease how little can be done! Whither or when I shall make my next remove, I cannot tell, but I entreat you, dear Sir, to let me know from time to time where you may be found, for your residence is a very powerful attractive to, Sir, your most humble servant."

TO MR. PERKINS.

"Lichfield, Oct. 4, 1784.

"I cannot but flatter myself that your kindness for me will make you glad to know where I am, and in what state. I have been struggling very hard with my diseases. My breath has been very much obstructed, and the water has attempted to encroach upon me again. I passed the first part of the summer at Oxford, afterwards I went to Lichfield, thence to Ashbourne in Derbyshire, and a week ago I returned to Lichfield. My breath is now much easier, and the water is in a great measure run away, so that I hope to see you again before winter. Please make my compliments to Mrs. Perkins, and to Mr. and Mrs. Barclay. I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM GERARD HAMILTON.

"Lichfield, Oct. 20.

"Considering what reason you gave me in the spring to conclude that you took part in whatever good or evil might befall

[1] In the Diary of Windham, pp. 17-20, may be found the memoranda he made of Johnson's conversation during a short visit Windham paid to him at Ashbourne.—*Editor.*

me. I ought not to have omitted so long the account which I am now about to give you. My diseases are an asthma and a dropsy, and what is less curable, seventy-five. Of the dropsy, in the beginning of the summer, or in the spring, I recovered to a degree which struck with wonder both me and my physicians: the asthma now is likewise for a time very much relieved. I went to Oxford, where the asthma was very tyrannical, and the dropsy began again to threaten me: but seasonable physic stopped the inundation: I then returned to London, and in July took a resolution to visit Staffordshire and Derbyshire, where I am yet struggling with my disease. The dropsy made another attack, and was not easily ejected, but at last gave way. The asthma suddenly remitted in bed on the 13th of August, and though now very oppressive, is, I think, still something gentler than it was before the remission. My limbs are miserably debilitated, and my nights are sleepless and tedious. When you read this, dear Sir, you are not sorry that I wrote no sooner. I will not prolong my complaints. I hope still to see you *in a happier hour*, to talk over what we have often talked, and perhaps to find new topics of merriment, or new incitements to curiosity. I am, dear Sir, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

TO JOHN PARADISE,[1] ESQ.

"Lichfield, Oct. 27.

"Though in all my summer's excursion I have given you no account of myself, I hope you think better of me than to imagine it possible for me to forget you, whose kindness to me has been too great and too constant not to have [illegible] its impression on a harder breast than mine. Silence [illegible] very culpable, when nothing pleasing is suppressed. [illegible] have alleviated [illegible] of your complaints to have r[illegible] [illegible]des of evil.

[1] Son of the late Peter [illegible] at Salonica in Macedon[illegible] studied at Oxford, a[illegible] degree of LL.D. [illegible] talents, but by [illegible] very general [illegible] of almost a[illegible]

He die[illegible]

struggled hard with very formidable and obstinate maladies; and though I cannot talk of health, think all praise due to my Creator and Preserver for the continuance of my life. The dropsy has made two attacks, and has given way to medicine; the asthma is very oppressive, but that has likewise once remitted. I am very weak and very sleepless; but it is time to conclude the tale of misery. I hope, dear Sir, that you grow better, for you have likewise your share of human evil, and that your lady and the young charmers are well. I am, dear Sir,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO MR. GEORGE NICOL.[1]

"Ashbourne, August 19.

"Since we parted, I have been much oppressed by my asthma, but it has lately been less laborious. When I sit I am almost at ease, and I can walk, though yet very little, with less difficulty for this week past than before. I hope I shall again enjoy my friends, and that you and I shall have a little more literary conversation. Where I now am, every thing is very liberally provided for me but conversation. My friend is sick himself, and the reciprocation of complaints and groans affords not much of either pleasure or instruction. What we have not at home this town does not supply; and I shall be glad of a little imported intelligence, and hope that you will bestow, now and then, a little time on the relief and entertainment of, Sir, yours, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO MR. CRUIKSHANK.

"Ashbourne, Sept. 4.

"DEAR SIR,

"Do not suppose that I forget you: I hope I shall never be accused of forgetting my benefactors. I had, till lately, nothing to write but complaints upon complaints of miseries upon miseries; but within this fortnight I have received great relief.

[1] Bookseller to his Majesty.

Have your lectures any vacation? If you are released from the necessity of daily study, you may find time for a letter to me.—[In this letter he states the particulars of his case.]—In return for this account of my health, let me have a good account of yours, and of your prosperity in all your undertakings. I am, dear Sir, yours, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

TO MR. THOMAS DAVIES.

"August 14.

"The tenderness with which you always treat me makes me culpable in my own eyes for having omitted to write in so long a separation. I had, indeed, nothing to say that you could wish to hear. All has been hitherto misery accumulated upon misery, disease corroborating disease, till yesterday my asthma was perceptibly and unexpectedly mitigated. I am much comforted with this short relief, and am willing to flatter myself that it may continue and improve. I have at present such a degree of ease as not only may admit the comforts but the duties of life. Make my compliments to Mrs. Davies.—Poor dear Allen!—he was a good man."

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"Ashbourne, July 12.

"The tenderness with which I am treated by my friends makes it reasonable to suppose that they are desirous to know the state of my health, and a desire so benevolent ought to be gratified.—I came to Lichfield in two days without any painful fatigue, and on Monday came hither, where I purpose to stay and try what air and regularity will effect. I cannot yet persuade myself that I have made much progress in recovery. My sleep is little, my breath is very much encumbered, and my legs are very weak. The water has increased a little, but has again run off. The most distressing symptom is want of sleep."

"Aug. 19.—Having had since our separation little to say that could please you or myself by saying, I have not been lavish of useless letters; but I flatter myself that you will partake of the

pleasure with which I can now tell you that, about a week ago, I felt suddenly a sensible remission of my asthma, and consequently a greater lightness of action and motion.—Of this grateful alleviation I know not the cause, nor dare depend upon its continuance; but while it lasts I endeavour to enjoy it, and am desirous of communicating, while it lasts, my pleasure to my friends.—Hitherto, dear Sir, I had written before the post, which stays in this town but a little while, brought me your letter. Mr. Davies seems to have represented my little tendency to recover in terms too splendid. I am still restless, still weak, still watery, but the asthma is less oppressive.—Poor Ramsay![1] On which side soever I turn, mortality presents its formidable frown. I left three old friends at Lichfield when I was last there, and now found them all dead. I no sooner lost sight of dear Allen, than I am told that I shall see him no more. That we must all die, we always knew; I wish I had sooner remembered it. Do not think me intrusive or importunate, if I now call, dear Sir, on you to remember it."

"Sept 2.—I am glad that a little favour from the court has intercepted your furious purposes.[2] I could not in any case have approved such public violence of resentment, and should have considered any who encouraged it as rather seeking sport for themselves than honour for you. Resentment gratifies him who intended an injury, and pains him unjustly who did not intend it. But all this is now superfluous.—I still continue, by God's mercy, to mend. My breath is easier, my nights are quieter, and my legs are less in bulk and stronger in use. I have, however, yet a great deal to overcome before I can yet attain even an old man's health.—Write, do write to me now and then. We are now old acquaintance, and perhaps few people have lived so much and so long together with less cause of complaint on either side. The retrospection of this is very pleasant, and I hope we shall never think on each other with less kindness."

"Sept. 9.—I could not answer your letter before this day, because I went on the sixth to Chatsworth, and did not come back till the post was gone. Many words, I hope, are not necessary between you and me to convince you what gratitude is

[1] Allan Ramsay, Esq., Painter to his Majesty, who died Aug. 10, 1784, in the seventy-first year of his age, much regretted by his friends.

[2] Of resigning the chair of the Academy. See Leslie and Taylor's Life of Reynolds, vol. ii., p. 448.—*Editor.*

excited in my heart by the chancellor's liberality and your kind offices. I did not indeed expect that what was asked by the chancellor would have been refused; but since it has, we will not tell that anything has been asked.—I have enclosed a letter to the chancellor, which, when you have read it, you will be pleased to seal with a head or other general seal, and convey it to him. Had I sent it directly to him, I should have seemed to overlook the favour of your intervention.—My last letter told you of my advance in health, which, I think, in the whole still continues. Of the hydropic tumour there is now very little appearance: the asthma is much less troublesome, and seems to remit something day after day. I do not despair of supporting an English winter.—At Chatsworth, I met young Mr. Burke, who led me very commodiously into conversation with the duke and duchess. We had a very good morning. The dinner was public."

"Sept. 18.—I flattered myself that this week would have given me a letter from you, but none has come. Write to me now and then, but direct your next to Lichfield.—I think, and I hope am sure, that I still grow better. I have sometimes good nights, but am still in my legs weak, but so much mended, that I go to Lichfield in hope of being able to pay my visits on foot, for there are no coaches.—I have three letters this day, all about the balloon: I could have been content with one. Do not write about the balloon, whatever else you may think proper to say."

"Oct. 2.—I am always proud of your approbation, and therefore was much pleased that you liked my letter. When you copied it, you invaded the chancellor's right rather than mine.—The refusal I did not expect, but I had never thought much about it, for I doubted whether the chancellor had so much tenderness for me as to ask. He, being keeper of the king's conscience, ought not to be supposed capable of an improper petition.—All is not gold that glitters, as we have often been told; and the adage is verified in your place and my favour; but if what happens does not make us richer, we must bid it welcome if it makes us wiser.—I do not at present grow better, nor much worse. My hopes, however, are somewhat abated, and a very great loss is the loss of hope; but I struggle on as I can."

TO MR. JOHN NICHOLS.[1]

'Lichfield, Oct. 26.

"When you were here, you were pleased, as I am told, to think my absence an inconvenience. I should certainly have been very glad to give so skilful a lover of antiquities any information about my native place, of which, however, I know not much, and have reason to believe that not much is known.—Though I have not given you any amusement, I have received amusement from you. At Ashbourne, where I had very little company, I had the luck to borrow 'Mr. Bowyer's Life;' a book so full of contemporary history, that a literary man must find some of his old friends. I thought that I could, now and then, have told you some hints worth your notice; and perhaps we may talk a life over. I hope we shall be much together; you must now be to me what you were before, and what dear Mr. Allen was besides. He was taken unexpectedly away; but I think he was a very good man.—I have made little progress in recovery. I am very weak and very sleepless; but I live on and hope."

This various mass of correspondence, which I have thus brought together, is valuable, both as an addition to the store which the public already has of Johnson's writings, and as exhibiting a genuine and noble specimen of vigour and vivacity of mind, which neither age nor sickness could impair or diminish.

It may be observed, that his writing in every way, whether for the public or privately to his friends, was by

[1] This very respectable man, who contributed so largely to the literary and topographical history of his country, died in 1826, at the advanced age of eighty-two. "His long life," as his friend and biographer, Mr. Alexander Chalmers, has truly observed, "was spent in the promotion of useful knowledge." The Life of Bowyer, to which Johnson refers, was republished in 1812-15, with large additions, in nine vols. 8vo, under the title of Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century. It is a storehouse of facts and dates, and every man interested in literary biography must own the vast obligations which are due to its indefatigable compiler.—*Markland.*

fits and starts; for we see frequently that many letters are written on the same day. When he had once overcome his aversion to begin, he was, I suppose, desirous to go on, in order to relieve his mind from the uneasy reflection of delaying what he ought to do.

While in the country, notwithstanding the accumulation of illness which he endured, his mind did not lose its powers. He translated an ode of Horace [iv. 7], which is printed in his works, and composed several prayers. I shall insert one of them, which is so wise and energetic, so philosophical and so pious, that I doubt not of its affording consolation to many a sincere Christian, when in a state of mind to which I believe the best are sometimes liable.[1]

And here I am enabled fully to refute a very unjust reflection, by Sir John Hawkins,[2] both against Dr. Johnson and his faithful servant Mr. Francis Barber; as if both of them had been guilty of culpable neglect towards a person of the name of Heely, whom Sir John chooses to call a *relation* of Dr. Johnson's. The fact is, that Mr. Heely was not his relation: he had indeed been married to one of his cousins, but she had died without having children, and he had married another woman; so that even the slight connection which there once had been by *alliance* was dissolved. Dr. Johnson, who had shown very great liberality to this man while his first wife was alive, as has appeared in a former part of this work (vol. ii., p. 47), was

[1] "*Against inquisitive and perplexing Thoughts.*

"O Lord, my maker and protector, who hast graciously sent me into this world to work out my salvation, enable me to drive from me all such unquiet and perplexing thoughts as may mislead or hinder me in the practice of those duties which thou hast required. When I behold the works of thy hands, and consider the course of thy providence, give me grace always to remember that thy thoughts are not my thoughts, nor thy ways my ways. And while it shall please thee to continue me in this world, where much is to be done and little to be known, teach me, by thy Holy Spirit, to withdraw my mind from unprofitable and dangerous inquiries, from difficulties vainly curious, and doubts impossible to be solved. Let me rejoice in the light which thou hast imparted; let me serve thee with active zeal and humble confidence, and wait with patient expectation for the time in which the soul which thou receivest shall be satisfied with knowledge. Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

[2] Life of Johnson, p. 596.

humane and charitable enough to continue his bounty to him occasionally; but surely there was no strong call of duty upon him or upon his legatee to do more. The following letter, obligingly communicated to me by Mr. Andrew Strahan, will confirm what I have stated:—

TO MR. HEELY.

No. 5, in Pye-Street, Westminster.

"Ashbourne, Aug. 12, 1784.

"SIR,

"As necessity obliges you to call so soon again upon me, you should at least have told the smallest sum that will supply your present want: you cannot suppose that I have much to spare. Two guineas is as much as you ought to be behind with your creditor. If you wait on Mr. Strahan, in New-Street, Fetter-Lane, or, in his absence, on Mr. Andrew Strahan, show this, by which they are entreated to advance you two guineas, and to keep this as a voucher. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Indeed it is very necessary to keep in mind that Sir John Hawkins has unaccountably viewed Johnson's character and conduct in almost every particular with an unhappy prejudice.[1]

[1] I shall add one instance only to those which I have thought it incumbent on me to point out. Talking of Mr. Garrick's having signified his willingness to let Johnson have the loan of any of his books to assist him in his edition of Shakespeare, Sir John says (Life, p. 444), "Mr. Garrick knew not what risk he ran by this offer. Johnson had so strange a forgetfulness of obligations of this sort, that few who lent him books ever saw them again." This surely conveys a most unfavourable insinuation, and has been so understood. Sir John mentions the single case of a curious edition of Politian, which he tells us appeared to belong to Pembroke College, which probably had been considered by Johnson as his own for upwards of fifty years. Would it not be fairer to consider this as an inadvertence, and draw no general inference? The truth is, that Johnson was so attentive, that in one of his manuscripts in my possession he has marked in two columns books borrowed and books lent.

We now behold Johnson for the last time in his native city, for which he ever retained a warm affection, and which by a sudden apostrophe, under the word *Lich*, he introduces with reverence into his immortal work, "The English Dictionary:" "*Salve magna parens!*"[1] While here, he felt a revival of all the tenderness of filial affection, an instance of which appeared in his ordering the gravestones

In Sir John Hawkins's compilation there are, however, some passages concerning Johnson which have unquestionable merit. One of them I shall transcribe, in justice to a writer whom I have had too much occasion to censure, and to show my fairness as the biographer of my illustrious friend: "There was wanting in his conduct and behaviour that dignity which results from a regular and orderly course of action, and by an irresistible power commands esteem. He could not be said to be a staid man, nor so to have adjusted in his mind the balance of reason and passion, as to give occasion to say, what may be observed, of some men, that all they do is just, fit, and right." Yet a judicious friend well suggests, "It might, however, have been added, that such men are often merely just, and rigidly correct, while their hearts are cold and unfeeling: and that Johnson's virtues were of a much higher tone than those of the *staid orderly man* here described."

[1] The following circumstance, naturally to the honour of Johnson and the corporation of his native city, has been communicated to me by the Rev. Dr. Vyse from the town clerk:—

"Mr. Simpson has now before him a record of the respect and veneration which the corporation of Lichfield, in the year 1767, had for the merits and learning of Dr. Johnson. His father built the corner house in the market-place, the two fronts of which, towards Market and Broadmarket Street, stood upon waste land of the corporation, under a forty years' lease, which was then expired. On the 15th of August, 1767, at a common-hall of the bailiffs and citizens, it was ordered (and that without any solicitation), that a lease should be granted to Samuel Johnson, Doctor of Laws, of the encroachments at his house, for the term of ninety-nine years, at the old rent, which was five shillings: of which, as town clerk, Mr. Simpson had the honour and pleasure of informing him, and that he was desired to accept it without paying any fine on the occasion; which lease was afterwards granted, and the doctor died possessed of this property."

The Corporation of Lichfield renewed the lease March 6, 1866, "the tenant covenanting to keep the premises in the present state, in remembrance of Dr. Johnson" (words of the minute). I gladly record that I owe this information to Charles Simpson, Esq., now (1882) Town Clerk of Lichfield, and grandson of Mr. Charles Simpson, who held the same office in the corporation of the city, when, as we see above, a lease was granted, Aug. 15, 1767. Mr. Simpson, by whom this fact was communicated, was intimately acquainted with Henry White, of whom we read in the next paragraph, and heard from him many of the Lichfield traditious concerning Johnson. See vol. i., p. 14, note.—*Editor.*

and inscription over Elizabeth Blaney (see vol. i., p. 12, n. 1) to be substantially and carefully renewed.

To Mr. Henry White,[1] a young clergyman, with whom he now formed an intimacy, so as to talk to him with great freedom, he mentioned that he could not in general accuse himself of having been an undutiful son. "Once, indeed," said he, "I was disobedient: I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter[2] in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bare-headed in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall[3] used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."

[1] To whom there is a memorial tablet in Lichfield Cathedral with this inscription: "Henry White, sacrist of Lichfield Cathedral. Died April 8, 1836. Aged 74 years."—*Editor.*

[2] It has been mentioned (vol. i., p. 14, note) that a statue of Johnson, by Lucas, was presented, 1838, to the city of Lichfield, by Chancellor Law, and erected immediately opposite to the Johnson house. It has also been there stated, that three bas-reliefs illustrative of events in Johnson's life adorn the pedestal of this statue. One, as we have seen above, represents the Sacheverel incident; another Johnson borne to school by his school companions (see vol. i., p. 20); and the third, Johnson's penance at Uttoxeter. A replica of the latter has been inserted in the conduit of the market place of Uttoxeter (1878) by the munificence of the Rev. Henry Abud, the present incumbent. In the Rev. Richard Warner's Tour (1802) through the Northern Counties, vol. i., p. 105-107, there is another version of this incident, of which the incoherence is transparent. There the act of penance is placed in the last visit of Johnson to Lichfield, some time, therefore, during the month of October, 1784, and just fifty years to a day since the act of disobedience for which Johnson sought to atone. But if we read the text, we see that during this visit he had formed an acquaintance with Henry White, a young clergyman of the city, and told him that "a few years ago"—a few years, therefore, before 1784—he atoned for the act of disobedience to his father in the manner described. We are not aware that this story of Johnson's penance at Uttoxeter can be traced to any other authority than that of this young clergyman, Henry White; and if his version be accepted as true, Warner's must be regarded as a version with embellishments.—*Editor.*

[3] Though rather out of due place, it may be mentioned that Michael Johnson was a publisher—a distinction by no means common, in those days, among booksellers in provincial cities or towns. There is in the Forster Library, South Kensington Museum, a rare and curious volume: "Grammatica-Anglo-Romana: or, a Syncritical Grammar, teaching

"I told him," says Miss Seward, "in one of my latest visits to him, of a wonderful learned pig which I had seen at Nottingham; and which did all that we have observed exhibited by dogs and horses. The subject amused him. 'Then,' said he, 'the pigs are a race unjustly calumniated. *Pig* has, it seems, not been wanting to *man*, but *man* to *pig*. We do not allow *time* for his education; we kill him at a year old.' Mr. Henry White, who was present, observed that if this instance had happened in or before Pope's time, he would not have been justified in instancing the swine as the lowest degree of grovelling instinct. Dr. Johnson seemed pleased with the observation, while the person who made it proceeded to remark, that great torture must have been employed, ere the indocility of the animal could have been subdued.—'Certainly,' said the Doctor; 'but,' turning to me, 'how old is your pig?' I told him, three years old. 'Then,' said he, 'the pig has no cause to complain; he would have been killed the first year if he had not been *educated*, and protracted existence is a good recompense for very considerable degrees of torture.'"

As Johnson had now very faint hopes of recovery, and as Mrs. Thrale was no longer devoted to him, it might have been supposed that he would naturally have chosen to remain in the comfortable house of his beloved wife's daughter, and end his life where he began it. But there

English Youth the Latin Tongue by Few and Easy Rules, comparing English and Latin, with a Comment for the Use of Riper Years; containing the elegancies and explaining the difficult phrases and idioms, which are peculiar to the Latin. Fitted to the sense of the Learned Oxford Commentator upon Lilly's Grammar. By Samuel Shaw, Master of the Free School in Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire. London. Printed for Michael Johnson, Bookseller; and are to be sold at his shops in Lichfield and Uttoxeter in Staffordshire, and Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire. 1687." Notes and Queries, 3rd series, vol. iv., p. 459, mentions: "The Præternatural State of Animal Humours described, by Sir John Floyer: London, printed by W. Downing for Michael Johnson, and are to be sold by Robert Clavel, Sam. Smith, and Benjamin Walford, in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1696," and also, ibid., vol. iv., p. 388, a somewhat later publication, an Exposition of the Revelation, by showing the agreement of the prophetical symbols with the history of the Roman, Saracen, and Ottoman Empire, and of the Popedom, &c. 8vo. Printed for Michael Johnson, Bookseller in Lichfield. 1719.—*Editor.*

was in him an animated and lofty spirit;[1] and however complicated diseases might depress ordinary mortals, all who saw him beheld and acknowledged the *invictum animum Catonis*. Such was his intellectual ardour even at this time, that he said to one friend, "Sir, I look upon every day to be lost in which I do not make a new acquaintance;" and to another, when talking of his illness, "I will be conquered; I will not capitulate." And such was his love of London, so high a relish had he of its magnificent extent and variety of intellectual entertainment, that he languished when absent from it, his mind having become quite luxurious from the long habit of enjoying the metropolis; and, therefore, although at Lichfield, surrounded with friends who loved and revered him, and for whom he had a very sincere affection, he still found that such conversation as London affords could be found nowhere else. These feelings, joined probably to some flattering hopes of aid from the eminent physicians and surgeons in London, who kindly and generously attended him without accepting fees, made him resolve to return to the capital.

From Lichfield he came to Birmingham, where he passed a few days with his worthy old school-fellow, Mr. Hector, who thus writes to me:—

"He was very solicitous with me to recollect some of our most early transactions, and transmit them to him, for I perceived nothing gave him greater pleasure than calling to mind those days of our innocence. I complied with his request, and he only received them a few days before his death. I have transcribed for your inspection exactly the minutes I wrote to him."

This paper having been found in his repositories after his death, Sir John Hawkins has inserted it entire, and I

[1] Mr. Burke suggested to me, as applicable to Johnson, what Cicero, in his Cato Major (cap. xi.), says of Appius: "Intentum enim animum, tanquam arcum, habebat, nec languescens succumbebat senectuti;" repeating at the same time the following noble words in the same passage: "Ita enim senectus honesta est, si se ipsa defendit, si jus suum retinet, si nemini emancipata est, si usque ad extremum spiritum vindicet jus suum."

If Boswell be correct, Burke's quotation, made from memory, is inaccurate; instead of "vindicet jus suum," read "dominatur in suos."—*Editor.*

have made occasional use of it and other communications from Mr. Hector[1] in the course of this work. I have both visited and corresponded with him since Dr. Johnson's death, and by my inquiries concerning a great variety of particulars, have obtained additional information. I followed the same mode with the Reverend Dr. Taylor, in whose presence I wrote down a good deal of what he could tell; and he, at my request, signed his name, to give it authenticity. It is very rare to find any person who is able to give a distinct account of the life even of one whom he has known intimately, without questions being put to them. My friend Dr. Kippis has told me, that on this account it is a practice with him to draw out a biographical catechism.

Johnson then proceeded to Oxford, where he was again kindly received by Dr. Adams,[2] who was pleased to give me the following account in one of his letters (Feb. 17th, 1785):—

"His last visit was, I believe, to my house, which he left after a stay of four or five days. We had much serious talk together, for which I ought to be the better as long as I live. You will remember some discourse which we had in the summer upon the subject of prayer, and the difficulty of this sort of composition. He reminded me of this, and of my having wished him to try his hand, and to give us a specimen of the style and manner that he approved. He added that he was now in a right frame of mind; and as he could not possibly employ his time better, he would in

[1] It is a most agreeable circumstance attending the publication of this work, that Mr. Hector has survived his illustrious schoolfellow so many years; that he still retains his health and spirits; and has gratified me with the following acknowledgement: "I thank you, most sincerely thank you, for the great and long-continued entertainment your Life of Dr. Johnson has afforded me, and others of my particular friends." Mr. Hector, besides setting me right as to the verses on a Sprig of Myrtle, has favoured me with two English odes, written by Dr. Johnson at an early period of his life, which will appear in my edition of his poems.

This early and worthy friend of Johnson died at Birmingham, 2nd of September, 1794.—*Malone.*

[2] This amiable and excellent man survived Dr. Johnson about four years, having died in January, 1789, at Gloucester, aged eighty-two. A very just character of Dr. Adams may be found in the Gent. Mag. for 1789, vol. lix., p. 214.—*Malone.*

earnest set about it. But I find upon inquiry that no papers of this sort were left behind him, except a few short ejaculatory forms suitable to his present situation."

Dr. Adams had not then received accurate information on this subject: for it has since appeared that various prayers had been composed by him at different periods, which, intermingled with pious resolutions and some short notes of his life, were entitled by him "Prayers and Meditations," and have, in pursuance of his earnest requisition, in the hopes of doing good, been published, with a judicious well-written preface, by the Reverend Mr. Strahan, to whom he delivered them. This admirable collection, to which I have frequently referred in the course of this work, evinces, beyond all his compositions for the public, and all the eulogies of his friends and admirers, the sincere virtue and piety of Johnson. It proves with unquestionable authenticity, that, amidst all his constitutional infirmities, his earnestness to conform his practice to the precepts of Christianity was unceasing, and that he habitually endeavoured to refer every transaction of his life to the will of the Supreme Being.[1]

He arrived in London on the 16th of November, and next day sent to Dr. Burney the following note, which I insert as the last token of his remembrance of that ingenious and amiable man, and as another of the many proofs of the tenderness and benignity of his heart:—

"Mr. Johnson, who came home last night, sends his respects to dear Dr. Burney and all the dear Burneys, little and great."

TO MR. HECTOR.

In Birmingham.

"London, Nov. 17, 1784.

"DEAR SIR,

"I did not reach Oxford until Friday morning, and I sent Francis to see the balloon fly, but could

[1] See Appendix to this volume for publication of the Prayers and

I staid at Oxford till Tuesday, and then came in the common vehicle easily to London. I am as I was, and having seen Dr. Brocklesby, am to ply the squills; but, whatever be their efficacy, this world must soon pass away. Let us think seriously on our duty. I send my kindest respects to dear Mrs. Careless: let me have the prayers of both. We have all lived long, and must soon part. God have mercy on us for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen. I am, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

His correspondence with me, after his letter on the subject of my settling in London, shall now, so far as is proper, be produced in one series. July 26th, he wrote to me from Ashbourne:—

"On the 14th, I came to Lichfield, and found every body glad enough to see me. On the 20th I came hither, and found a house half-built, of very uncomfortable appearance; but my own room has not been altered. That a man worn with diseases, in his seventy-second or third year, should condemn part of his remaining life to pass among ruins and rubbish, and that no inconsiderable part, appears to me very strange. I know that your kindness makes you impatient to know the state of my health, in which I cannot boast of much improvement. I came through the journey without much inconvenience, but when I attempt self-motion I find my legs weak, and my breath very short: this day I have been much disordered. I have no company; the doctor [Taylor] is busy in his fields, and goes to bed at nine, and his whole system is so different from mine, that we seem formed for different elements; I have, therefore, all my amusement to seek within myself."

Having written to him in bad spirits a letter filled with dejection and fretfulness, and at the same time expressing anxious apprehensions concerning him on account of a dream which had disturbed me; his answer was chiefly in terms of reproach, for a supposed charge of "affecting discontent, and indulging the vanity of complaint." It, however, proceeded:—

"Write to me often, and write like a man. I consider your fidelity and tenderness as a great part of the comforts which are

yet left me, and sincerely wish we could be nearer to each other. * * * My dear friend, life is very short and very uncertain; let us spend it as well as we can. My worthy neighbour, Allen, is dead. Love me as well as you can. Pay my respects to dear Mrs. Boswell. Nothing ailed me at that time; let your superstition at last have an end."

Feeling very soon that the manner in which he had written might hurt me, he two days afterwards (July 28), wrote to me again, giving me an account of his sufferings; after which he thus proceeds:—

"Before this letter you will have had one which I hope you will not take amiss; for it contains only truth, and that truth kindly intended. *Spartam quam nactus es orna;* make the most and best of your lot, and compare yourself not with the few that are above you, but with the multitudes which are below you. Go steadily forwards with lawful business or honest diversions. 'Be,' as Temple[1] says of the Dutchman, 'well when you are not ill, and pleased when you are not angry.' This may seem but an ill return for your tenderness; but I mean it well, for I love you with great ardour and sincerity. Pay my respects to dear Mrs. Boswell, and teach the young ones to love me."

I unfortunately was so much indisposed during a considerable part of the year, that it was not, or at least I thought it was not, in my power to write to my illustrious friend as formerly, or without expressing such complaints as offended him. Having conjured him not to do me the injustice of charging me with affectation, I was with much regret long silent. His last letter to me then came, and affected me very tenderly:—

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Lichfield, Nov. 5, 1784.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have this summer sometimes amended, and sometimes relapsed, but, upon the whole, have lost ground very much. My

[1] Obs. upon the United Provinces, chap. iv. Works, vol. i., p. 170, Lond. 1757.—*Editor.*

days before his death he transmitted to his friend, Mr. John Nichols, a list of the authors of the Universal History, mentioning their several shares in that work. It has, according to his direction, been deposited in the British Museum, and is printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for December, 1784.[1]

and embittered his existence. Besides the numerous and various works which he executed, he had, at different times, formed schemes of a great many more, of which the following catalogue [see Appendix to this volume] was given by him to Mr. Langton, and by that gentleman presented to his Majesty.

In the first page of this little volume, his late Majesty King George III. wrote with his own hand:—"*Original Manuscripts of Dr. Samuel Johnson, presented by his friend,* —— *Langton, Esq. April* 16*th*, 1785. *G. R.*"—*Croker.*

[1] As the letter accompanying this list (which fully supports the observation in the text) was written but a week before Dr. Johnson's death, the reader may not be displeased to find it here preserved:—

TO MR. NICHOLS.

"December 6th, 1784.

"The late learned Mr. Swinton, having one day remarked that one man, meaning, I suppose, no man but himself, could assign all the parts of the Ancient Universal History to their proper authors, at the request of Sir Robert Chambers, or of myself, gave the account which I now transmit to you in his own hand; being willing that of so great a work the history should be known, and that each writer should receive his due proportion of praise from posterity.

"I recommend to you to preserve this scrap of literary intelligence in Mr. Swinton's own hand, or to deposit it in the Museum, that the veracity of this account may never be doubted. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

Mr. S——n.

The History of the	The History of the
Carthaginians.	Cyrenaica.
Numidians.	Marmarica.
Mauritanians.	Regio Syrtica.
Gætulians.	Turks, Tartars, and Moguls.
Garamanthes.	Indians.
Melano Gætulians.	Chinese.
Nigritæ.	

Dissertation on the Peopling of America.

——————— Independency of the Arabs.

The Cosmogony, and a small part of the History immediately following; by Mr. Sale.

To the birth of Abraham; chiefly by Mr. Shelvock.

During his sleepless nights he amused himself by translating into Latin verse, from the Greek, many of the epigrams in the "Anthologia." These translations, with some other poems by him in Latin, he gave to his friend Mr. Langton, who, having added a few notes, sold them to the booksellers for a small sum to be given to some of Johnson's relations, which was accordingly done; and they are printed in the collection of his works.

A very erroneous notion had circulated as to Johnson's deficiency in the knowledge of the Greek language, partly owing to the modesty[1] with which, from knowing how much there was to be learnt, he used to mention his own comparative acquisitions. When Mr. Cumberland[2] talked to him of the Greek fragments which are so well illustrated in "The Observer," and of the Greek dramatists in general, he candidly acknowledged his insufficiency in that particular branch of Greek literature. Yet it may be said, that though not a great, he was a good Greek scholar. Dr. Charles Burney, the younger, who is universally ac-

History of the Jews, Gauls, and Spaniards; by Mr. Psalmanazar.

Xenophon's Retreat; by the same.

History of the Persians and the Constantinopolitan Empire; by Dr. Campbell.

History of the Romans; by Mr. Bower.—*Malone.*

[1] On the subject of Dr. Johnson's skill in Greek, I have great pleasure in quoting an anecdote told by my late friend, Mr. Gifford, in his Life of Ford:—

"My friend the late Lord Grosvenor had a house at Salt Hill, where I usually spent a part of the summer, and thus became acquainted with that great and good man, Jacob Bryant. Here the conversation turned one morning on a Greek criticism by Dr. Johnson in some volume lying on the table, which I ventured (*for I was then young*) to deem incorrect, and pointed it out to him. I could not help thinking that he was something of my opinion, but he was cautious and reserved. 'But, Sir,' said I, willing to overcome his scruples, 'Dr. Johnson himself admitted that he was not a good Greek scholar.' 'Sir,' he replied, with a serious and impressive air, 'it is not easy for us to say what such a man as Johnson would call a good Greek scholar.' I hope that I profited by that lesson—certainly I never forgot it."—Gifford's Works of Ford, vol. i., p. lxii.—*Croker.*

[2] Mr. Cumberland assures me that he was always treated with great courtesy by Dr. Johnson, who, in his Letters to Mrs. Thrale, vol. ii., p. 68, thus speaks of that learned, ingenious, and accomplished gentleman: "The want of company is an inconvenience, but Mr. Cumberland is a million."

knowledged by the best judges to be one of the few men of this age who are very eminent for their skill in that noble language, has assured me, that Johnson could give a Greek word for almost every English one; and that, although not sufficiently conversant in the niceties of the language, he, upon some occasions, discovered, even in these, a considerable degree of critical acumen. Mr. Dalzel, professor of Greek at Edinburgh, whose skill is unquestionable, mentioned to me, in very liberal terms, the impression which was made upon him by Johnson, in a conversation which they had in London concerning that language. As Johnson, therefore, was undoubtedly one of the first Latin scholars in modern times, let us not deny to his fame some additional splendour from Greek.

I shall now fulfil my promise of exhibiting specimens of various sorts of imitation of Johnson's style.

In the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, 1787," there is an "Essay on the Style of Dr. Samuel Johnson," by the Reverend Robert Burrowes, whose respect for the great object of his criticism[1] is thus evinced in the concluding paragraph: "I have singled him out from the whole body of English writers, because his universally acknowledged beauties would be most apt to induce imitation: and I have treated rather on his faults, than his perfections, because an essay might comprise all the observations I could make upon his faults, while volumes would not be sufficient for a treatise on his perfections."

Mr. Burrowes has analysed the composition of Johnson, and pointed out its peculiarities with much acuteness; and I would recommend a careful perusal of his Essay to those who being captivated by the union of perspicuity and splendour which the writings of Johnson contain, without having a sufficient portion of his vigour of mind, may be

[1] We must smile at a little inaccuracy of metaphor in the preface to the Transactions, which is written by Mr. Burrowes. The *critic of the style* of Johnson having, with a just zeal for literature, observed, that the whole nation are called on to exert themselves, afterwards says, "They are *called on* by every *tye* which can have laudable influence on the heart of man."

in danger of becoming bad copyists of his manner. I, however, cannot but observe, and I observe it to his credit, that this learned gentleman has himself caught no mean degree of the expansion and harmony which, independent of all other circumstances, characterise the sentences of Johnson. Thus, in the preface to the volume in which the Essay appears, we find,—

"If it be said, that in societies of this sort too much attention is frequently bestowed on subjects barren and speculative, it may be answered, that no one science is so little connected with the rest as not to afford many principles whose use may extend considerably beyond the science to which they primarily belong, and that no proposition is so purely theoretical as to be totally incapable of being applied to practical purposes. There is no apparent connection between duration and the cycloidal arch, the properties of which duly attended to have furnished us with our best regulated methods of measuring time: and he who had made himself master of the nature and affections of the logarithmic curve is not aware that he has advanced considerably towards ascertaining the proportionable density of the air at its various distances from the surface of the earth."

The ludicrous imitators of Johnson's style are innumerable. Their general method is to accumulate hard words, without considering, that, although he was fond of introducing them occasionally, there is not a single sentence in all his writings where they are crowded together, as in the first verse of the following imaginary Ode by him to Mrs. Thrale,[1] which appeared in the newspapers:—

"*Cervisial coctor's viduate* dame,
Opins't thou this gigantic frame,

[1] Johnson's wishing to unite himself with this rich widow was much talked of, but I believe without foundation. The report, however, gave occasion to a poem, not without characteristical merit, entitled Ode to Mrs. Thrale, by Samuel Johnson, LL.D., on their supposed approaching Nuptials: printed for Mr. Faulder in Bond Street. I shall quote as a specimen the first three stanzas:—

"If e'er my fingers touch'd the lyre,
In satire fierce, in pleasure gay,
Shall not my Thralia's smiles inspire?
Shall Sam refuse the sportive lay?

Procumbing at thy shrine,
Shall, *catenated* by thy charms,
A captive in thy *ambient* arms,
Perennially be thine?"

This and a thousand other such attempts are totally unlike the original, which the writers imagined they were turning into ridicule. There is not similarity enough for burlesque, or even for caricature.

Mr. Colman, in his "Prose on several Occasions," has "A Letter from Lexiphanes, containing proposals for a *Glossary*, or *Vocabulary* of the *Vulgar Tongue;* intended as a Supplement to a larger Dictionary." It is evidently meant as a sportive sally of ridicule on Johnson, whose style is thus imitated, without being grossly overcharged:—

"It is easy to foresee that the idle and illiterate will complain that I have increased their labours by endeavouring to diminish them; and that I have explained what is more easy by what is more difficult—*ignotum per ignotius*. I expect, on the other hand, the liberal acknowledgments of the learned. He who is buried in scholastic retirement, secluded from the assemblies of the gay, and remote from the circles of the polite, will at once comprehend the definitions, and be grateful for such a seasonable and necessary elucidation of his mother-tongue."

Annexed to this letter is a short specimen of the work, thrown together in a vague and desultory manner, not even adhering to alphabetical concatenation.[1]

"My dearest lady! view your slave,
Behold him as your very *Scrub;*
Eager to write as author grave,
Or govern well—the brewing-tub.

"To rich felicity thus raised,
My bosom glows with amorous fire,
Porter no longer shall be praised;
'Tis I myself am *Thrale's Entire.*"

[1] "HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY,—Conglomeration and confusion.
"HODGE-PODGE,—A culinary mixture of heterogeneous ingredients; applied metaphorically to all discordant combinations.
"TIT FOR TAT,—Adequate retaliation.

The serious imitators of Johnson's style, whether intentionally or by the imperceptible effect of its strength and animation, are, as I have had already occasion to observe, so many, that I might introduce quotations from a numerous body of writers in our language, since he appeared in the literary world. I shall point out the following:—

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D.

"In other parts of the globe, man, in his rudest state, appears as lord of the creation, giving law to various tribes of animals which he has tamed and reduced to subjection. The Tartar follows his prey on the horse which he has reared, or tends his numerous herds which furnish him both with food and clothing; the Arab has rendered the camel docile, and avails himself of its persevering strength; the Laplander has formed the reindeer to be subservient to his will; and even the people of Kamschatka have trained their dogs to labour. This command over the inferior creatures is one of the noblest prerogatives of man, and among the greatest efforts of his wisdom and power. Without this, his dominion is incomplete. He is a monarch who has no subjects; a master without servants; and must perform every operation by the strength of his own arm."—*History of America.* vol. i. 4to, p. 332.

EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

"Of all our passions and appetites, the love of power is of the most imperious and unsociable nature, since the pride of one man requires the submission of the multitude. In the tumult of civil discord the laws of society lose their force, and their place is seldom supplied by those of humanity. The ardour of contention, the pride of victory, the despair of success, the memory of past injuries, and the fear of future dangers, all contribute to

"SHILLY SHALLY,—Hesitation and irresolution.
"FEE! FA! FUM!—Gigantic intonations.
"RIGMAROLE,—Discourse, incoherent and rhapsodical.
"CRINCUM-CRANCUM,—Lines of irregularity and involution.
"DING-DONG,—Tintinabulary chimes, used metaphorically to signify dispatch and vehemence."

inflame the mind, and to silence the voice of pity."—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. i. chap. 4.

MISS BURNEY.

"My family, mistaking ambition for honour, and rank for dignity, have long planned a splendid connection for me, to which, though my invariable repugnance has stopped any advances, their wishes and their views immovably adhere. I am but too certain they will now listen to no other. I dread, therefore, to make a trial where I despair of success: I know not how to raise a prayer with those who may silence me by a command."—*Cecilia*, book vii. chap. 1.

REVEREND MR. NARES.[1]

"In an enlightened and improving age, much perhaps is not to be apprehended from the inroads of mere caprice: at such a period it will generally be perceived that needless irregularity is the worst of all deformities, and that nothing is so truly elegant in language as the simplicity of unviolated analogy. Rules will, therefore, be observed, so far as they are known and acknowledged; but at the same time, the desire of improvement having [illegible] once excited will not remain inactive; and its efforts [illegible] assisted by knowledge as much as they are prompted [illegible] will not unfrequently be found pernicious; [illegible] persons whose intention it is [illegible] perfect the [illegible] will deprave and disorder [illegible] ingly. [illegible] it becomes peculiarly n[illegible] t the [illegible] should be fully examin[illegible] stood; [illegible] be carefully laid dow[illegible] should be [illegible] much it contains wh[illegible] dy [illegible] from change and vi[illegible] ment; and how [illegible] mu[illegible]

A distinguised author in "The Mirror,"[1] a periodical paper published at Edinburgh, has imitated Johnson very closely. Thus, in No. 16:—

"The effects of the return of spring have been frequently remarked, as well in relation to the human mind as to the animal and vegetable world. The reviving power of this season has been traced from the fields to the herds that inhabit them, and from the lower classes of beings up to man. Gladness and joy are described as prevailing through universal nature, animating the low of the cattle, the carol of the birds, and the pipe of the shepherd."

The Reverend Dr. Knox, master of Tunbridge school, appears to have the *imitari aveo* of Johnson's style perpetually in his mind; and to his assiduous, though not servile, study of it, we may partly ascribe the extensive popularity of his writings.[2]

In his "Essays, Moral and Literary," No. 3, we find the following passage:—

"The polish of external grace may indeed be deferred till the

[1] That collection was presented to Dr. Johnson, I believe, by its authors; and I heard him speak very well of it.

[2] It were to be wished that he had imitated that great man in every respect, and had not followed the example of Dr. Adam Smith, in ungraciously attacking his venerable *Alma Mater*, Oxford. It must, however, be observed, that he is much less to blame than Smith: he only objects to certain particulars; Smith, to the whole institution; though indebted for much of his learning to an exhibition which he enjoyed for many years at Balliol College. Neither of them, however, will do any hurt to the noblest university in the world. While I animadvert on what appears to me exceptionable in some of the works of Dr. Knox, I cannot refuse due praise to others of his productions; particularly his sermons, and to the spirit with which he maintains, against presumptuous heretics, the consolatory doctrines peculiar to the Christian Revelation. This he has done in a manner equally strenuous and conciliating. Neither ought I to omit mentioning a remarkable instance of his candour. Notwithstanding the wide difference of our opinions upon the important subject of university education, in a letter to me concerning this work he thus expresses himself: "I thank you for the very great entertainment your Life of Johnson gives me. It is a most valuable work. Yours is a new species of biography. Happy for Johnson that he had so able a recorder of his wit and wisdom."

The greater portion of this note, from the sentence, "It must, however, &c." was added in the second edition.—*Editor.*

approach of manhood. When solidity is obtained by pursuing the modes prescribed by our forefathers, then may the file be used. The firm substance will bear attrition, and the lustre then acquired will be durable."

There is, however, one in No. 11 which is blown up into such tumidity as to be truly ludicrous. The writer means to tell us, that members of Parliament who have run in debt by extravagance will sell their votes to avoid an arrest,[1] which he thus expresses :—

"They who build houses and collect costly pictures and furniture with the money of an honest artisan or mechanic will be very glad of emancipation from the hands of a bailiff by a sale of their senatorial suffrage."

But I think the most perfect imitation of Johnson is a professed one, entitled "A Criticism on Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard," said to be written by Mr. Young, professor of Greek, at Glasgow, and of which let him have the credit, unless a better title can be shown. It has not only the particularities of Johnson's style, but that very species of literary discussion and illustration for which he was eminent. Having already quoted so much from others, I shall refer the curious to this performance, with an assurance of much entertainment.[2]

Yet, whatever merit there may be in any imitations of

[1] Dr. Knox, in his Moral and Literary abstraction, may be excused for not knowing the political regulations of his country. No senator can be in the hands of a bailiff.

[2] It seems to me to be one of the most insipid and unmeaning volumes ever published. I cannot make out whether it was meant for jest or earnest; but it fails either way, for it has neither pleasantry nor sense. Johnson saw this work, and thus writes of it :—"Of the imitation of my style, in a criticism on Gray's Churchyard, I forgot to make mention. The author is, I believe, utterly unknown, for Mr. Steevens cannot hunt him out. I know little of it, for though it was sent me, I never cut the leaves open. I had a letter with it, representing it to me as my own work; in such an account to the public there may be humour, but to myself it was neither serious nor comical. I suspect the writer to be wrong-headed. As to the noise which it makes, I never heard it, and am inclined to believe that few attacks either of ridicule or invective make much noise but by the help of those that they provoke." Letters, July 5, vol. ii., 289, 1783.—*Croker*.

Johnson's style, every good judge must see that they are obviously different from the original; for all of them are either deficient in its force, or overloaded with its peculiarities; and the powerful sentiment to which it is suited is not to be found.

Johnson's affection for his departed relations seemed to grow warmer as he approached nearer to the time when he might hope to see them again. It probably appeared to him that he should upbraid himself with unkind inattention, were he to leave the world without having paid a tribute of respect to their memory.

TO MR. GREEN,

Apothecary, at Lichfield.

"December 2, 1784.

"DEAR SIR,—I have enclosed the epitaph for my father, mother, and brother, to be all engraven on the large size, and laid in the middle aisle in St. Michael's church, which I request the clergyman and churchwardens to permit.

"The first care must be to find the exact place of interment, that the stone may protect the bodies. Then let the stone be deep, massy, and hard; and do not let the difference of ten pounds, or more, defeat our purpose.

"I have enclosed ten pounds, and Mrs. Porter will pay you ten more, which I gave her for the same purpose. What more is wanted shall be sent; and I beg that all possible haste may be made, for I wish to have it done while I am yet alive.[1] Let me know, dear Sir, that you receive this. I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] It was not done, Dr. Harwood tells us, till after Johnson's death; and when the church was new paved in 1796, the stone was removed, and, strange and shameful to say, is nowhere to be found. The following is the inscription:—

H. S. E.

MICHAEL JOHNSON,

Vir impavidus, constans, animosus, periculorum immemor, laborum patientissimus; fiducia christiana fortis, fervidusque, pater-familias ap-

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER IN LICHFIELD.[1]

"December 2, 1784.

"DEAR MADAM,—I am very ill, and desire your prayers. I have sent Mr. Green the epitaph, and a power to call on you for ten pounds.

"I laid this summer a stone over Tetty, in the chapel of Bromley in Kent. The inscription is in Latin,[2] of which this is the English. (Here a translation.)

"That this is done, I thought it fit that you should know. What care will be taken of us, who can tell? May God pardon and bless us, for Jesus Christ's sake. I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

My readers are now, at last, to behold SAMUEL JOHNSON preparing himself for that doom, from which the most exalted powers afford no exemption to man. Death had always been to him an object of terror: so that, though by no means happy, he still clung to life with an eagerness at which many have wondered. At any time when he was

prime strenuus; bibliopola admodum peritus; mente et libris et negotiis exculta; animo ita firmo, ut, rebus adversis diu conflicatus, nec sibi nec suis defuerit: lingua sic temperata, ut ei nihil quod aures, vel pias, vel castas læsisset, aut dolor, vel voluptas unquam expresserit.

Natus Cubleiæ, in agro Derbiensi, Anno 1656.
Obiit 1731.

Apposita est SARA, conjux.

Antiqua FORDORUM gente oriunda; quam domi sedulam, foris paucis notam; nulli molestam, mentis acumine et judicii subtilitate præcellentem; aliis multum, sibi parum indulgentem: Æternitati semper attentam, omne fere virtutis nomen commendavit.

Nata Nortoniæ Regis, in agro Varvicensi, Anno 1669;
Obiit 1759.

Cum NATHANAELE illorum filio, qui natus 1712, cum vires et animi, et corporis multa pollicerentur, Anno 1737, vitam brevem pia morte finivit.—*Croker.*

[1] This lady survived Dr. Johnson just thirteen months. She died at Lichfield, in her seventy-first year, January 13, 1786, and bequeathed the principal part of her fortune to the Rev. Mr. Pearson, of Lichfield.—*Malone.*

[2] See vol. i., p. 183, note.—*Editor.*

ill, he was very much pleased to be told that he looked better. An ingenious member of the *Eumelian Club*[1] informs me, that upon one occasion, when he said to him that he saw health returning to his cheek, Johnson seized him by the hand and exclaimed, "Sir, you are one of the kindest friends I ever had."

His own statement of his views of futurity will appear truly rational; and may, perhaps, impress the unthinking with seriousness.

"You know," says he to Mrs. Thrale,[2] "I never thought confidence with respect to futurity any part of the character of a brave, a wise, or a good man. Bravery has no place where it can avail nothing; wisdom impresses strongly the consciousness of those faults, of which it is, perhaps, itself an aggravation; and goodness, always wishing to be better, and imputing every deficience to criminal negligence, and every fault to voluntary corruption, never dares to suppose the condition of forgiveness fulfilled, nor what is wanting in the crime supplied by penitence.

"This is the state of the best; but what must be the condition of him whose heart will not suffer him to rank himself among the best, or among the good? Such must be his dread of the approaching trial, as will leave him little attention to the opinion of those whom he is leaving for ever; and the serenity that is not felt, it can be no virtue to feign."

His great fear of death, and the strange dark manner in which Sir John Hawkins imparts the uneasiness which he expressed on account of offences with which he charged himself, may give occasion to injurious suspicions, as if there had been something of more than ordinary criminality weighing upon his conscience. On that account, therefore, as well as from the regard to truth which he inculcated,[3] I am to mention (with all possible respect and delicacy, however), that his conduct, after he came to London, and

[1] A club in London, founded by the learned and ingenious physician, Dr. Ash, in honour of whose name it was called *Eumelian*, from the Greek Εὐμελίας: though it was warmly contended, and even put to a vote, that it should have the more obvious appellation of *Fraxinean*, from the Latin. μελία is the Greek word for ash.

[2] Letters, March 10, 1784, vol. ii., p. 3.

[3] See what he said to Malone, p. 16 of this volume.

had associated with Savage and others, was not so strictly virtuous, in one respect, as when he was a younger man. It was well known that his amorous inclinations were uncommonly strong and impetuous. He owned to many of his friends, that he used to take women of the town to taverns, and hear them relate their history. In short, it must not be concealed, that like many other good and pious men, among whom we may place the apostle Paul upon his own authority, Johnson was not free from propensities which were ever "warring against the law of his mind,"—and that in his combats with them, he was sometimes overcome.

Here let the profane and licentious pause; let them not thoughtlessly say that Johnson was an *hypocrite*, or that his *principles* were not firm, because his *practice* was not uniformly conformable to what he professed.

Let the question be considered independent of moral and religious associations; and no man will deny that thousands, in many instances, act against conviction. Is a prodigal, for example, an *hypocrite*, when he owns he is satisfied that his extravagance will bring him to ruin and misery? We are *sure* he *believes* it; but immediate inclination, strengthened by indulgence, prevails over that belief in influencing his conduct. Why then shall credit be refused to the *sincerity* of those who acknowledge their persuasion of moral and religious duty, yet sometimes fail of living as it requires? I heard Dr. Johnson once observe, "There is something noble in publishing truth, though it condemns one's self."[1] And one who said in his presence, "he had no notion of people being in earnest in their good professions, whose practice was not suitable to them," was thus reprimanded by him:—"Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature as not to know that a man may

[1] Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides (3rd edition, p. 209). [See *below*, vol. v., p. 177.] On the same subject, in his letter to Mrs. Thrale, dated November 29, 1783 (Letters, vol. ii., p. 334), he makes the following just observation:—"Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more or better than in time past. The mind is enlarged and elevated by mere purposes, though they end as they began, by airy contemplation. We compare and judge, though we do not practise."

be very sincere in good principles, without having good practice?"

But let no man encourage or soothe himself in "presumptuous sin," from knowing that Johnson was sometimes hurried into indulgences which he thought criminal. I have exhibited this circumstance as a shade in so great a character, both from my sacred love of truth, and to show that he was not so weakly scrupulous as he has been represented by those who imagine that the sins, of which a deep sense was upon his mind, were merely such little venial trifles as pouring milk into his tea on Good-Friday. His understanding will be defended by my statement, if his consistency of conduct be in some degree impaired. But what wise man would, for momentary gratifications, deliberately subject himself to suffer such uneasiness as we find was experienced by Johnson in reviewing his conduct as compared with his notion of the ethics of the Gospel? Let the following passages be kept in remembrance:—

"O God, giver and preserver of all life, by whose power I was created, and by whose providence I am sustained, look down upon me with tenderness and mercy; grant that I may not have been created to be finally destroyed; that I may not be preserved to add wickedness to wickedness." (*Pr. and Med.*, p. 41. First edition.)

"O Lord, let me not sink into total depravity; look down upon me, and rescue me at last from the captivity of sin." (p. 62.)

"Almighty and most merciful Father, who hast continued my life from year to year, grant that by longer life I may become less desirous of sinful pleasures, and more careful of eternal happiness." (p. 78.)

"Let not my years be multiplied to increase my guilt; but as my age advances, let me become more pure in my thoughts, more regular in my desires, and more obedient to thy laws." (p. 114.)

"Forgive, O merciful Lord, whatever I have done contrary to thy laws. Give me such a sense of my wickedness as may produce true contrition and effectual repentance: so that when I shall be called into another state, I may be received among the sinners to whom sorrow and reformation have obtained pardon, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." (p. 223.)

Such was the distress of mind, such the penitence of

Johnson, in his hours of privacy, and in his devout approaches to his Maker. His *sincerity*, therefore, must appear to every candid mind unquestionable.

It is of essential consequence to keep in view that there was in this excellent man's conduct no false principle of *commutation*, no *deliberate* indulgence in sin, in consideration of a counterbalance of duty. His offending and his repenting were distinct and separate:[1] and when we consider his almost unexampled attention to truth, his inflexible integrity, his constant piety, who will dare to "cast a stone at him?" Besides, let it never be forgotten that he cannot be charged with any offence indicating badness of *heart*, any thing dishonest, base, or malignant; but that, on the contrary, he was charitable in an extraordinary degree: so that even in one of his own rigid judgments of himself (Easter-eve, 1781), while he says, "I have corrected no external habits;" he is obliged to own, "I hope that since my last communion I have advanced, by pious reflections, in my submission to God, and my benevolence to man." (p. 186.)

I am conscious that this is the most difficult and dangerous part of my biographical work, and I cannot but be very anxious concerning it. I trust that I have got through it, preserving at once my regard to truth,—to my friend,—and to the interests of virtue and religion. Nor can I apprehend that more harm can ensue from the knowledge of the irregularities of Johnson, guarded as I have stated it, than from knowing that Addison and Parnell were intemperate in the use of wine; which he himself, in his Lives of those celebrated writers and pious men, has not forborne to record.

It is not my intention to give a very minute detail of the particulars of Johnson's remaining days, of whom it was now evident that the crisis was fast approaching, when he must "*die like men, and fall like one of the princes.*" Yet it will be instructive, as well as gratifying to the

[1] Dr. Johnson related, with very earnest approbation, a story of a gentleman, who, in an impulse of passion, overcame the virtue of a young woman. When she said to him, "I am afraid we have done wrong!" he answered, "Yes, we have done wrong;" for he would not *debauch her mind.*

curiosity of my readers, to record a few circumstances, on the authenticity of which they may perfectly rely, as I have been at the utmost pains to obtain an accurate account of his last illness, from the best authority.

Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Warren, and Dr. Butter, physicians, generously attended him, without accepting any fees, as did Mr. Cruikshank, surgeon; and all that could be done from professional skill and ability was tried, to prolong a life so truly valuable. He himself, indeed, having, on account of his very bad constitution, been perpetually applying himself to medical inquiries, united his own efforts with those of the gentlemen who attended him; and imagining that the dropsical collection of water which oppressed him might be drawn off by making incisions in his body, he, with his usual resolute defiance of pain, cut deep, when he thought that his surgeon had done it too tenderly.[1]

About eight or ten days before his death, when Dr. Brocklesby paid him his morning visit, he seemed very low and desponding, and said, "I have been as a dying man all night." He then emphatically broke out in the words of Shakspeare:—

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

To which Dr. Brocklesby readily answered from the same great poet,—

> "——————— Therein the patient
> Must minister to himself."

[1] This bold experiment Sir John Hawkins (Life, p. 588-9) has related in such a manner as to suggest a charge against Johnson of intentionally hastening his end; a charge so very inconsistent with his character in every respect, that it is injurious even to refute it, as Sir John has thought it necessary to do. It is evident, that what Johnson did in hopes of relief indicated an extraordinary eagerness to retard his dissolution.

Johnson expressed himself much satisfied with the application.

On another day after this, when talking on the subject of prayer, Dr. Brocklesby repeated from Juvenal,—

"Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano,"

and so on to the end of the tenth satire; but in running it quickly over, he happened, in the line,

"Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat,"

to pronounce *supremum* for *extremum;* at which Johnson's critical ear instantly took offence, and discoursing vehemently on the unmetrical effect of such a lapse, he showed himself as full as ever of the spirit of the grammarian.

Having no other relations,[1] it had been for some time Johnson's intention to make a liberal provision for his faithful servant, Mr. Francis Barber, whom he looked upon as particularly under his protection, and whom he had all along treated truly as an humble friend. Having asked Dr. Brocklesby what wou_d be a proper annuity to a favourite servant, and being answered that it must depend

[1] The author in a former page (p. 280 of this volume) has shown the injustice of Sir John Hawkins's charge against Johnson, with respect to a person of the name of Heely, whom he has inaccurately represented as a relation of Johnson's. That Johnson was anxious to discover whether any of his relations were living, is evinced by the following letter, written not long before he made his will:—

"TO THE REV. DR. VYSE.

"*In Lambeth.*

"Bolt Court, Nov. 29, 1784.

"SIR,—I am desirous to know whether Charles Scrimshaw, of Woodsease (I think), in your father's neighbourhood, be now livlng; what is his condition, and where he may be found. If you can conveniently make any inquiry about him, and can do it without delay, it will be an act of great kindness to me, he being very nearly related to me. I beg [you] to pardon this trouble. I am, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

In conformity to the wish expressed in the preceding letter, an inquiry was made; but no descendants of Charles Scrimshaw or of his sisters were discovered to be living. Dr. Vyse informs me, that Dr. Johnson told him, "he was disappointed in the inquiries he had made after his relations." There is therefore no ground whatsoever for supposing that he was unmindful of them, or neglected them.—*Malone.*

on the circumstances of the master; and that in the case of a nobleman fifty pounds a year was considered as an adequate reward for many years' faithful service;—"Then," said Johnson, "shall I be *nobilissimus*, for I mean to leave Frank seventy pounds a year, and I desire you to tell him so." It is strange, however, to think, that Johnson was not free from that general weakness of being averse to execute a will, so that he delayed it from time to time; and had it not been for Sir John Hawkins's repeatedly urging it, I think it is probable that his kind resolution would not have been fulfilled. After making one, which, as Sir John Hawkins informs us, extended no further than the promised annuity, Johnson's final disposition of his property was established by a Will and Codicil, of which copies are subjoined.[1]

[1] "In the name of God. Amen. I, Samuel Johnson, being in full possession of my faculties, but fearing this night may put an end to my life, do ordain this my last will and testament. I bequeath to God a soul polluted by many sins, but I hope purified by Jesus Christ. I leave seven hundred and fifty pounds in the hands of Bennet Langton, Esq.: three hundred pounds in the hands of Mr. Barclay and Mr. Perkins, brewers; one hundred and fifty pounds in the hands of Dr. Percy, bishop of Dromore; one thousand pounds, three per cent. annuities in the public funds; and one hundred pounds now lying by me in ready money; all these before-mentioned sums and property I leave, I say, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. William Scott, of Doctors' Commons, in trust, for the following uses:—That is to say, to pay to the representatives of the late William Innys, bookseller, in St. Paul's Churchyard, the sum of two hundred pounds; to Mrs. White, my female servant, one hundred pounds stock in the three per cent. annuities aforesaid. The rest of the aforesaid sums of money and property, together with my books, plate, and household furniture, I leave to the before-mentioned Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. William Scott, also in trust, to be applied, after paying my debts, to the use of Francis Barber, my man-servant, a negro, in such manner as they shall judge most fit and available to his benefit. And I appoint the aforesaid Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. William Scott, sole executors of this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills and testaments whatever. In witness whereof I hereunto subscribe my name, and affix my seal, this eighth day of December, 1784. "SAM. JOHNSON, (L. S.)

"Signed, sealed, published, declared, and delivered, by the said testator, as his last will and testament, in the presence of us, the word *two* being first inserted in the opposite page.

"GEORGE STRAHAN.

"JOHN DESMOULINS."

The consideration of numerous papers of which he was possessed seems to have struck Johnson's mind with a sudden anxiety; and as they were in great confusion, it is much to be lamented that he had not intrusted some

"By way of codicil to my last will and testament, I, Samuel Johnson, give, devise, and bequeath, my messuage or tenement situate at Lichfield, in the county of Stafford, with the appurtenances, in the tenure and occupation of Mrs. Bond, of Lichfield, aforesaid, or of Mr. Hinchman, her under-tenant, to my executors, in trust, to sell and dispose of the same; and the money arising from such sale I give and bequeath as follows, *viz.* to Thomas and Benjamin, the sons of Fisher Johnson, late of Leicester, and —— Whiting, daughter of Thomas Johnson, late of Coventry, and the grand-daughter of the said Thomas Johnson, one full and equal fourth part each; but in case there shall be more grand-daughters than one of the said Thomas Johnson living at the time of my decease, I give and bequeath the part or share of that one to and equally between such grand-daughters. I give and bequeath to the Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Berkley, near Froom, in the county of Somerset, the sum of one hundred pounds, requesting him to apply the same towards the maintenance of Elizabeth Herne, a lunatic. I also give and bequeath to my god-children, the son and daughter of Mauritius Lowe,* painter, each of them one hundred pounds of my stock in the three per cent. consolidated annuities, to be applied and disposed of by and at the discretion of my executors, in the education or settlement in the world of them my said legatees. Also I give and bequeath to Sir John Hawkins, one of my executors, the Annales Ecclesiastici of Baronius, and Holinshed's and Stowe's Chronicles, and also an octavo Common Prayer-Book. To Bennet Langton, Esq., I give and bequeath my Polyglot Bible. To Sir Joshua Reynolds, my great French Dictionary, by Martiniere; and my own copy of my folio English Dictionary, of the last revision. To Dr. William Scott, one of my executors, the Dictionnaire de Commerce, and Lectius's edition of the Greek Poets. To Mr. Windham, Poetæ Græci Heroici per Henricum Stephanum. To the Rev. Mr. Strahan, vicar of Islington, in Middlesex, Mill's Greek Testament, Beza's Greek Testament, by Stephens, all my Latin Bibles, and my Greek Bible, by Wechlius. To Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Butter, and Mr. Cruikshank, the surgeon who attended me, Mr. Holder, my apothecary, Gerard Hamilton, Esq., Mrs. Gardiner, of Snowhill, Mrs. Frances Reynolds, Mr. Hoole, and the Reverend Mr. Hoole, his son, each a book at their election, to keep as a token of remembrance. I also give and bequeath to Mr. John Desmoulins, two hundred pounds consolidated three per cent. annuities; and to Mr. Sastres, the Italian master, the sum of five pounds, to be laid out in books of piety for his own use. And whereas the said Bennet Langton hath agreed, in consideration of the sum of seven hundred and fifty pounds, mentioned in my will to be in his hands to grant and secure an annuity of seventy

* On Johnson's relations with the Lowes, see Appendix to this volume.

faithful and discreet person with the care and selection of them; instead of which he, in a precipitate manner, burnt large masses of them, with little regard, as I apprehend, to discrimination. Not that I suppose we have thus been

pounds payable during the life of me and my servant, Francis Barber, and the life of the survivor of us, to Mr. George Stubbs, in trust for us: my mind and will is, that in case of my decease before the said agreement shall be perfected, the said sum of seven hundred and fifty pounds, and the bond for securing the said sum, shall go to the said Francis Barber; and I hereby give and bequeath to him the same, in lieu of the bequest in his favour contained in my said will. And I hereby empower my executors to deduct and retain all expenses that shall or may be incurred in the execution of my said will, or of this codicil thereto, out of such estate and effects as I shall die possessed of. All the rest, residue, and remainder of my estate and effects I give and bequeath to my said executors, in trust for the said Francis Barber,* his executors and administrators. Witness my hand and seal, this ninth day of December, 1784. "SAM. JOHNSON, (L. S.)

"Signed, sealed, published, declared, and delivered, by the said Samuel Johnson, as and for a codicil to his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, in his presence, and at his request, and also in the presence of each other, have hereto subscribed our names as witnesses.

"JOHN COPLEY.
"WILLIAM GIBSON.
"HENRY COLE."

Upon these testamentary deeds it is proper to make a few observations. His express declaration with his dying breath as a Christian, as it had been often practised in such solemn writings, was of real consequence from this great man, for the conviction of a mind equally acute and strong might well overbalance the doubts of others who were his contemporaries. The expression *polluted* may, to some, convey an impression of more than ordinary contamination; but that is not warranted by its genuine meaning, as appears from The Rambler, No. 42.† The same word is used in the will of Dr. Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, who was piety itself.

---

* Francis Barber, Dr. Johnson's principal legatee, died in the infirmary at Stafford, after undergoing a painful operation, February 13, 1801.—*Malone.*

† The quotations from the Scriptures in Johnson's Dictionary sufficiently justify the use of this word; but it does not occur in No. 42 of the Rambler. In the journey to the Hebrides he uses the world familiarly, and talks of "polluting the breakfast table with slices of cheese." Mr. Boswell may perhaps have meant the Idler, No. 82, when Johnson added to Sir Joshua Reynolds's paper the words, "and *pollute* his canvas with deformity."—*Croker.*

deprived of any compositions which he had ever intended for the public eye; but from what escaped the flames I judge that many curious circumstances, relating both to himself and other literary characters, have perished.

His legacy of two hundred pounds to the representatives of Mr. Innys, bookseller, in St. Paul's Churchyard, proceeded from a very worthy motive. He told Sir John Hawkins that his father having become a bankrupt, Mr. Innys had assisted him with money or credit to continue his business. "This," said he, "I consider as an obligation on me to be grateful to his descendants."

The amount of his property proved to be considerably more than he had supposed it to be. Sir John Hawkins estimates the bequest of Francis Barber at a sum little short of fifteen hundred pounds, including an annuity of seventy pounds to be paid to him by Mr. Langton, in consideration of seven hundred and fifty pounds which Johnson had lent to that gentleman. Sir John seems not a little angry at this bequest, and mutters "a caveat against ostentatious bounty and favour to negroes." But surely, when a man has money entirely of his own acquisition, when he has no near relations, he may, without blame, dispose of it as he pleases, and with great propriety to a faithful servant. Mr. Barber, by the recommendation of his master, retired to Lichfield, where he might pass the rest of his days in comfort.

It has been objected that Johnson omitted many of his best friends, when leaving books to several as tokens of his last remembrance. The names of Dr. Adams, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Burney, Mr. Hector, Mr. Murphy, the author of this work, and others who were intimate with him, are not to be found in his will. This may be accounted for by considering, that as he was very near his dissolution at the time, he probably mentioned such as happened to occur to him; and that he may have recollected that he had formerly shown others such proofs of his regard, that it was not necessary to crowd his will with their names. Mrs. Lucy Porter was much displeased that nothing was left to her; but besides what I have now stated, she should have considered that she had left nothing to Johnson by her will, which was made during his lifetime, as appeared at her decease.

His enumerating several persons in one group, and leaving them "each a book at their election," might possibly have given occasion to a curious question as to the order of choice, had they not luckily fixed on different books. His library, though by no means handsome in its appearance, was sold by Mr. Christie for two hundred and forty-seven pounds nine shillings; many people being desirous to have a book which had belonged to Johnson. In many of them he had written little notes: sometimes tender memorials of his departed wife; as, "This was dear Tetty's book:" sometimes occasional remarks of different sorts. Mr. Lysons, of Clifford's Inn, has favoured me with the two following:

"In 'Holy Rules and Helps to Devotion, by Br
of Winton,' 'Preces quidem videtur diligenter
inauditus.'

Two very valuable articles, I am sure, we have lost, which were two quarto volumes, containing a full, fair, and most particular account of his own life, from his earliest recollection. I owned to him, that having accidentally seen them, I had read a great deal in them; and apologising for the liberty I had taken, asked him if I could help it. He placidly answered, "Why, Sir, I do not think you could have helped it." I said that I had, for once in my life, felt half an inclination to commit theft. It had come into my mind to carry off those two volumes, and never see him more. Upon my inquiring how this would have affected him, "Sir," said he, "I believe I should have gone mad." [1]

During his last illness Johnson experienced the steady and kind attachment of his numerous friends. Mr. Hoole has drawn up a narrative[2] of what passed in the visits which he paid him during that time, from the 10th of November to the 13th of December, the day of his death, inclusive, and has favoured me with a perusal of it, with permission to make extracts, which I have done.

"In 'The Rosicrucian infallible Axiomata, by John Heydon, Gent.,' prefixed to which are some verses addressed to the author, signed Ambr. Waters, A.M. Coll. Ex. Oxon., 'These Latin verses were written to Hobbes by Bathurst, upon his Treatise on Human Nature, and have no relation to the book.—An odd fraud.'"

[1] One of these volumes, Sir John Hawkins informs us, he put into his pocket; for which the excuse he states is, that he meant to preserve it from falling into the hands of a person whom he describes so as to make it sufficiently clear who is meant [Mr. George Steevens]: "having strong reasons," said he, "to suspect that this man might find and make an ill use of the book." Why Sir John should suppose that the gentleman alluded to would act in this manner, he has not thought fit to explain. But what he did was not approved of by Johnson; who, upon being acquainted of it without delay by a friend, expressed great indignation, and warmly insisted on the book being delivered up; and, afterwards, in the supposition of his missing it, without knowing by whom it had been taken, he said, "Sir, I should have gone out of the world distrusting half mankind." Sir John next day wrote a letter to Johnson, assigning reasons for his conduct; upon which Johnson observed to Mr. Langton, "Bishop Sanderson could not have dictated a better letter. I could almost say, *Melius est sic penituisse quam non errasse.*" The agitation into which Johnson was thrown by this incident probably made him hastily burn those precious records, which must ever be regretted.

[2] This narrative is printed in the Appendix to this volume.—*Editor.*

Nobody was more attentive to him than Mr. Langton,[1] to whom he tenderly said, *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.* And I think it highly to the honour of Mr. Windham, that his important occupations as an active statesman did not prevent him from paying assiduous respect to the dying sage whom he revered. Mr. Langton informs me, that "one day he found Mr. Burke and four or five more friends sitting with Johnson. Mr. Burke said to him, 'I am afraid, Sir, such a number of us may be oppressive to you.'—'No, Sir,' said Johnson, 'it is not so; and I must be in a wretched state indeed when your company would not be a delight to me.' Mr. Burke, in a tremulous voice, expressive of being very tenderly affected, replied, 'My dear Sir, you have always been too good to me.' Immediately afterwards he went away. This was the last circumstance in the acquaintance of these two eminent men."

The following particulars of his conversation within a few days of his death I give on the authority of Mr. John Nichols.

"He said that the Parliamentary Debates were the only part of his writings which then gave him any compunction: but that at the time he wrote them he had no conception he was imposing upon the world, though they were frequently written from very slender materials, and often from none at all,—the mere coinage of his own imagination. He never wrote any part of his works with equal velocity. Three columns of the magazine in an hour was no uncommon effort, which was faster than most persons could have transcribed that quantity.

"Of his friend Cave he always spoke with great affection. 'Yet,' said he, 'Cave (who never looked out of his window but with a view to the Gentleman's Magazine) was a penurious paymaster; he would contract for lines by the hundred, and expect the long hundred; but he was a good man, and always delighted to have his friends at his table.'

[1] Mr. Langton survived Johnson several years. He died at Southampton, December 18, 1801, aged sixty-five.—*Malone.*

"I am sure you will honour him, when I tell you he is come on purpose to stay with Dr. Johnson, and that during his illness. He has taken a little lodging in Fleet Street, in order to be near, to devote himself to him."—Hannah More, letter to her sister. Memoirs, vol. i., p. 310.—*Editor.*

"When talking of a regular edition of his own works, he said that he had power (from the booksellers) to print such an edition, if his health admitted it; but had no power to assign over any edition, unless he could add notes, and so alter them as to make them new works; which his state of health forbade him to think of. 'I may possibly live,' said he, 'or rather breathe, three days, or perhaps three weeks; but find myself daily and gradually weaker.'

"He said at another time, three or four days only before his death, speaking of the little fear he had of undergoing a chirurgical operation, 'I would give one of these legs for a year more of life, I mean of comfortable life, not such as that which I now suffer;'—and lamented much his inability to read during his hours of restlessness. 'I used formerly,' he added, 'when sleepless in bed, *to read like a Turk.*'

"Whilst confined by his last illness, it was his regular practice to have the church service read to him by some attentive and friendly divine. The Rev. Mr. Hoole performed this kind office in my presence for the last time, when, by his own desire, no more than the Litany was read; in which his responses were in the deep and sonorous voice which Mr. Boswell has occasionally noticed, and with the most profound devotion that can be imagined. His hearing not being quite perfect, he, more than once interrupted Mr. Hoole with, 'Louder, my dear Sir, louder, I entreat you, or you pray in vain!'—and, when the service was ended, he, with great earnestness, turned round to an excellent lady who was present, saying, 'I thank you, Madam, very heartily, for your kindness in joining me in this solemn exercise. Live well, I conjure you; and you will not feel the compunctiou at the last which I now feel.' So truly humble were the thoughts which this great and good man entertained of his own approaches to religious perfection.

"He was earnestly invited to publish a volume of 'Devotional Exercises;' but this (though he listened to the proposal with much complacency, and a large sum of money was offered for it) he declined, from motives of the sincerest modesty.

"He seriously entertained the thought of translating 'Thuanus.' He often talked to me on the subject; and once, in particular, when I was rather wishing that he would favour the world, and gratify his sovereign, by a Life of Spenser (which he said that he would readily have done had he been able to obtain any new

materials for the purpose), he added, 'I have been thinking again, Sir, of 'Thuanus'; it would not be the laborious task which you have supposed it. I should have no trouble but that of dictation, which would be performed as speedily as an amanuensis could write.'" [1]

It is to the mutual credit of Johnson and divines of different communions, that although he was a steady Church of England man, there was, nevertheless, much agreeable intercourse between him and them. Let me particularly name the late Mr. La Trobe and Mr. Hutton,

[1] On the same undoubted authority I give a few articles which should have been inserted in chronological order, but which, now that they are before me, I should be sorry to omit:—

"Among the early associates of Johnson, at St. John's Gate, was Samuel Boyse, well known by his ingenious productions; and not less noted for his imprudence. It was not unusual for Boyse to be a customer to the pawnbroker. On one of these occasions, Dr. Johnson collected a sum of money to redeem his friend's clothes, which in two days after were pawned again. 'The sum,' said Johnson, 'was collected by sixpences, at a time when to me sixpence was a serious consideration.'

"Speaking one day of a person * for whom he had a real friendship, but in whom vanity was somewhat too predominant, he observed, that 'Kelly was so fond of displaying on his sideboard the plate which he possessed, that he added to it his spurs. For my part,' said he, 'I never was master of a pair of spurs but once; and they are now at the bottom of the ocean. By the carelessness of Boswell's servant, they were dropped from the end of the boat, on our return from the Isle of Sky.'"

The late Reverend Mr. Samuel Badcock having been introduced to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Nichols, some years before his death, thus expressed himself in a letter to that gentleman:—

"How much I am obliged to you for the favour you did me in introducing me to Dr. Johnson! *Tantum vidi Virgilium.* But to have seen him, and to have received a testimony of respect from him, was enough. I recollect all the conversation, and shall never forget one of his expressions. Speaking of Dr. P[riestley] (whose writings, I saw, he estimated at a low rate), he said, 'You have proved him as deficient in *probity* as he is in learning.' I called him an '*Index Scholar;*' but he was not willing to allow him a claim even to that merit. He said, 'that he borrowed from those who had been borrowers themselves, and did not know that the mistakes he adopted had been answered by others.' I often think of our short, but precious visit, to this great man. I shall consider it as a kind of an *æra* in my life."

* Hugh Kelly, the dramatic author, who died in Gough Square in 1777, æt. 38.—*Croker.*

[illegible] Moravian profession. His intimacy with the English [illegible] at Paris has been mentioned; and as an [illegible] proof of the charity in which he lived with good [illegible] the Romish church, I am happy in this opportunity [illegible] his friendship with the Rev. Thomas Hussey, [illegible] Catholic Majesty's chaplain of embassy at the [illegible] that very respectable man, eminent not [illegible] as a preacher, but for his [illegible] abilities and acquisitions. Nay, though Johnson [illegible] Presbyterian the least of all, this did not prevent [illegible] a long and uninterrupted social connection with [illegible] Dr. James Fordyce, who, since his death, hath [illegible] celebrated him in a warm strain of devotional [illegible].

Amidst the melancholy clouds which hung over the [illegible] Johnson, his characteristical manner showed itself on [illegible] occasions.

When Dr. Warren, in his usual style, hoped that he was [illegible], his answer was, "No, Sir; you cannot conceive with [illegible] acceleration I advance towards death."

A man whom he had never seen before was employed [illegible] to sit up with him. Being asked next morning [illegible] his attendant, his answer was, "Not at all, Sir; the fellow's an idiot; he is as awkward as a turnspit when first put into the wheel, and as sleepy as a dormouse."

Mr. Windham having placed a pillow conveniently to support him, he thanked him for his kindness, and said, "That will do—all that a pillow can do."

He repeated with great spirit a poem, consisting of several stanzas, in four lines, in alternate rhyme, which he said he had composed some years before, on occasion of a rich extravagant young gentleman's coming of age: saying he had never repeated it but once since he composed it, and had given but one copy of it. That copy was given to

[illegible] Lade—the posthumous son of the fourth baronet by Mr. [illegible] sister. He entered eagerly into all the follies of the day; was [illegible] whip; and married a woman of the town.—*Croker.*

[illegible] letter to Mrs. Thrale, August 8th, 1780, vol. ii., p. 175. "[illegible] heard in the papers how [Lade] is come to age. I have [illegible] short song of congratulation, which you must not show to

Mrs. Thrale, now Piozzi, who has published it in a book which she entitles "British Synonymy," but which is truly a collection of entertaining remarks and stories, no matter whether accurate or not. Being a piece of exquisite satire, conveyed in a strain of pointed vivacity and humour, and in a manner of which no other instance is to be found in Johnson's writings I shall here[1] insert it.

"Long-expected one-and-twenty,
Ling'ring year, at length is flown;
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
Great [Sir John], are now your own.

"Loosen'd from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

"Call the Betseys, Kates, and Jennies,
All the names that banish care;
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
Show the spirit of an heir.

"All that prey on vice and folly
Joy to see their quarry fly;
There the gamester, light and jolly,
There the lender, grave and sly.

"Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

"When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full, and spirits high—
What are acres? what are houses?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

any body. It is odd that it should come into any body's head. I hope you will read it with candour; it is, I believe, one of the author's first essays in that way of writing, and a beginner is always to be treated with tenderness."—*Malone.*

[1] In the Third Edition, vol. iv., pp. 441-2.—*Editor.*

"Should the guardian friend or mother
Tell the woes of wilful waste:
Scorn their counsels, scorn their pother,
You can hang or drown at last."

As he opened a note which his servant brought to him, he said, "An odd thought strikes me:—we shall receive no letters in the grave."

He requested three things of Sir Joshua Reynolds:—To forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him;—to read the Bible;—and never to use his pencil on a Sunday. Sir Joshua readily acquiesced.

Indeed he showed the greatest anxiety for the religious improvement of his friends, to whom he discoursed of its infinite consequence. He begged of Mr. Hoole to think of what he had said, and to commit it to writing; and, upon being afterwards assured that this was done, pressed his hands, and in an earnest tone thanked him. Dr. Brocklesby having attended him with the utmost assiduity and kindness as his physician and friend, he was peculiarly desirous that this gentleman should not entertain any loose speculative notions, but be confirmed in the truths of Christianity, and insisted on his writing down in his presence, as nearly as he could collect it, the import of what passed on the subject; and Dr. Brocklesby having complied with the request, he made him sign the paper, and urged him to keep it in his own custody as long as he lived.

Johnson, with that native fortitude which, amidst all his bodily distress and mental sufferings, never forsook him, asked Dr. Brocklesby, as a man in whom he had confidence, to tell him plainly whether he could recover. "Give me," said he, "a direct answer." The doctor, having first asked him if he could bear the whole truth, which way soever it might lead, and being answered that he could, declared that, in his opinion, he could not recover without a miracle. "Then," said Johnson, "I will take no more physic, not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." In this resolution he persevered, and, at the same time, used only the weakest kinds of sustenance. Being pressed

by Mr. Windham to take somewhat more generous nourishment, lest too low a diet should have the very effect which he dreaded, by debilitating his mind, he said, "I will take any thing but inebriating sustenance."

The Reverend Mr. Strahan, who was the son of his friend, and had been always one of his great favourites, had, during his last illness, the satisfaction of contributing to soothe and comfort him. That gentleman's house at Islington, of which he is vicar, afforded Johnson, occasionally and easily, an agreeable change of place and fresh air; and he attended also upon him in town in the discharge of the sacred offices of his profession.

Mr. Strahan has given me the agreeable assurance, that after being in much agitation, Johnson became quite composed, and continued so till his death.

Dr. Brocklesby, who will not be suspected of fanaticism, obliged me with the following accounts:—

"For some time before his death, all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith, and his trust in the merits and *propitiation* of Jesus Christ.

"He talked often to me about the necessity of faith in the *sacrifice* of Jesus, as necessary beyond all good works whatever for the salvation of mankind.

"He pressed me to study Dr. Clarke and to read his sermons. I asked him why he pressed Dr. Clarke, an Arian.[1] 'Because, said he, 'he is fullest on the *propitiatory sacrifice*.'"

Johnson having thus in his mind the true Christian scheme, at once rational and consolatory, uniting justice

[1] The change of his sentiments with regard to Dr. Clarke is thus mentioned to me in a letter from the late Dr. Adams, master of Pembroke College, Oxford,—"The Doctor's prejudices were the strongest, and certainly in another sense the weakest, that ever possessed a sensible man. You know his extreme zeal for orthodoxy. But did you ever hear what he told me himself—that he had made it a rule not to admit Dr. Clarke's name in his Dictionary? This, however, wore off. At some distance of time he advised with me what books he should read in defence of the Christian religion. I recommended Clarke's Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, as the best of the kind; and I find in what is called his Prayers and Meditations, that he was frequently employed in the latter part of his time in reading Clarke's Sermons."

and mercy in Divinity, with the improvement of human nature, previous to receiving the Holy Sacrament in his apartment, composed and fervently uttered this prayer:[1]—

"Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate for the last time, the death of Thy Son Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence, may be in His merits, and Thy mercy; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of Thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me by Thy Holy Spirit, in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Having, as has been already mentioned, made his will on the 8th and 9th of December, and settled all his worldly affairs, he languished till Monday, the 13th of that month, when he expired, about seven o'clock in the evening, with so little apparent pain, that his attendants hardly perceived when his dissolution took place.

Of his last moments, my brother, Thomas David, has furnished me with the following particulars:—

"The Doctor, from the time that he was certain his death was near, appeared to be perfectly resigned, was seldom or never fretful or out of temper, and often said to his faithful servant, who gave me this account, 'Attend, Francis, to the salvation of your soul, which is the object of greatest importance:' he also explained to him passages in the Scripture, and seemed to have pleasure in talking upon religious subjects.

"On Monday, the 13th of December, the day on which he died, a Miss Morris,[2] daughter to a particular friend of his,

[1] The Reverend Mr. Strahan took care to have it preserved, and has inserted it in his "Prayers and Meditation," p. 216.

[2] Sister of a lady whose sad history is recorded in Leslie and Taylor's Life of Reynolds, vol. i., p. 323 (note), and who was the subject of one

called, and said to Francis, that she begged to be permitted to see the Doctor, that she might earnestly request him to give her his blessing. Francis went into the room, followed by the young lady, and delivered the message. The Doctor turned himself in the bed, and said, 'God bless you, my dear!' These were the last words he spoke. His difficulty of breathing increased till about seven o'clock in the evening, when Mr. Barber and Mrs. Desmoulins, who were sitting in the room, observing that the noise he had made in breathing had ceased, went to the bed, and found he was dead."[1]

About two days after his death, the following very agreeable account was communicated to Mr. Malone, in a letter by the Honourable John Byng, to whom I am much obliged for granting me permission to introduce it in my work:—

"DEAR SIR,—

"Since I saw you, I have had a long conversation with Cawston,[2] who sat up with Dr. Johnson, from nine o'clock on Sunday evening, till ten o'clock on Monday morning. And, from what I can gather from him, it should seem that Dr. John-

of Reynolds's loveliest portraits, sent to the first exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1769, "Miss Morris as Hope nursing Love." The picture is now at Bowood.—*Editor.*

[1] The following letter, now in my possession, written with an agitated hand, from the very chamber of death, by the amiable Mr. Langton, and obviously interrupted by his feelings, will not unaptly close the story of so long a friendship. The letter is not addressed, but Mr. Langton's family believe it was intended for Mr. Boswell.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"After many conflicting hopes and fears respecting the event of this heavy return of illness which has assailed our honoured friend, Dr. Johnson, since his arrival from Lichfield, about four days ago the appearances grew more and more awful, and this afternoon at eight o'clock, when I arrived at his house to see how he should be going on, I was acquainted at the door, that about three-quarters of an hour before, he breathed his last. I am now writing in the room where his venerable remains exhibit a spectacle, the interesting solemnity of which, difficult as it would be in any sort to find terms to express, so to you, my dear Sir, whose own sensations will paint it so strongly, it would be of all men the most superfluous to attempt to——."—*Croker.*

[2] Servant to the Right Hon. William Windham.

son was perfectly composed, steady in hope, and resigned to death. At the interval of each hour, they assisted him to sit up in his bed, and move his legs, which were in much pain; when he regularly addressed himself to fervent prayer; and though, sometimes, his voice failed him, his sense never did, during that time. The only sustenance he received was cider and water. He said his mind was prepared, and the time to his dissolution seemed long. At six in the morning he inquired the hour, and, on being informed, said, that all went on regularly, and he felt that he had but a few hours to live.

"At ten o'clock in the morning he parted from Cawston, saying, 'You should not detain Mr. Windham's servant:—I thank you; bear my remembrance to your master.' Cawston says, that no man could appear more collected, more devout, or less terrified at the thoughts of the approaching minute.

"This account, which is so much more agreeable than, and somewhat different from, yours, has given us the power of thinking that this great man died as he had lived, full of resignation, strengthened in faith, and joyful in hope."

A few days before his death, he had asked Sir John Hawkins, as one of his executors, where he should be buried, and on being answered, "Doubtless, in Westminster Abbey," seemed to feel a satisfaction, very natural to a poet; and indeed in my opinion very natural to every man of any imagination, who has no family sepulchre in which he can be laid with his fathers. Accordingly, upon Monday, December 20, his remains were deposited in that noble and renowned edifice; and over his grave was placed a large blue flag-stone, with this inscription:—

"SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
Obiit XIII. die Decembris,
Anno Domini
M. DCC. LXXXIV.
Ætatis suæ LXXV."

His funeral was attended by a respectable number of his friends, particularly such of the members of The Literary Club as were in town; and was also honoured with the presence of several of the Reverend Chapter of West-

minster. Mr. Burke, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Windham, Mr. Langton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr. Colman bore his pall. His schoolfellow, Dr. Taylor, performed the mournful office of reading the burial service.

I trust I shall not be accused of affectation when I declare that I find myself unable to express all that I felt upon the loss of such a "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend,"[1] I shall, therefore, not say one word of my own, but adopt those of an eminent friend,[2] which he uttered with an abrupt felicity, superior to all studied compositions:—"He has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up. Johnson is dead. Let us go to the next best: there is nobody; no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson."

As Johnson had abundant homage paid to him during his life,[3] so no writer in this nation ever had such an accu-

[1] On the subject of Johnson I may adopt the words of Sir John Harrington concerning his venerable tutor and diocesan, Dr. John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells: "who hath given me some helps, more hopes, all encouragements in my best studies: to whom I never came but I grew more religious; from whom I never went, but I parted better instructed. Of him, therefore, my acquaintance, my friend, my instructor, if I speak much, it were not to be marvelled; if I speak frankly, it is not to be blamed; and though I speak partially, it were to be pardoned."—*Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i., p. 136. There is one circumstance in Sir John's character of Bishop Still, which is peculiarly applicable to Johnson: "He became so famous a disputer, that the learnedest were even afraid to dispute with him; and he, finding his own strength, could not stick to warn them in their arguments, to take heed to their answers, like a perfect fencer, that will tell aforehand in which button he will give the venew, or like a cunning chess-player that will appoint aforehand with which pawn and in what place he will give the mate.—*Ibid.* (Note in the Third Edition, vol. iv., p. 448.)

[2] The late Right Hon. William Gerrard Hamilton.—*Malone.*

[3] Beside the Dedications to him by Dr. Goldsmith, the Rev. Dr. Franklin, and the Rev. Mr. Wilson, which I have mentioned according to their dates, there was one by a lady, of a versification of "Aningait and Ajut," and one by the ingenious Mr. Walker, of his Rhetorical Grammar. I have introduced into this work several compliments paid to him in the writings of his contemporaries; but the number of them is so great, that we may fairly say that there was almost a general tribute.

mulation of literary honours after his death. A sermon upon that event was preached in St. Mary's Church,

Let me not be forgetful of the honour done to him by Colonel Myddleton, of Gwaynynog, near Denbigh; who, on the banks of a rivulet in his park, where Johnson delighted to stand and repeat verses, erected an urn with the following inscription:—

"This spot was often dignified by the presence of
Samuel Johnson, LL.D.,
Whose moral writings, exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity,
Gave ardour to Virtue and confidence to Truth."

As no inconsiderable circumstance of his fame, we must reckon the extraordinary zeal of the artists to extend and perpetuate his image. I can enumerate a bust by Mr. Nollekens, and the many casts which were made from it; several pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, from one of which, in the possession of the Duke of Dorset, Mr. Humphry executed a beautiful miniature in enamel; one by Mrs. Frances Reynolds, Sir Joshua's sister; one by Mr. Zoffany; and one by Mr. Opie; and the following engravings of his portrait:—1. By Cooke, from Sir Joshua, for the proprietor's edition of his folio Dictionary.—2. One from ditto, by ditto, for their quarto edition.—3. One from Opie, by Heath, for Harrison's edition of his Dictionary.—4. One from Nollekens' bust of him, by Bartolozzi, for Fielding's quarto edition of his Dictionary.—5. One small from Sir Joshua, by Trotter, for his Beauties.—6. One small, from Sir Joshua, by Trotter, for his Lives of the Poets.—7. One small, from Sir Joshua, by Hall, for The Rambler.—8. One small, from an original drawing, in the possession of Mr. John Simco, etched by Trotter, for another edition of his Lives of the Poets.—9. One small, no painter's name, etched by Taylor, for his Johnsoniana.—10. One folio, whole length, with his oak stick, as described in Boswell's Tour, drawn and etched by Trotter.—11. One large Mezzotinto, from Sir Joshua, by Doughty.—12. One large Roman head, from Sir Joshua, by Marchi.—13. One octavo, holding a book to his eye, from Sir Joshua, by Hall, for his works.—14. One small, from a drawing from the life, and engraved by Trotter, for his life published by Kearsley.—15. One large, from Opie, by Mr. Townley, (brother of Mr. Townley of the Commons), an ingenious artist, who resided some time at Berlin, and has the honour of being engraver to His Majesty the King of Prussia. This is one of the finest mezzotintos that ever was executed; and what renders it of extraordinary value, the plate was destroyed after four or five impressions only were taken off. One of them is in the possession of Sir William Scott. Mr. Townley has lately been prevailed with to execute and publish another of the same, that it may be more generally circulated amongst the admirers of Dr. Johnson.—16. One large, from Sir Joshua's first picture of him, by Heath, for this work, in quarto.—17. One octavo, by Baker, for the octavo edition.—18. And one for Lavater's Essays on Physiognomy, in which Johnson's

Oxford, before the University, by the Rev. Mr. Agutter, of Magdalen College.[1] The Lives, the Memoirs, the Essays, both in prose and verse, which have been published concerning him, would make many volumes. The numerous attacks too upon him I consider as part of his consequence, upon the principle which he himself so well knew and asserted. Many who trembled at his presence were forward in assault, when they no longer apprehended danger. When one of his little pragmatical foes was invidiously snarling at his fame at Sir Joshua Reynolds's table, the Reverend Dr. Parr exclaimed, with his usual bold animation, "Ay, now that the old lion is dead, every ass thinks he may kick at him."

A monument for him, in Westminster Abbey, was resolved upon soon after his death, and was supported by a most respectable contribution; but the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's having come to a resolution of admitting monuments there upon a liberal and magnificent plan, that cathedral was afterwards fixed on, as a place in which a cenotaph should be erected to his memory: and in the cathedral of his native city of Lichfield a smaller one is to be erected.[2] To compose his epitaph, could not

countenance is analysed upon the principles of that fanciful writer. There are also several seals with his head cut on them, particularly a very fine one by that eminent artist, Edward Burch, Esq., R. A., in the possession of the younger Dr. Charles Burney.*

Let me add, as a proof of the popularity of his character, that there are copper pieces struck at Birmingham, with his head impressed on them, which pass current as halfpence there, and in the neighbouring parts of the country.

[1] It is not yet published. In a letter to me, Mr. Agutter says, "My sermon before the University was more engaged with Dr. Johnson's *moral* than his *intellectual* character. It particularly examined his fear of death, and suggested several reasons for the apprehensions of the good, and the indifference of the infidel, in their last hours; this was illustrated by contrasting the death of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Hume: the text was, Job xxi. 22—26."

[2] This monument has been since erected. It consists of a medallion, with a tablet beneath, on which is this inscription:—

---

* For a further account of the portraits of Johnson, see the Appendix to this volume.—*Editor.*

but excite the warmest competition of genius.[1] If *laudari*

"The friends of SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
A native of Lichfield,
Erected this Monument,
As a tribute of respect
To the Memory of a man of extensive learning,
A distinguished moral writer, and a sincere Christian.
He died Dec. 13, 1784, aged 75."—*Malone.*

[1] The Rev. Dr. Parr, on being requested to undertake Johnson's epitaph, thus expressed himself in a letter to William Seward, Esq.:

"I leave this mighty task to some hardier and some abler writer. The variety and splendour of Johnson's attainments, the peculiarities of his character, his private virtues, and his literary publications, fill me with confusion and dismay, when I reflect upon the confined and difficult species of composition, in which alone they can be expressed with propriety, upon his monument."

But I understand that this great scholar, and warm admirer of Johnson, has yielded to repeated solicitations, and executed the very difficult undertaking.

Dr. Johnson's monument, consisting of a colossal figure leaning against a column (but not very strongly resembling him), has since the death of Mr. Boswell been placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, having been first opened to public view, Feb. 23, 1796. The epitaph was written by the Rev. Dr. Parr, and is as follows:—

A ☧ Ω

SAMVELI · IOHNSON
GRAMMATICO · ET · CRITICO
SCRIPTORVM · ANGLICORVM · LITTERATE · PERITO
POETAE · LVMINIBVS · SENTENTIARVM
ET · PONDERIBVS · VERBORVM · ADMIRABILI
MAGISTRO · VIRTVTIS · GRAVISSIMO
HOMINI · OPTIMO · ET · SINGVLARIS · EXEMPLI.

QVI VIXIT · ANN · LXXV · MENS · II. DIEB · XIIII.
DECESSIT · IDIB · DECEMBR · ANN · CHRIST ·
CIↃ · IↃCC · LXXXIIII ·
SEPVLT · IN · AED · SANCT · PETR · WESTMONASTERIENS ·
XIII · KAL · IANVAR . ANN · CHRIST · CIↃ · IↃCC · LXXXV.
AMICI · ET · SODALES · LITTERARII
PECVNIA · CONLATA
H · M · FACIVND · CVRAVER.

On a scroll in his hand are the following words:—

ΕΝΜΑΚΑΡΕΣΣΙΠΟΝΩΝΑΝΤΑΞΙΟΣΕΙΗΑΜΟΙΒΗ

On one side of the monument:—

FACIEBAT JOHANNES BACON, SCVLPTOR ANN. CHRIST.
M.D.CC.LXXXV.

a laudato viro be praise which is highly estimable, I should not forgive myself were I to omit the following sepulchral

The subscription for this monument, which cost eleven hundred guineas, was begun by the Literary Club, and completed by the aid of Johnson's other friends and admirers.—*Malone.*

It is to be regretted that the committee for erecting this monument did not adhere to the principles of the Round Robin, on the subject of Goldsmith's epitaph, and insist on having the epitaph to Johnson written in the language to which he had been so great and so very peculiar a benefactor. The committee of subscribers, called *curators*, were Lord Stowell, Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Metcalf, Mr. Boswell, and Mr. Malone; of whom Mr. Metcalfe, Mr. Burke, and Sir Joseph had signed the Round Robin; but it may be presumed that Dr. Johnson's preference of a Latin epitaph, so *positively pronounced* on that occasion, operated on their minds as an expression of what his wishes would have been as to his own. It seems, however, to me, the height of bad taste and absurdity to exhibit Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's cathedral in the masquerade of a half-naked Roman, with such pedantic, and, to the passing public, unintelligible inscriptions as the above: of which the following is a close translation:—

Alpha ☧ *Omega.*

TO SAMUEL JOHNSON,
A grammarian and critic
Of great skill in English literature;
A poet admirable for the light of his sentences
And the weight of his words;
A most effective teacher of virtue;
An excellent man, and of singular example,
Who lived 75 years, 2 months, 14 days.
He died in the ides of December, in the year of Christ,
MDCCLXXXIV.
Was buried in the church of St. Peter's, Westminster,
The 13th of the kalends of January, in the year of Christ
MDCCLXXXV.
His literary friends and companions,
By a collection of money,
Caused this monument to be made.

The reader will not of course attribute to the original all the awkwardness of this nearly literal version; but he will not fail to observe the tedious and confused mode of marking the numerals, the unnecessary repetition of them, and the introduction of *nones* and *ides*, all of which are, even on the principles of the Lapidarian scholars themselves, clumsy, and on the principles of common sense, contemptible. Thirty-four letters and numerals (nearly a tenth part of the whole inscription) are, for instance, expended in letting posterity know that Dr. Johnson was *buried* in about a week after his *death*.

verses on the author of THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY, written by the Right Honourable Henry Flood:[1]—

"No need of Latin or of Greek to grace
Our JOHNSON's memory, or inscribe his grave;
His native language claims this mournful space,
To pay the immortality he gave."

The character of SAMUEL JOHNSON has, I trust, been so developed in the course of this work, that they who have honoured it with a perusal may be considered as well

The Greek words, so pedantically jumbled together on the scroll, are an alteration by Dr. Parr of the concluding line of Dionysius, the geographer, with which Johnson had closed the Rambler. It seems, that in deference to some apprehensions that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's might think the *Αὐτῶν ἐκ μακάρων ἀντάξιος εἴη ἀμοιβή—from the blessed [gods] may he receive his merited reward*—somewhat heathenish, Dr. Parr was persuaded to convert the line into *Ἐν μακάρεσσι πονῶν ἀνάξιος εἴη ἀμοιβή—may he receive amongst the blessed the merited reward of his labours.* The reader who is curious about the pompous inanities of literature will find at the end of the fourth volume of Dr. Parr's works, ed. 1828, a long correspondence between Parr, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Malone, and other friends of Dr. Johnson, on the subject of this epitaph. He will be amused at the burlesque importance which Parr attaches to epitaph-writing, the tenacity with which he endeavoured to describe Dr. Johnson, with reference to his poetical character, as *poeta probabilis*, and his candid avowal, that in the composition he was thinking more of his own character than Dr. Johnson's.—*Croker.*

[1] To prevent any misconception on this subject, Mr. Malone, by whom these lines were obligingly communicated, requests me to add the following remark:—

"In justice to the late Mr. Flood, now himself wanting, and highly meriting, an epitaph from his country, to which his transcendent talents did the highest honour, as well as the most important service, it should be observed, that these lines were by no means intended as a regular monumental inscription for Dr. Johnson. Had he undertaken to write an appropriate and discriminative epitaph for that excellent and extraordinary man, those who knew Mr. Flood's vigour of mind will have no doubt that he would have produced one worthy of his illustrious subject. But the fact was merely this: In December, 1789, after a large subscription had been made for Dr. Johnson's monument, to which Mr. Flood liberally contributed, Mr. Malone happened to call on him at his house in Berners Street, and the conversation turning on the proposed monument, Mr. Malone maintained that the epitaph, by whomsoever it should be written, ought to be in Latin. Mr. Flood thought differently. The next morning, in a postscript to a note on another subject, he mentioned that he continued of the same opinion as on the preceding day, and subjoined the lines above given."

acquainted with him. As, however, it may be expected that I should collect into one view the capital and distinguishing features of this extraordinary man, I shall endeavour to acquit myself of that part of my biographical undertaking,[1] however difficult it may be to do that which many of my readers will do better for themselves.

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth, by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs: when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preservative of the human frame.

Man is, in general, made up of contradictory qualities; and these will ever show themselves in strange succession, where a consistency in appearance at least, if not reality, has not been attained by long habits of philosophical discipline. In proportion to the native vigour of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult to be adjusted; and, therefore, we are not to wonder that Johnson exhibited an eminent example of this remark which I have made upon human nature. At different times he seemed a different man in some respects; not, however, in any great or essential article, upon which he had fully employed his mind, and settled certain principles of duty, but only in his manners, and in the display of argument and fancy in his talk. He was prone to

[1] As I do not see any reason to give a different character of my illustrious friend now from what I formerly gave, the greatest part of the sketch of him in my Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides is here adopted.

superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian, of high Church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; and had, perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to religion and politics. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing somewhat unfavourable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of sentiment which is the best possession of man. Nor can it be denied that he had many prejudices; which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that rather show a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. He was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality, both from a regard for the order of society and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay stern, in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart,[1] which showed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily disease, which made him often restless and fretful, and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking; we, therefore, ought not to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time, especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance or presuming petulance; and allowance must be made for his uttering hasty and satirical sallies even against his best friends. And, surely, when it is considered, that "amidst

[1] In the Olla Podrida, a collection of essays published at Oxford, there is an admirable paper upon the character of Johnson, written by the Rev. Dr. Horne, the late excellent Bishop of Norwich. The following passage is eminently happy:—"To reject wisdom, because the person of him who communicates it is uncouth, and his manners are inelegant; what is it, but to throw away a pine-apple, and assign for a reason the roughness of its coat?"

sickness and sorrow" he exerted his faculties in so many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he achieved the great and admirable Dictionary of our language, we must be astonished at his resolution. The solemn text, "Of him to whom much is given, much will be required," seems to have been ever present to his mind, in a rigorous sense, and to have made him dissatisfied with his labours and acts of goodness, however comparatively great; so that the unavoidable consciousness of his superiority was, in that respect, a cause of disquiet. He suffered so much from this, and from the gloom which perpetually haunted him, and made solitude frightful, that it may be said of him, "If in this life only he had hope, he was of all men most miserable." He loved praise when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind; a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; so that knowledge, which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was in him true, evident, and actual wisdom. His moral precepts are practical, for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction: for they are founded on the basis of common sense, and a very attentive and minute survey of real life. His mind was so full of imagery that he might have been perpetually a poet; yet it is remarkable, that however rich his prose is in this respect, his poetical pieces in general have not much of that splendour, but are rather distinguished by strong sentiment and acute observation, conveyed in harmonious and energetic verse, particularly in heroic couplets. Though usually grave, and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour; he frequently indulged him-

self in colloquial pleasantry; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company; with this great advantage, that, as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation,[1] that he at all times expressed his

[1] Though a perfect resemblance of Johnson is not to be found in any age, parts of his character are admirably expressed by Clarendon, in drawing that of Lord Falkland, whom the noble and masterly historian describes at his seat near Oxford: "Such an immenseness of wit, such a solidity of judgment, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination. His acquaintance was cultivated by the most polite and accurate men: so that his house was an university in less volume, whither they came, not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in conversation." Bayle's* account of Menage may also be quoted as exceedingly applicable to the great subject of this work:—

"His illustrious friends erected a very glorious monument to him in the collection entitled Menagiana. Those who judge of things right will confess that this collection is very proper to show the extent of genius and learning which was the character of Menage. And I may be bold to say, that *the excellent works he published will not distinguish him from other learned men so advantageously as this.* To publish books of great learning, to make Greek and Latin verses exceedingly well turned, is not a common talent, I own; neither is it extremely rare. It is incomparably more difficult to find men who can furnish discourse about an infinite number of things, and who can diversify them a hundred ways. How many authors are there who are admired for their works, on account of the vast learning that is displayed in them, who are not able to sustain a conversation. Those who know Menage only by his books might think he resembled those learned men; but if you show the Menagiana, you distinguish him from them, and make him known by a talent which is given to very few learned men. There it appears that he was a man who spoke off-hand a thousand good things. His memory extended to what was ancient and modern; to the court and to the city; to the dead and to the living languages; to things serious and things jocose; in a word, to a thousand sorts of subjects. That which appeared a trifle to some readers of the Menagiana, who did not consider circumstances, caused admiration in other readers, who minded the difference between what a man speaks without preparation and that which he prepares for the press. And, therefore, we cannot sufficiently commend the care which his illustrious friends took to erect a monument so capable of giving him immortal glory. They were not obliged to rectify what they had heard him say; for, in so doing, they had not been faithful historians of his conversation."

* See Dictionnaire Historique et Critique. 5th edition, tom. iv., p. 191. A.—*Editor.*

thoughts with great force, and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow deliberate utterance. In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing: for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation; and, from a spirit of contradiction, and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity; so that, when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness; but he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious by deliberately writing it; and, in all his numerous works, he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth; his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

Such was SAMUEL JOHNSON: a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues, were so extraordinary, that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence.

"Several of us got round Dr. Johnson, and complained that he would not give us an exact catalogue of his works, that there might be a complete edition. He smiled, and evaded our entreaties. That he intended to do it, I have no doubt, because I have heard him say so; and I have in my possession an imperfect list, fairly written out, which he entitles *Historia Studiorum*. I once got from one of his friends a list, which there was pretty good reason to suppose was accurate; for it was written down in his presence by this friend, who enumerated each article aloud, and had some of them mentioned to him by Mr. Levett, in concert with whom it was made out; and Johnson, who heard all this, did not contradict it. But when I showed a copy of this list to him, and mentioned the evidence for its exactness, he laughed, and said, 'I was willing to let them go on as they pleased, and never interfered.' Upon which I read it to him, article by article, and got him positively to own or refuse; and then, having obtained certainty so far, I got some other articles confirmed by him directly, and, afterwards, from time to time, made additions under his sanction." See vol. iii., p. 323.

A

CHRONOLOGICAL CATALOGUE

OF THE

PROSE WORKS[1] OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

[*Printed from Malone's Sixth Edition of the Life.*]

[N.B. To those which he himself acknowledged is added *acknowl.* To those which may be fully believed to be his from internal evidence, is added *intern. evid.*]

1735. ABRIDGEMENT and translation of Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia. *acknowl.*

1738. Part of a translation of Father Paul Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent. *acknowl.*

[N.B. As this work, after some sheets were printed, suddenly stopped, I know not whether any part of it is now to be found.]

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Preface. *intern. evid.*

Life of Father Paul. *acknowl.*

1739. A complete vindication of the Licenser of the Stage from

[1] I do not here include his Poëtical Works; for, excepting his Latin Translation of Pope's Messiah, his London, and his Vanity of Human Wishes imitated from Juvenal; his Prologue on the opening of Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Garrick, and his Irene, a Tragedy, they are very numerous, and in general short; and I have promised a complete edition of them,* in which I shall with the utmost care ascertain their authenticity, and illustrate them with notes and various readings.

* This projected edition of the Poetical works Boswell does not seem to have executed.—*Editor.*

the malicious and scandalous aspersions of Mr. Brooke, authour of Gustavus Vasa. *acknowl.*

Marmor Norfolciense: or, an Essay on an ancient prophetical inscription in monkish rhyme, lately discovered near Lynne in Norfolk: by PROBUS BRITANNICUS. *acknowl.*

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Life of Boerhaave. *acknowl.*

Address to the Reader. *intern. evid.*

Appeal to the Publick in behalf of the Editor. *intern. evid.*

Considerations on the case of Dr. Trapp's Sermons; a plausible attempt to prove that an authour's work may be abridged without injuring his property. *acknowl.*

1740. FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Preface. *intern. evid.*

Life of Admiral Drake. *acknowl.*

Life of Admiral Blake. *acknowl.*

Life of Philip Barretier. *acknowl.*

Essay on Epitaphs. *acknowl.*

1741. FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Preface. *intern. evid.*

A free translation of the Jests of Hierocles, with an introduction. *intern. evid.*

Debate on the *Humble Petition and Advice* of the Rump Parliament to Cromwell in 1657, to assume the Title of King; abridged, methodized and digested. *intern. evid.*

Translation of Abbe Guyon's Dissertation on the Amazons. *intern. evid.*

Translation of Fontenelle's Panegyrick on Dr. Morin. *intern. evid.*

1742. FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Preface. *intern. evid.*

Essay on the Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. *acknowl.*

An Account of the Life of Peter Burman. *acknowl.*

The Life of Sydenham, afterwards prefixed to Dr. Swan's Edition of his Works. *acknowl.*

Proposals for printing Bibliotheca Harleiana, or a Catalogue of the Library of the Earl of Oxford, afterwards prefixed to the first Volume of that Catalogue, in which the Latin Accounts of the Books were written by him. *acknowl.*

Abridgement, entitled, Foreign History. *intern. evid.*

Essay on the description of China, from the French of Du Halde. *intern. evid.*

1743. Dedication to Dr. Mead of Dr. James's Medicinal Dictionary. *intern. evid.*

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Preface. *intern. evid.*

Parliamentary Debates under the name of Debates in the Senate of Lilliput, from Nov. 19, 1740, to Feb. 23, 1742-3, inclusive. *acknowl.*

Considerations on the Dispute between Crousaz and Warburton on Pope's Essay on Man. *intern. evid.*

A Letter, announcing that the Life of Mr. Savage was speedily to be published by a person who was favoured with his Confidence. *intern. evid.*

Advertisement for Osborne concerning the Harleian Catalogue. *intern. evid.*

1744. Life of Richard Savage. *acknowl.*

Preface to the Harleian Miscellany. *acknowl.*

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Preface. *intern. evid.*

1745. Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with remarks on Sir T. H.'s (Sir Thomas Hanmer's) Edition of Shakspeare, and proposals for a new Edition of that Poet. *acknowl.*

1747. Plan for a Dictionary of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, addressed to Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield. *acknowl.*

FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

1748. Life of Roscommon. *acknowl.*
Foreign History, November. *intern. evid.*

FOR MR. DODSLEY'S PRECEPTOR.

Preface. *acknowl.*
Vision of Theodore the Hermit. *acknowl.*

1750. The RAMBLER, the first Paper of which was published 20th of March this year, and the last 17th of March, 1752, the day on which Mrs. Johnson died.[1] *acknowl.*
Letter in the General Advertiser to excite the attention of the Publick to the Performance of Comus, which was next day to be acted at Drury-Lane Playhouse for the Benefit of Milton's Granddaughter. *acknowl.*
Preface and Postscript to Lauder's Pamphlet, entitled, "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost." *acknowl.*

1751 Life of Cheynel, in the Miscellany called "The Student." *acknowl.*
Letter for Lauder, addressed to the Reverend Dr. John Douglas, acknowledging his Fraud concerning Milton in terms of suitable Contrition. *acknowl.*
Dedication to the Earl of Middlesex, of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's "Female Quixotte." *intern. evid.*

1753 Dedication to John Earl of Orrery, of Shakspeare Illustrated, by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox. *acknowl.*
During this and the following year he wrote and gave to his much loved friend Dr. Bathurst the Papers in the Adventurer, signed T. *acknowl.*

1754. Life of Edw. Cave in the Gentleman's Magazine. *acknowl.*

[1] This is a mistake. The last number of the Rambler appeared on the *fourteenth* of March, three days before Mrs. Johnson died. See vol. i., p. 178.—*Malone.*

1755. A DICTIONARY, with a Grammar and History, of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE. *acknowl.*

An Account of an Attempt to ascertain the Longitude at Sea, by an exact Theory of the Variations of the Magnetical Needle, with a Table of the Variations at the most remarkable Cities in Europe, from the year 1660 to 1760. *acknowl.* This he wrote for Mr. Zachariah Williams, an ingenious ancient Welsh gentleman, father of Mrs. Anna Williams, whom he for many years kindly lodged in his house. It was published with a Translation into Italian by Signor Baretti. In a Copy of it which he presented to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is pasted a character of the late Mr. Zachariah Williams, plainly written by Johnson. *intern. evid.*

1756. An Abridgement of his Dictionary. *acknowl.*

Several Essays in the Universal Visiter, which there is some difficulty in ascertaining. All that are marked with two Asterisks have been ascribed to him, although I am confident from internal Evidence, that we should except from these "The Life of Chaucer," "Reflections on the State of Portugal," and "An Essay on Architecture:" And from the same evidence I am confident that he wrote "Further Thoughts on Agriculture," and "A Dissertation on the State of Literature and Authours." The Dissertation on the Epitaphs written by Pope he afterwards acknowledged, and added to his "Idler."

Life of Sir Thomas Browne prefixed to a new Edition of his Christian Morals. *acknowl.*

In the LITERARY MAGAZINE: or, UNIVERSAL REVIEW, which began in January, 1756. His ORIGINAL ESSAYS are,

The Preliminary Address. *intern. evid.*

An Introduction to the Political State of Great Britain. *intern. evid.*

Remarks on the Militia Bill. *intern. evid.*

Observations on his Britannick Majesty's Treaties with the Empress of Russia and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. *intern. evid.*

Observations on the Present State of Affairs. *intern. evid.*
Memoirs of Frederick III. King of Prussia. *intern. evid.*

In the same MAGAZINE his REVIEWS are of the following Books:

"Birch's History of the Royal Society."—"Browne's Christian Morals."—"Warton's Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, Vol. I."—"Hampton's Translation of Polybius."—"Sir Isaac Newton's Arguments in proof of a Deity."—"Borlase's History of the Isles of Scilly."—"Home's Experiments on Bleaching."—"Browne's History of Jamaica."—"Hales on Distilling Sea Waters, Ventilators in Ships, and curing an ill Taste in Milk."—"Lucas's Essay on Waters."—"Keith's Catalogue of the Scottish Bishops."—"Philosophical Transactions, Vol. XLIX."—"Miscellanies by Elizabeth Harrison."—"Evans's Map and Account of the Middle Colonies in America."—"The Cadet, a Military Treatise."—"The Conduct of the Ministry relating to the present War impartially examined." *intern. evid.*

"Mrs. Lennox's Translation of Sully's Memoirs."—"Letter on the Case of Admiral Byng."—"Appeal to the People concerning Admiral Byng."—"Hanway's Eight Days' Journey, and Essay on Tea."—Some further Particulars in Relation to the Case of Admiral Byng, by a gentleman of Oxford." *acknowl.*

Mr. Jonas Hanway having written an angry Answer to the Review of his Essay on Tea, Johnson in the same Collection made a reply to it. *acknowl.* This is the only instance, it is believed, when he condescended to take notice of any thing that had been written against him; and here his chief intention seems to have been to make sport.

Dedication to the Earl of Rochford of, and Preface to, Mr. Payne's Introduction to the Game of Draughts. *acknowl.*

Introduction to the London Chronicle, an Evening Paper which still subsists with deserved credit. *acknowl.*

1757. Speech on the Subject of an address to the Throne after

the Expedition to Rochefort: delivered by one of his friends in some publick meeting: it is printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for October 1785. *intern. evid.*

The first two Paragraphs of the Preface to Sir William Chambers's Designs of Chinese Buildings, &c. *acknowl.*

1758. THE IDLER, which began April 5, in this year, and was continued till April 5, 1760. *acknowl.*

An Essay on the Bravery of the English Common Soldiers was added to it, when published in Volumes. *acknowl.*

1759. Rasselas Prince of Abyssinia, a Tale. *acknowl.*

Advertisement for the Proprietors of the Idler against certain persons who pirated those papers as they came out singly in a news-paper called the Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette. *intern. evid.*

For Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's English Version of Brumoy.—"A Dissertation on the Greek Comedy," and the General Conclusion of the Book. *intern. evid.*

Introduction to the World Displayed, a Collection of Voyages and Travels. *acknowl.*

Three Letters in the Gazetteer, concerning the best plan for Blackfriars Bridge. *acknowl.*

1760. Address of the Painters to George III. on his Accession to the Throne. *intern. evid.*

Dedication of Baretti's Italian and English Dictionary to the Marquis of Abreu, then Envoy-Extraordinary from Spain at the Court of Great-Britain. *intern. evid.*

Review in the Gentleman's Magazine, of Mr. Tytler's acute and able Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots. *acknowl.*

Introduction to the Proceedings of the Committee for Cloathing the French Prisoners. *acknowl.*

1761. Preface to Rolt's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce. *acknowl.*

Corrections and Improvements for Mr. Gwyn the Architect's Pamphlet, entitled "Thoughts on the Coronation of George III." *acknowl.*

1762. Dedication to the King, of the Reverend Dr. Kennedy's Complete System of Astronomical Chronology unfolding the Scriptures, Quarto Edition. *acknowl.*

Preface to the Catalogue of the Artist's Exhibition. *intern. evid.*

1763. Character of Collins in the Poetical Calendar, published by Fawkes and Woty. *acknowl.*

Dedication to the Earl of Shaftesbury of the edition of Roger Ascham's English Works, published by the Reverend Mr. Bennet. *acknowl.*

The Life of Ascham, also prefixed to that edition. *acknowl.*

Review of Telemachus, a Masque, by the Rev. George Graham, of Eton College, in the Critical Review. *acknowl.*

Dedication to the Queen of Mr. Hoole's Translation of Tasso. *acknowl.*

Account of the Detection of the Imposture of the Cock-Lane Ghost, published in the News-papers and Gentleman's Magazine. *acknowl.*

1764. Part of a Review of Grainger's "Sugar Cane, a Poem," in the London Chronicle. *acknowl.*

Review of Goldsmith's Traveller, a Poem, in the Critical Review. *acknowl.*

1765. The Plays of William Shakspeare, in eight volumes, 8vo. with Notes. *acknowl.*

1766. The Fountains, a Fairy Tale, in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies. *acknowl.*

1767. Dedication to the King of Mr. Adams's Treatise on the Globes. *acknowl.*

1769. Character of the Reverend Mr. Zachariah Mudge, in the London Chronicle. *acknowl.*

1770. The False Alarm. *acknowl.*

1771. Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands. *acknowl.*

1772. Defence of a Schoolmaster; dictated to me for the House of Lords. *acknowl.*

Argument in Support of the Law of *Vicious Intromission;* dictated to me for the Court of Session in Scotland. *acknowl.*

1773. Preface to Macbean's "Dictionary of Ancient Geography." *acknowl.*

Argument in Favour of the Rights of Lay Patrons; dictated to me for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. *acknowl.*

1774. The Patriot. *acknowl.*

1775. A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland. *acknowl.*

Proposals for publishing the Works of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, in Three Volumes Quarto. *acknowl.*

Preface to Baretti's Easy Lessons in Italian and English. *intern. evid.*

Taxation no Tyranny; an Answer to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress. *acknowl.*

Argument on the Case of Dr. Memis; dictated to me for the Court of Sessions in Scotland. *acknowl.*

Argument to prove that the corporation of Stirling was corrupt; dictated to me for the House of Lords. *acknowl.*

1776. Argument in Support of the Right of immediate, and personal reprehension from the Pulpit; dictated to me. *acknowl.*

Proposals for publishing an Analysis of the Scotch (tick Language, by the Reverend William *acknowl.*

1777. Dedication to the King of the Posthumous Works of Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester. *acknowl.*

Additions to the Life and Character of that Prelate; prefixed to those Works. *acknowl.*

Various Papers and Letters in Favour of the Reverend Dr. Dodd. *acknowl.*

1780. Advertisement for his friend Mr. Thrale to the Worthy Electors of the Borough of Southwark, *acknowl.*

The first Paragraph of Mr. Thomas Davies's Life of Garrick. *acknowl.*

1781. Prefaces, Biographical and Critical, to the works of the most eminent English Poets; afterwards published with the title of the Lives of the English Poets, *acknowl.*

Argument on the importance of the Registration of Deeds; dictated to me for an Election Committee of the House of Commons. *acknowl.*

On the Distinction between TORY and WHIG; dictated to me. *acknowl.*

On Vicarious Punishments, and the great Propitiation for the Sins of the World, by Jesus Christ; dictated to me. *acknowl.*

Argument in favour of Joseph Knight, an African Negro, who claimed his Liberty in the Court of Session in Scotland, and obtained it; dictated to me. *acknowl.*

Defence of Mr. Robertson, Printer of the Caledonian Mercury, against the Society of Procurators in Edinburgh, for having inserted in his paper a ludicrous paragraph against them; demonstrating that it was not an injurious Libel; dictated to me. *acknowl.*

1782. The greatest part, if not the whole, of a Reply, by the Reverend Mr. Shaw, to a person at Edinburgh, of the name of Clarke, refuting his arguments for the authenticity of the Poems published by Mr. James Macpherson as Translations from Ossian. *intern. evid.*

1784. List of the Authours of the Universal History, deposited in the British Museum, and printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for December, this year. *acknowl.*

VARIOUS YEARS.

Letters to Mrs. Thrale. *acknowl.*

Prayers and Meditations, which he delivered to the Rev. Mr. Strahan, enjoining him to publish them. *acknowl.*

Sermons, *left for Publication* by John Taylor, LL.D. Prebendary of Westminster, and given to the World by the Rev. Samuel Hayes, A.M. *intern. evid.*[1]

Such was the number and variety of the Prose Works of this extraordinary man, which I have been able to discover, and am at liberty to mention; but we ought to keep in mind, that there must undoubtedly have been many more which are yet concealed; and we may add to the account, the numerous Letters which he wrote, of which a considerable part are yet unpublished. It is hoped that those persons in whose possession they are, will favour the world with them.

JAMES BOSWELL.

[1] To this List of the Writings of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Alexander Chalmers, with considerable probability, suggests to me that we may add the following:

IN THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

1747. Lauder's Proposals for printing the *Adamus Exul* of Grotius. Vol. 20, p. 404.

1750. Address to the Publick, concerning Miss Williams's Miscellanies. Vol. 20, p. 428.

1753. Preface.

Notice of Mr. Edward Cave's death, inserted in the last page of the Index.

IN THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

1756. "Observations on the foregoing letter;" i.e. A letter on the American Colonies. Vol. 1, p. 66.—*Malone.*

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

VARIOUS LETTERS,

CHIEFLY FROM DR. JOHNSON TO DIFFERENT PERSONS,

From June 25th, 1781, *to October 13th,* 1784; *published by Mr. Croker in the first and subsequent editions of his Boswell's "Life of Johnson."*

TO MISS REYNOLDS.

"June 25, 1781.

"DEAR MADAM,

"You may give the book to Miss Horneck, and I will give you another for yourself.

"I am afraid there is no hope of Mrs. Thrale's custom for your pictures; but, if you please, I will mention it. She cannot make a pension out of her jointure.

"I will bring the papers myself. I am, Madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

Reynolds MSS.

TO MISS REYNOLDS.

"Bolt Court, July 21, 1781.

"DEAREST MADAM,

"There is in these [*papers?*] such force of comprehension, such nicety of observation, as Locke or Pascal might be

proud of. This I say with an intention to have you think I speak my opinion. They cannot, however, be printed in their present state. Many of your notions seem not very clear in your own mind; many are not sufficiently developed and expanded for the common reader: the expression almost every where wants to be made clearer and smoother. You may, by revisal and improvement, make it a very elegant work. I am, my dearest dear, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

Reynolds MSS.

TO DR. PATTEN.

"Sept. 24, 1781.

"DEAR SIR,

"It is so long since we passed any time together, that you may be allowed to have forgotten some part of my character; and I know not upon what other supposition I can pass without censure or complaint the ceremony of your address. Let me not trifle time in words, to which while we speak or write them we assign little meaning. Whenever you favour me with a letter, treat me as one that is glad of your kindness and proud of your esteem.

"The papers which have been sent for my perusal I am ready to inspect, if you judge my inspection necessary or useful: but indeed, I do not; for what advantage can arise from it? A dictionary consists of independent parts, and therefore one page is not much a specimen of the rest. It does not occur to me that I can give any assistance to the author, and for my own interest I resign it into your hands, and do not suppose that I shall ever see my name with regret where you shall think it proper to be put.

"I think it, however, my duty to inform a writer who intends me so great an honour, that in my opinion he would have consulted his interest by dedicating his work to some powerful and popular neighbour, who can give him more than a name. What will the world do but look on and laugh when one scholar dedicates to another?

"If I had been consulted about this Lexicon of Antiquities while it was yet only a design, I should have recommended rather a division of Hebrew, Greek, and Roman particulars into three volumes, than a combination in one. The Hebrew part, at least, I would have wished to separate, as it might be a very popular

book, of which the use might be extended from men of learning down to the English reader, and which might become a concomitant to the Family Bible.

"When works of a multifarious and extensive kind are undertaken in the country, the necessary books are not always known. I remember a very learned and ingenious clergyman, of whom, when he had published notes upon the Psalms, I inquired what was his opinion of Hammond's Commentary, and was answered, that he had never heard of it. As this gentleman has the opportunity of consulting you, it needs not to be supposed that he has not heard of all the proper books; but unless he is near some library, I know not how he could peruse them; and if he is conscious that his *supellex* is *nimis angusta*, it would be prudent to delay his publication till his deficiencies may be supplied.

"It seems not very candid to hint any suspicions of imperfection in a work which I have not seen, yet what I have said ought to be excused, since I cannot but wish well to a learned man, who has elected me for the honour of a dedication, and to whom I am indebted for a correspondence so valuable as yours. And I beg that I may not lose any part of his kindness, which I consider with respectful gratitude. Of you, dear Sir, I entreat that you will never again forget for so long a time your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."[1]

Gent. Mag.

JOHNSON TO ALLEN,[2]

Bolt Court.

"Ashbourne, November 26, 1781.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am weary enough of the country to think of Bolt Court, and purpose to leave Ashbourne, where I now am, in a day or two,

[1] Dr. Thomas Patten had been a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, A.M. 1736, D.D. 1754. He was afterwards Rector of Childry, Berks, where he died in 1790. The letter in the text relates to Mr. Wilson's Archæological Dictionary, which was ultimately dedicated to Johnson.—*Croker.*

[2] Communicated to me by Mr. P. Cunningham: who found also in a pocket-book of Allen's, memoranda of Johnson's departure and return. "*October* 15, 1781, *Dr. Johnson set out about* 9 *a.m. to Oxford, Lichfield, and Ashbourne.*" "*December* 11, 1781, *Dr. Johnson returned from Derbyshire.*"—*Croker.*

and to make my way through Lichfield, Birmingham, and Oxford, with what expedition I decently can, and then we will have a row and a dinner, and now and then a dish of tea together.

"I doubt not but you have been so kind as to send the oysters to Lichfield, and I now beg that you will let Mrs. Desmoulins have a guinea on my account.

"My health has been but indifferent, much of the time I have been out, and my journey has not supplied much entertainment.

"I shall be at Lichfield, I suppose, long enough to receive a letter, and I desire Mrs. Desmoulins to write immediately what she knows. I wish to be told about Frank's wife and child. I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant,

MS. "SAM. JOHNSON."

TO MR. BEATNIFFE,

Recorder of Hull.

"Bolt Court, Fleet Street, February 14, 1782.

"SIR,

"Robert Levett, with whom I have been connected by a friendship of many years, died lately at my house. His death was sudden, and no will has yet been found; I therefore gave notice of his death in the papers, that an heir, if he has any, may appear. He has left very little; but of that little his brother is doubtless heir, and your friend may be perhaps his brother. I have had another application from one who calls himself his brother; and I suppose it is fit that the claimant should give some proofs of his relation. I would gladly know, from the gentleman that thinks himself R. Levett's brother,

"In what year, and in what parish, R. Levett was born?

"Where or how was he educated?

"What was his early course of life?

"What were the marks of his person; his stature; the colour of his eyes?

"Was he marked by the small-pox?

"Had he any impediment in his speech?

"What relations had he, and how many are now living?

"His answer to these questions will show whether he knew him; and he may then proceed to show that he is his brother.

"He may be sure, that nothing shall be hastily wasted or removed. I have not looked into his boxes, but transferred that business to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, of character above suspicion. "SAM. JOHNSON."

Harwood MSS.

TO MRS. GASTRELL AND MRS. ASTON.

"Bolt Court, March 30, 1782.

"DEAREST LADIES,

"The tenderness expressed in your kind letter makes me think it necessary to tell you that they who are pleased to wish me well, need not be any longer particularly solicitous about me. I prevailed on my physician to bleed me very copiously, almost against his inclination. However, he kept his finger on the pulse of the other hand, and, finding that I bore it well, let the vein run on. From that time I have mended, and hope I am now well. I went yesterday to church without inconvenience, and hope to go to-morrow.

"Here are great changes in the great world; but I cannot tell you more than you will find in the papers. The men have got in whom I have endeavoured to keep out; but I hope they will do better than their predecessors; it will not be easy to do worse.

"Spring seems now to approach, and I feel its benefit, which I hope will extend to dear Mrs. Aston.

"When Dr. Falconer saw me, I was at home only by accident, for I lived much with Mrs. Thrale, and had all the care from her that she could take or could be taken. But I have never been ill enough to want attendance; my disorder has been rather tedious than violent; rather irksome than painful. He needed not have made such a tragical representation.

"I am now well enough to flatter myself with some hope of pleasure from the summer. How happy would it be if we could see one another, and be all tolerably well! Let us pray for one another. I am, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

Pembroke MSS.

TO MISS REYNOLDS.

"April 8, 1782.

"DEAREST MADAM,

"Your work is full of very penetrating meditation, and very forcible sentiments. I read it with a full perception of the sublime, with wonder and terror; but I cannot think of any profit from it; it seems not born to be popular.

"Your system of the mental fabric is exceedingly obscure, and, without more attention than will be willingly bestowed, is unintelligible. The plans of Burnaby will be more safely understood, and are often charming. I was delighted with the different bounty of different ages.

"I would make it produce something if I could, but I have indeed no hope. If a bookseller would buy it at all, as it must be published without a name, he would give nothing for it worth your acceptance. I am, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

Reynolds MSS.

TO DR. HAMILTON.[1]

"Bolt Court, June 4, 1783.

"REVEREND SIR,

"Be pleased to excuse this application from a stranger in favour of one who has very little ability to speak for herself. The unhappy woman who waits on you with this, has been known to me many years. She is the daughter of a clergyman of Leicestershire, who by an unhappy marriage is reduced to solicit a refuge in the workhouse of your parish, to which she has a claim by her husband's settlement.

[1] This and the following notes addressed to the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, are published from the originals in the possession of his son, who observes that they are of no further interest than as showing the goodness of Johnson's heart, and the spirit with which he entered into the cause and interests of an individual in distress, when he was almost on the bed of sickness and death himself.—*Wright.*

"Her case admits of little deliberation; she is turned out of her lodging into the street. What my condition allows me to do for her I have already done, and having no friend, she can have recourse only to the parish. I am, reverend Sir, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

MSS.

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER.

"London, June 25, 1783.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Since the papers have given an account of my illness, it is proper that I should give my friends some account of it myself.

"Very early in the morning of the 16th of this month I perceived my speech taken from me. When it was light I sat down and wrote such directions as appeared proper. Dr. Heberden and Dr. Brocklesby were called. Blisters were applied, and medicines given. Before night I began to speak with some freedom, which has been increasing ever since, so that I have now very little impediment in my utterance. Dr. Heberden took his leave this morning.

"Since I received this stroke I have in other respects been better than I was before, and hope yet to have a comfortable summer. Let me have your prayers.

"If writing is not troublesome, let me know whether you are pretty well, and how you have passed the winter and spring.

"Make my compliments to all my friends. I am, dear Madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

Pearson MSS.

TO F. BARBER.

"Heale, Sept. 16, 1783.

"DEAR FRANCIS,

"I rather wonder that you have never written; but that is now not necessary, for I purpose to be with [you] on Thursday before dinner. As Thursday is my birth-day, I would have a little dinner got, and would have you invite Mrs. Desmoulins, Mrs. Davis that was [illegible] and Mr. Allen and Mrs. Gardiner. I [illegible] JOHNSON."

Harwood [illegible]

TO MRS. MONTAGU.

"September 22, 1783.

"MADAM,

"That respect which is always due to beneficence makes it fit that you should be informed, otherwise than by the papers, that, on the 6th of this month, died your pensioner, Anna Williams, of whom it may be truly said, that she received your bounty with gratitude, and enjoyed it with propriety. You perhaps have still her prayers.

"You have, Madam, the satisfaction of having alleviated the sufferings of a woman of great merit, both intellectual and moral, Her curiosity was universal, her knowledge was very extensive, and she sustained forty years of misery with steady fortitude. Thirty years and more she had been my companion, and her death has left me very desolate.

"That I have not written sooner, you may impute to absence, to ill health, to any thing rather than want of regard to the benefactress of my departed friend. I am, Madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

Montagu MSS.

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER.

"Bolt Court, Fleet Street, Nov. 10, 1783.

"DEAR MADAM,

"The death of poor Mr. Porter, of which your maid has sent me an account, must have very much surprised you. The death of a friend is almost always unexpected: we do not love to think of it, and therefore are not prepared for its coming. He was, I think, a religious man, and therefore that his end was happy.

"Death has likewise visited my mournful habitation. Last month died Mrs. Williams, who had been to me for thirty years in the place of a sister: her knowledge was great, and her conversation pleasing. I now live in cheerless solitude.

"My two last years have passed under the pr re
sive diseases. I have lately had the gout witn
But I wonderfully escaped the operation wh
and am upon the whole restored to health be
tation.

"As we daily see our friends die round us, we that are left must cling closer, and, if we can do nothing more, at leaat pray for one another; and remember, that as others die we must die too, and prepare ourselves diligently for the last great trial. I am, Madam, yours affectionately, &c. "SAM. JOHNSON."

Pearson MSS.

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER.

"London, Nov. 29, 1783.

"DEAR MADAM,

"You may perhaps think me negligent that I have not written to you again upon the loss of your brother; but condolences and consolations are such common and such useless things, that the omission of them is no great crime; and my own diseases occupy my mind and engage my care. My nights are miserably restless, and my days, therefore, are heavy. I try, however, to hold up my head as high as I can.

"I am sorry that your health is impaired: perhaps the spring and the summer may, in some degree, restore it; but if not, we must submit to the inconveniences of time, as to the other dispensations of Eternal Goodness. Pray for me, and write to me, or let Mr. Pearson write for you. I am, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Pearson MSS.

TO MISS REYNOLDS.

"December 23, 1783.

"DEAREST MADAM,

"You shall doubtless be very welcome to me on Christmas day. I shall not dine alone, but the company will all be people whom we can stay with or leave. I will expect you at three, if I hear no more. I am this day a little better. I am, dear Madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

"I mean, do not be later than three; for as I am afraid I shall [illegible] much, you cannot come too soon."

BOSWELL TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"Edinburgh, 6th February, 1784.

"My dear Sir,

"I long exceedingly to hear from you. Sir William Forbes brought me good accounts of you, and Mr. Temple sent me very pleasing intelligence concerning the fair Palmeria. But a line or two from yourself is the next thing to seeing you.

My anxiety about Dr. Johnson is truly great. I had a letter from him within these six weeks, written with his usual acuteness and vigour of mind. But he complained sadly of the state of his health; and I have been informed since that he is worse. I intend to be in London next month, chiefly to attend upon him with respectful affection. But, in the mean time, it will be a great favour done me, if you, who know him so well, will be kind enough to let me know particularly how he is.

I hope Mr. Dilly conveyed to you my Letter on the State of the Nation, *from the Author*. I know your political principles, and indeed your settled system of thinking upon civil society and subordination, to be according to my own heart; and therefore I doubt not you will approve of my honest zeal. But what montrous effects of party do we now see! I am really vexed at the conduct of some of our friends.

"Amidst the conflict our friend of Port Eliot is with much propriety created a peer. But why, O why did he not obtain the title of Baron Mahogany? (p. 39.) Genealogists and heralds would have had curious work of it to explain and illustrate that title. I ever am, with sincere regard, my dear Sir, your affectionate humble servant, "James Boswell."

Reynolds MSS.

TO DR. HAMILTON.

"Bolt Court, Feb. 11, 1784.

"Sir,

"My physicians endeavour to make me believe that I shall sometime be better qualified to receive visits from men of elegance and civility like yours.

"Mrs. Pellè shall wait upon you, and you will judge what will be proper for you to do. I once more return you my thanks, and am, Sir, &c., "Sam. Johnson."

MSS

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER.

"Bolt Court, 10th March, 1784.

"My dearest Love,

"I will not suppose that it is for want of kindness that you did not answer my last letter: and I therefore write again to tell you that I have, by God's great mercy, still continued to grow better. My asthma is seldom troublesome, and my dropsy has ran itself almost away, in a manner which my physician says is very uncommon.

"I have been confined from the 14th of December, and shall not soon venture abroad; but I have this day dressed myself as I was before my sickness.

"If it be inconvenient to you to write, desire Mr. Pearson to let me know how you do, and how you have passed this long winter. I am now not without hopes that we shall once more see one another.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Cobb and Miss Adey, and to all my friends, particularly to Mr. Pearson. I am, my dear, your most humble servant, "Sam. Johnson."

Pearson MSS.

TO MRS. GASTRELL AND MISS ASTON.

"Bolt Court, 11th March, 1784.

"Dear Ladies,

"The kind and speedy answer with which you favoured me to my last letter encourages me to hope that you will be glad to hear again that my recovery advances. My disorders are an asthma and dropsy. The asthma gives me no great trouble when I am not in motion, and the water of the dropsy has passed away in so happy a manner, by the goodness of God, as Dr. Heberden declares himself not to have known more than four times in all his practice. I have been confined to the house from December the 14th, and shall not venture out till the weather is settled; but I have this day dressed myself as before I became ill. Join with me in returning thanks, and pray for me that the time now granted me may not be ill spent.

"Let me now, dear ladies, have some account of you. Tell me how you have endured this long and sharp winter, and give

me hopes that we may all meet again with kindness and cheerfulness. I am, dear ladies, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Pembroke MSS.

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER.

"London, April 26, 1784.

"MY DEAR,

"I write to you now, to tell you that I am so far recovered that on the 21st I went to church to return thanks, after a confinment of more than four long months.

"My recovery is such as neither myself nor the physicians at all expected, and is such as that very few examples have been known of the like. Join with me, my dear love, in returning thanks to God.

"Dr. Vyse has been with (me) this evening; he tells me that you likewise have been much disordered, but that you are now better. I hope that we shall some time have a cheerful interview. In the mean time let us pray for one another. I am, Madam, your humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

Pearson MSS.

TO MISS REYNOLDS.

"Bolt Court, 30th April, 1784.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Mr. Allen has looked over the papers, and thinks that one hundred copies will come to five pounds.

"Fifty will cost £4 10*s.*, and five and twenty will cost £4 5*s.* It seems therefore scarcely worth while to print fewer than a hundred.

"Suppose you printed two hundred and fifty at £6 10*s.*, and, without my name, tried the sale, which may be secretly done. You would then see the opinion of the public without hazard, if nobody knows but I. If any body else is in the secret, you shall not have my consent to venture. I am, dear Madam, your most affectionate and most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

Reynolds MSS.

TO MISS REYNOLDS.

"May 28th, 1784.

"MADAM,

"You do me wrong by imputing my omission to any captious punctiliousness. I have not yet seen Sir Joshua, and, when I do see him, I know not how to serve you. When I spoke upon your affairs to him, at Christmas, I received no encouragement to speak again

"But we shall never do business by letters. We must see one another.

"I have returned your papers, [pp. 83 note, and 354] and am glad that you laid aside the thought of printing them. I am, Madam, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

Reynolds MSS.

TO DR. HAMILTON.

"June 2, 1784.

"SIR,

"You do everything that is liberal and kind. Mrs. Pellè is a bad manager for herself, but I will employ a more skilful agent, one Mrs. Gardiner, who will wait on you and employ Pellè's money to the best advantage. Mrs. Gardiner will wait on you.

"I return, you, Sir, sincere thanks for your attention to me. I am ill, but hope to come back better, and to be made better still by your conversation. I am, Sir, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

MSS.

BOSWELL TO LORD THURLOW.[1]

"General Paoli's, Upper Seymour Street,
Portman Square, June 24, 1784.

"MY LORD,

"Dr. Samuel Johnson, though wonderfully recovered from a complication of dangerous illness, i[illegible]
and I have reason to think that his val[illegible]

[1] See *antè*, p. [illegible]

served long without the benignant influence of a southern climate.

"It would therefore be of very great moment were he to go to Italy before winter sets in; and I know he wishes it much. But the objection is, that his pension of three hundred pounds a year would not be sufficient to defray his expense, and make it convenient for M. Sastres, an ingenious and worthy native of that country, and a teacher of Italian here, to accompany him.

"As I am well assured of your lordship's regard for Dr. Johnson, I presume, without his knowledge, so far to indulge my anxious concern for him, as to intrude upon your lordship with this suggestion, being persuaded that if a representation of the matter were made to his majesty by proper authority, the royal bounty would be extended in a suitable manner.

"Your lordship, I cannot doubt, will forgive me for taking this liberty. I even flatter myself you will approve of it. I am to set out for Scotland on Monday morning, so that if your lordship should have any commands for me as to this pious negotiation, you will be pleased to send them before that time. But Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom I have consulted, will be here, and will gladly give all attention to it. I am, &c.,

Reynolds MSS. "JAMES BOSWELL."

JOHNSON TO DR. ADAMS.

"London, 11th June (July), 1784.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am going into Staffordshire and Derbyshire in quest of some relief, of which my need is not less than when I was treated at your house with so much tenderness.

"I have now received the collations for Xenophon, which I have sent you with the letters that relate to them. I cannot at present take any part in the work, but I would rather pay for a collation of Oppian than see it neglected; for the Frenchmen act with great liberality. Let us not fall below them.

"I know not in what state Dr. Edwards left his book. Some of his emendations seemed to me to (be) irrefragably certain, and such, therefore, as ought not to be lost. His rule was not (to) change the text; and, therefore, I suppose he has left notes to be subjoined. As the book is posthumous, some account of the editor ought to be given.

"You have now the whole process of the correspondence before you. When the prior is answered, let some apology be made for me.

"I was forced to divide the collation, but as it is paged, you will easily put every part in its proper place.

"Be pleased to convey my respects to Mrs. and Miss Adams. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, "SAM. JOHNSON."

TO DR. HEBERDEN.

"Lichfield, 13th October, 1784.

"Though I doubt not but Dr. Brocklesby would communicate to you any incident in the variation of my health which appeared either curious or important, yet I think it time to give you some account of myself.

"Not long after the first great efflux of the water, I attained as much vigour of limbs and freedom of breath, that without rest or intermission, I went with Dr. Brocklesby to the top of the painters' Academy. This was the greatest degree of health that I have obtained, and this, if it could continue, were perhaps sufficient; but my breath soon failed, and my body grew weak.

"At Oxford (in June) I was much distressed by shortness of breath, so much that I never attempted to scale the Library: the water gained upon me, but by the use of squills was in a great measure driven away.

"In July I went to Lichfield, and performed the journey with very little fatigue in the common vehicle, but found no help from my native air. I then removed to Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, where for some time I was oppressed very heavily by the asthma; and the dropsy had advanced so far, that I could not without great difficulty button me at my knees. * * *

"No hydropical humour has been lately visible. The relaxation of my breath has not continued as it was at first, but neither do I breathe with the same *angustiæ* and distress as before the remission. The summary of my state is this:

"I am deprived, by weakness and the asthma, of the power of walking beyond a very short space.

"I draw my breath with difficulty upon the least effort, but not with suffocation or pain.

"The dropsy still threatens, but gives way to medicine.

"The summer has passed without giving me any strength.

"My appetite is, I think, less keen than it was, but not so abated as that its decline can be observed by any but myself.

"Be pleased to think on me sometimes. I am, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

MS.

II.

MALONE'S NOTE ON CERTAIN QUOTATIONS.[1]

THE words occur (as Mr. Bindley observes to me) in the first Eclogue of Mantuanus, "De Honesto Amore," &c.

"Id commune malum; semel insanivimus omnes."

With the following elucidation of the other saying—*Quos Deus* (it should rather be, *Quem Jupiter*) *vult perdere, prius dementat* Mr. Boswell was furnished by Mr. Richard How, of Apsley, in Bedfordshire, as communicated to that gentleman by his friend, Mr. John Pitts, late rector of Great Brickhill, in Buckingham: "Perhaps no scrap of Latin whatever has been more quoted than this. It occasionally falls even from those who are scrupulous even to pedantry in their Latinity, and will not admit a word into their compositions which has not the sanction of the first age. The word *demento* is of no authority, either as a verb active or neuter. After a long search, for the purpose of deciding a bet, some gentlemen of Cambridge found it among the fragments of Euripides, in what edition I do not recollect, where it is given as a translation of a Greek Iambic:

'Ον θεος θελει ἀπολεσαι, πρωτ' ἀποφρεναι.

"The above scrap was found in the handwriting of a suicide of fashion, Sir D. O., some years ago, lying on the table of the room where he had destroyed himself. The suicide was a man of classical acquirements: he left no other paper behind him."

[1] See *ante*, p. 124.

Another of these proverbial sayings,

"Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim,"

I, some years ago, in a note on a passage in "The Merchant of Venice," traced to its source. It occurs (with a slight variation) in the "Alexandreis" of Philip Gaultier (a poet of the thirteenth century), which was printed at Lyons in 1558. Darius is the person addressed;—

"—— Quo tendis inertem,
Rex periture, fugam? nescis, heu! perdite nescis
Quem fugias: hostes incurris dum fugis hostem;
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim."

The author of this line was first ascertained by Galleottus Martius, who died in 1476, as is observed in Menagiana, vol. iii. p. 130, edit. 1762. For an account of Philip Gaultier, see Vossius de Poet. Latin., p. 254, fol. 1697.

A line, not less frequently quoted than any of the preceding, was suggested for inquiry, several years ago, in a note on "The Rape of Lucrece:"

"Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris."

But the author of this verse has not, I believe, been discovered. —MALONE.

III.

MALONE'S NOTE REGARDING THE REV. JAMES COMPTON.

[P. 145 *ante*.]

THE reader will recollect, that in the year 1775, when Dr. Johnson visited France, he was kindly entertained by the English Benedictine monks at Paris. One of that body, the Rev. James Compton, in the course of some conversation with him at that time, asked him, if any of them should become converts to the protestant faith, and should visit England, whether they might hope for a friendly reception from him: to which he warmly replied, "that he should receive such a convert most cordially." In consequence of this conversation, Mr. Compton, a few years

afterwards, having some doubts concerning the religion in which he had been bred, was induced, by reading the 110th Number of "The Rambler" (on REPENTANCE), to consider the subject more deeply; and the result of his inquiries was, a determination to become a protestant. With this view, in the summer of 1782, he returned to his native country, from whence he had been absent from his sixth to his thirty-fifth year; and on his arrival in London, very scantily provided with the means of subsistence, he immediately repaired to Bolt Court, to visit Dr. Johnson; and having informed him of his desire to be admitted into the Church of England, for this purpose solicited his aid to procure for him an introduction to the Bishop of London, Dr. Lowth. At the time of his first visit, Johnson was so much indisposed, that he could allow him only a short conversation of a few minutes; but he desired him to call again in the course of the following week. When Mr. Compton visited him a second time, he was perfectly recovered from his indisposition; received him with the utmost cordiality; and not only undertook the management of the business in which his friendly interposition had been requested, but with great kindness exerted himself in this gentleman's favour, with a view to his future subsistence, and immediately supplied him with the means of present support.

Finding that the proposed introduction to the Bishop of London had from some accidental causes been deferred, lest Mr. Compton, who then lodged at Highgate, should suppose himself neglected, he wrote him the following note:

"October 6, 1782.

"SIR,

"I have directed Dr. Vyse's letter to be sent to you, that you may know the situation of your business. Delays are incident to all affairs; but there appears nothing in your case of either superciliousness or neglect. Dr. Vyse seems to wish you well. I am, &c., "SAM. JOHNSON."

Mr. Compton having, by Johnson's advice, quitted Highgate, and settled in London, had now more frequent opportunities of visiting his friend, and profiting by his conversation and advice. Still, however, his means of subsistence being very scanty, Dr. Johnson kindly promised to afford him a decent maintenance, until by his own exertions he should be able to obtain a livelihood; which benevolent offer he accepted, and lived entirely at

Johnson's expense till the end of January, 1783; in which month, having previously been introduced to Bishop Lowth, he was received into our communion in St. James's parish church. In the following April, the place of under-master of St. Paul's school having become vacant, his friendly protector did him a more essential service, by writing the following letter in his favour, to the Mercers' Company, in whom the appointment of the under-master lay:—

"Bolt Court, Fleet Street, April 19, 1783.

"GENTLEMEN,

"At the request of the Reverend Mr. James Compton, who now solicits your votes to be elected under-master of St. Paul's school, I testify with great sincerity, that he is, in my opinion, a man of abilities sufficient, and more than sufficient, for the duties of the office for which he is a candidate. I am, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Though this testimony in Mr. Compton's favour was not attended with immediate success, yet Johnson's kindness was not without effect; for his letter procured Mr. Compton so many well-wishers in the respectable company of mercers, that he was honoured, by the favour of several of its members, with more applications to teach Latin and French than he could find time to attend to. In 1796, the Rev. Mr. Gilbert, one of his majesty's French chaplains, having accepted a living in Guernsey, nominated Mr. Compton as his substitute at the French chapel of St. James's; which appointment, in April, 1811, he relinquished for a better in the French chapel at Bethnal Green. By the favour of Dr. Porteus, the late excellent Bishop of London, he was also appointed, in 1802, chaplain of the Dutch chapel at St. James's; a station which he still holds —MALONE.

IV.

MR. CROKER'S TREATMENT OF MISS BURNEY.

"On Monday, May 26 (1783), I found him at tea, and the celebrated Miss Burney, the author of 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia' with him."[1]

To this simple statement of Boswell, Mr. Croker appended a note (1831-1847), which did not redound to his credit, and which has proved a scandal to those who would preserve literature from the intrusion of unworthy personalities. "It was stated and believed," wrote Mr. Croker, "that she was only seventeen, when she surprised the world by her 'Evelina'; it now appears that she was near twenty-seven—an important difference." It *now* appears, since, we suppose, the publication of an article in the "Quarterly Review" April, 1833, reviewing Madame d'Arblay's Memoirs of her father, Dr. Burney. In that article Madame d'Arblay was charged with the deliberate suppression of every fact bearing on the determination of the question of her age when she commenced her literary career. "No allusion to what we had always considered the most extraordinary ingredient in the story—the author's 'age.' This induced us to look into the matter a little more closely, when we were additionally surprised to find that every little incident which could have led to an exact calculation of the interval between the burning of the manuscripts when the author had attained her fifteenth year, and the publication of 'Evelina' in 1778, and, in short, every clue to the date of Madame d'Arblay's birth, had been curiously obliterated" (p. 110). This led the reviewer to search either directly or indirectly the parish register of St. Margaret's, Lynn, to determine yet more accurately than his inferences could, the age of this lady, then (1833) living. There in the register of baptisms, of St. Nicholas Chapel, in the parish of St. Margaret's, King's Lynn, was found an entry, of which the following is an exact copy.

[1] See *antè*, p. 156.

1752. St. Nicholas. Baptisms.
July 7. Frances, D. Mr. Charles and Esther Burney.
Rev. Thomas Pyle, Minister.

This determines, of course, only the fact and the date of baptism. In all probability the infant was about one month old at the time; was born therefore before the middle of June, 1752. "Evelina" was published in 3 vols. 12mo. in the month of January, 1778. Fanny Burney, therefore, was twenty-five years, seven months, old, when her novel was issued from the press. But younger when it was written. In the Memoirs of her father, vol. ii., p. 127, and foll., there is an amusing account of negotiations, first with Dodsley, who refused it, and then with Lowndes, who declared his readiness to purchase and print it, when it should be finished. As the first two volumes only were in hand, a third had to be written before Lowndes would go to press. The third volume accordingly was written before the year 1777 was concluded, and in the early weeks of January, 1778, "Evelina" was actually published. We flatly deny then, on the evidence of the baptismal register, that Fanny Burney was "near twenty-seven" when "Evelina" was published. She was short of twenty-seven by nearly eighteen months. This is very miserable work, but let Mr. Croker's literary reputation bear the blame of it.

"Evelina," too, was a growth. After Fanny Burney had destroyed all her stories when she was fifteen, she tells us that another story arose in her mind and, so to speak, demanded to be written; which she wrote by snatches, nay, that she carried in her memory passages and incidents she had composed and devised, till she could find opportunity to write them down.

In Mrs. Ellis, Fanny Burney has found one of her ablest and most sympathetic defenders. Herself a novelist of no mean order, Mrs. Ellis writes thus admirably of the growth of a work of fiction and imagination in the mind of an author: "Those who have written a work of imagination alone can tell how it grows, and even they would find it hard to tell. One scene presses to be written; another must be wooed to be won. This passage flashes on the mind; others must be sought. It is not unlikely Frances was telling herself this story for years, while hemming and stitching. An expert might say some pages were written by a girl, others by a young woman. Some may have been re-

cast and others inserted, during the long time she was copying her first rough scrawl. It is probable that her diary from fifteen years of age to five-and-twenty, which is still in manuscript, contains entries which would confirm or disprove our conjectures. As a question of art, it seems much less surprising that any one of Dr. Burney's daughters should know society at seventeen, than that a young woman of five-and-twenty should write of seventeen with its own buoyancy and freshness."[1]

"It was stated and believed," says Mr. Croker in his note, "that she was only seventeen, when she surprised the world by her 'Evelina.'" By whom was this stated? It is insinuated, of course, that it proceeded from Fanny Burney. But there is not a tittle of evidence to show that either she herself, or any of her relatives, ever gave this representation. "I have not pretended," she writes in her book, "to show the world what it actually is, but what it appears to a girl of seventeen; and so far as that any girl who is past seventeen may surely do."

But the *animus* of Mr. Croker with regard to Madame d'Arblay is conspicuous also in another of his notes. "On the evening of Saturday, May 15, he (Johnson) was in fine spirits at our Essex Head Club. He told us, 'I dined yesterday at Mr. Garrick's, with Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More and Miss Fanny Burney. Three such women are not to be found.'"[2] The note we allude to is as follows: "The letters of these three ladies, posthumously published, have confirmed and indeed increased the reputation of Mrs. Carter and Hannah More, while they have wholly extinguished that of Madame d'Arblay; but this indeed had been waning ever since her two first novels, which, clever as they were, owed a great deal of their extraordinary success to the strange misrepresentation, that had been somehow made, of the author's being ten years younger than she really was." The latter part of this statement has been already confuted, and the comparison of these three ladies hardly needs confutation. For one person who knows and reads either Mrs. Carter's works or her letters, there are scores who love to read Madame D'Arblay's "Diary and Letters." Of this book, in seven volumes 8vo., two large editions have been sold; and we have heard of, though not seen, a very handsome impression, with additional matter, published by another London firm. Lord Macaulay in a brilliant

[1] Introduction to Evelina, p. xvii. London, 1881.
[2] *Antè*, p. 200.

article in the January number of the "Edinburgh Review," 1843,—to which, it may be surmised, we owe the flavour of this note of Mr. Croker's,—passed a very different judgment on the merit and interest of the Diary. "It is written, for the most part, in her earliest and best manner; in true woman's English, clear, natural, and lively. The two works (the memoirs of Madame D'Arblay's father, and the 'Diary') are lying side by side before us, and we never turn from the Memoirs to the Diary without a sense of relief. The difference is as great as the difference between the atmosphere of a perfumer's shop, filled with lavender water and jasmine soap, and the air of a heath on a fine morning of May. Both works ought to be consulted by every person who wishes to be acquainted with the history of our literature and our manners. But to read the Diary is a pleasure, to read the Memoirs will always be a task." Nor will it be considered irrelevant to cite the opinion of another admirable judge. "To be sure, I delight in little, chattering, gossiping, bustling, consequential Fanny Burney, and find her very pleasant company, though the book would be all the better if there was less ostentation of natural affection and less room given to the twaddle of ordinary people long ago deservedly forgotten. But many of her notices of eminent persons are invaluable, and as good as anything in Boswell."[1] And surely it is needless to say a single word as to the comparative popularity of Mrs. Hannah More's letters and those of Madame D'Arblay.—*Editor.*

V.

CHURTON'S REMARKS ON BOSWELL'S WORK.[2]

THE Reverend Mr. Ralph Churton, Fellow of Brasen-Nose College, Oxford, has favoured me with the following remarks on my work, which, he is pleased to say, "I have hitherto extolled, and cordially approved:"—

[1] Lord Jeffrey to Professor Napier, Correspondence, p. 389. Macmillan, 1879.

[2] See *antè*, p. 221.

"The chief part of what I have to observe is contained in the following transcript from a letter to a friend, which, with his concurrence, I copied for this purpose; and, whatever may be the merit or justness of the remarks, you may be sure that being written to a most intimate friend, without any intention that they ever should go further, they are the genuine and undisguised sentiments of the writer:—

"'Jan. 6, 1792.

"'Last week I was reading the second volume of "Boswell's Johnson," with increasing esteem for the worthy author, and increasing veneration of the wonderful and excellent man who is the subject of it. The writer throws in, now and then, very properly, some serious religious reflections; but there is one remark, in my mind an obvious and just one, which I think he has not made, that Johnson's "morbid melancholy," and constitutional infirmities, were intended by Providence, like St. Paul's thorn in the flesh, to check intellectual conceit and arrogance; which the consciousness of his extraordinary talents, awake as he was to the voice of praise, might otherwise have generated in a very culpable degree. Another observation strikes me, that in consequence of the same natural indisposition, and habitual sickliness (for he says he scarcely passed one day without pain after his twentieth year), he considered and represented human life as a scene of much greater misery than is generally experienced. There may be persons bowed down with affliction all their days; and there are those, no doubt, whose iniquities rob them of rest; but neither calamities nor crimes, I hope and believe, do so much and so generally abound, as to justify the dark picture of life which Johnson's imagination designed, and his strong pencil delineated. This I am sure, the colouring is far too gloomy for what I have experienced, though, as far as I can remember, I had more sickness (I do not say more severe, but only more in quantity) than falls to the lot of most people. But then daily debility and occasional sickness were far overbalanced by intervenient days, and, perhaps, weeks void of pain, and overflowing with comfort. So that, in short, to return to the subject, human life, as far as I can perceive from experience or observation, is not that state of constant wretchedness which Johnson always insisted it was: which misrepresentation, for such it surely is, his biographer has not corrected, I suppose, because, unhappily,

he has himself a large portion of melancholy in his constitution, and fancied the portrait a faithful copy of life.' "

The learned writer then proceeds thus in his letter to me:—

"I have conversed with some sensible men on this subject, who all seem to entertain the same sentiments respecting life with those which are expressed or implied in the foregoing paragraph. It might be added, that as the representation here spoken of appears not consistent with fact and experience, so neither does it seem to be countenanced by Scripture. There is, perhaps, no part of the sacred volume which at first sight promises so much to lend its sanction to these dark and desponding notions as the book of Ecclesiastes, which so often, and so emphatically, proclaims the vanity of things sublunary. But the design of this whole book (as it has been justly observed) is not to put us out of conceit with life, but to cure our vain expectations of a complete and perfect happiness in this world: to convince us, that there is no such thing to be found in mere external enjoyments; —and to teach us to seek for happiness in the practice of virtue, in the knowledge and love of God, and in the hopes of a better life. For this is the application of all: *Let us hear*, &c. xii. 13. Not only his duty, but his happiness too: *For God*, &c. v. 14.— See 'Sherlock on Providence.'

"The New Testament tells us, indeed, and most truly, that 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof:' and, therefore, wisely forbids us to increase our burden by forebodings of sorrows: but I think it nowhere says, that even our ordinary afflictions are not consistent with a very considerable degree of positive comfort and satisfaction. And, accordingly, one whose sufferings as well as merits were conspicuous assures us, that in proportion 'as the sufferings of Christ abounded in them, so their consolation also abounded by Christ.' 2 Cor. i. 5. It is needless to cite, as indeed it would be endless even to refer to, the multitude of passages in both Testaments holding out, in the strongest language, promises of blessings, even in this world, to the faithful servants of God. I will only refer to St. Luke, xviii. 29, 30, and 1 Tim. iv. 8.

"Upon the whole, setting aside instances of great and lasting bodily pain, of minds peculiarly oppressed by melancholy, and of severe temporal calamities, from which extraordinary cases we

surely should not form our estimate of the general tenor and complexion of life; excluding these from the account, I am convinced that as well the gracious constitution of things which Providence has ordained, as the declarations of Scripture and the actual experience of individuals, authorise the sincere Christian to hope that his humble and constant endeavours to perform his duty, chequered as the best life is with many failings, will be crowned with a greater degree of present peace, serenity, and comfort, than he could reasonably permit himself to expect, if he measured his views and judged of life from the opinion of Dr. Johnson, often and energetically expressed in the memoirs of him, without any animadversion or censure by his ingenious biographer. If he himself, upon reviewing the subject, shall see the matter in this light, he will in an octavo edition, which is eagerly expected, make such additional remarks or corrections as he shall judge fit; lest the impressions which these discouraging passages may leave on the reader's mind should in a degree hinder what otherwise the whole spirit and energy of the work tends, and, I hope, successfully, to promote,—pure morality and true religion."

Though I have, in some degree, obviated any reflections against my illustrious friend's dark views of life, when considering, in the course of this work, his "Rambler" and his "Rasselas," I am obliged to Mr. Churton for complying with my request of his permission to insert his remarks, being conscious of the weight of what he judiciously suggests as to the melancholy in my own constitution. His more pleasing views of life, I hope, are just. *Valeant quantum valere possunt.* Mr. Churton concludes his letter to me in these words:—

"Once, and once only, I had the satisfaction of seeing your illustrious friend; and as I feel a particular regard for all whom he distinguished with his esteem and friendship, so I derive much pleasure from reflecting that I once beheld, though but transiently, near our college gate, one whose works will for ever delight and improve the world, who was a sincere and zealous son of the church of England, an honour to his country, and an ornament to human nature."

His letter was accompanied with a present from himself of his "Sermons at the Bampton Lecture," and from his friend, Dr.

Townson, the venerable rector of Malpas, in Cheshire, of his "Discourses on the Gospels," together with the following extract of a letter from that excellent person, who is now gone to receive the reward of his labours: "Mr. Boswell is not only very entertaining in his works, but they are so replete with moral and religious sentiments, without an instance, as far as I know, of a contrary tendency, that I cannot help having a great esteem for him; and if you think such a trifle as a copy of the Discourses, *ex dono authoris*, would be acceptable to him, I should be happy to give him this small testimony of my regard." Such spontaneous testimonies of approbation from such men, without any personal acquaintance with me, are truly valuable and encouraging.

VI.

ON CAPTAIN CARLETON'S MEMOIRS.[1]

THESE memoirs were first published in 1728 with this title: "The Military Memoirs of Captain George Carleton, from the Dutch War, 1672, in which he served, to the conclusion of the Peace of Utrecht, 1713. Illustrating some of the most remarkable transactions both by Sea and Land during the reigns of King Charles and King James II., hitherto unobserved by all the writers of those times. Together with an exact series of the War in Spain; and a particular description of the several places of the Author's residence in many cities, towns, and countries; their customs, manners, &c. Also observations on the genius of the Spaniards (among whom he continued some years a prisoner), their monasteries and nunneries (especially that fine one at Montserat), and on their public diversions; more particularly their famous bull-feasts. London. Printed for E. Symon." Another edition was published in 1743, with a title almost as copious, purporting also to contain an account of the Earl of Peterborough, and other general officers, admirals, &c. And yet another in Edinburgh in 1808, edited by Walter Scott, with a preface containing a biographical notice of the Earl of Peter-

[1] See *antè*, p. 245.

borough. Scott was ignorant of the existence of the edition in 1728. The original volume is dedicated to Spencer, Lord Wilmington; and in the dedication Carleton represents himself as an old soldier, who had not been one of fortune's favourites. In the Notice to the Reader he is said to have been born at Ewelme, in Oxfordshire, though no date is there given, and to have been descended from an ancient and honourable family. "The Lord Dudley Carleton, who died Secretary of State to King Charles I., was his great-uncle; and in the same reign, his father was envoy at the Court of Madrid, whilst his uncle, Sir Dudley Carleton, was Embassador to the States of Holland, men in those days respected both for their ability and loyalty." In the opening paragraph of the Memoirs, he tells us that with many others he, being about twenty years of age, volunteered on board the London, commanded by Sir Edward Sprage, Vice-Admiral of the Red, when war was proclaimed with Holland in the year 1672. The young volunteer was consequently born about the year 1652, and at Ewelme, Oxfordshire.

These Memoirs,—are they the work of the alleged author? Is Captain George Carleton their real author? or are they one of the numberless fabrications of De Foe? which Lockhart, in a note to his "Life of Scott," vol. ii. p. 172 (first edition, 1837) affirms is the generally accepted opinion. It is clear that Lord Eliot, when he recommended them to Johnson, believed them to be entirely genuine; though it may be remarked he made a strange blunder when he told Johnson, that Carleton was descended of an ancestor who had distinguished himself at the siege of Derry; the siege having occurred in 1689, while Carleton must have been thirty-five years of age in that year. Johnson, after reading them with eager attention, does not seem to have entertained a suspicion of their being a fabrication of De Foe's. Nor does Scott, in his edition of these Memoirs, 1808, though he prefixed to it a preface of some length, utter a doubt as to their genuineness, or a surmise as to De Foe's authorship. Lord Stanhope, in his "War of Succession," p. 133, speaks distinctly of Carleton as the author of this plain, soldier-like narrative. Mr. J. H. Markland (in "Notes and Queries," 2nd Series, Vol. VII. p. 10 and foll.) quotes a document supplied to him by Lord Stanhope from the family papers of General Stanhope, which, Mr. Markland thinks, establishes the identity of Captain Carleton. Among a list of English officers taken prisoners at Denia, 1708, there is

this item,—"Of the traine of Artillery, Capt. Carltone" (*sic*). It is in Wilson's "Life of De Foe,"[1] that these Memoirs were first distinctly claimed for De Foe by the author:—"Among the productions of the year 1728, was a fictitious narrative of an English officer; which, as far as appears, has never been claimed by any writer, but has generally passed for the production of the person to whom it relates. The work, however, belongs to the same class of writing, as the 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' and it has some passages which bear a strong resemblance to the other works of the same writer. It is, therefore, probable that De Foe has the best title to the authorship: and as such it deserves a conspicuous place among his other writings." "The Memoirs of Captain George Carleton" have, indeed, all the air of verisimilitude so conspicuous in the fictitious narratives of De Foe,—it is inferred, therefore, that they should be attributed to him. But, on the other hand, if there were a Captain George Carleton, and he wrote what he saw and experienced in a plain, soldierlike manner, his Memoirs would bear the same impress of verisimilitude. It is, therefore, a mere argument in a circle to attribute them to De Foe, unless this attribution be sustained by external evidence—which does not seem to be the case in this instance. We apprehend, then, that Captain George Carleton was a veritable person, and that these Memoirs should be regarded as the product of his own pen.—*Editor.*

VII.

JUSTIFICATION OF DR. STRAHAN.[2]

George Strahan was the second of the three sons of William Strahan, the eminent printer and friend of Johnson. The eldest son, William, died April, 1781, sincerely lamented by Johnson (see *antè*, p. 55), while Andrew, the third son, succeeded his father as King's Printer, and sat for many years in the House of Commons. Johnson had not a more sincere friend than William

[1] Publi[illegible]

[2] See [illegible]

Strahan the printer. It was he who, confident of Johnson's latent oratorical powers, endeavoured to get him a seat in the House of Commons. (See vol. ii. pp. 134-5.) To him Johnson's pension appears to have been paid, and from time to time he acted as Johnson's banker.

George, the second son, seems from his boyhood upward to have excited special interest in Johnson's mind. Several letters from Johnson to him at school and college, full of wise counsel and affectionate advice, are printed in the Appendices to the first and second volumes. George Strahan was educated at University College, Oxford, where he was contemporary with two celebrated brothers, Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon, and through his long life enjoyed their intimate friendship. He took the degree of M.A. in April, 1771, and that of D.D. as Grand Compounder, June, 1807. He was Prebendary of Rochester, Rector of Kingsdown, Kent, Vicar of Islington; and died at Islington May 18, 1824, in his eighty-first year. To his house there Johnson, in his later years, often went to have the benefit of good air; and Boswell, when he called on the morning of May 6, 1784, found Johnson about to start in a coach to Strahan's house to enjoy once more the fresh air of Islington. Dr. Strahan was constantly with him during his last illness; and Boswell adds as a commendation, than he "had been always one of his great favourites."

The singular medley "Prayers and Meditations" was published not long after Johnson's death, in the year 1785, by Dr. Strahan. In the autumn of the last year of his life, Johnson was for some days the guest of his old friend the Master of Pembroke. They conversed much on the "subject of prayer, and the difficulty of this sort of composition," and it would appear as if Johnson had left Dr. Adams with the understanding that he would in earnest set about the preparation of a manual of prayers.[1]

For many years of his life, Johnson—as Dr. Strahan says in the Preface to this publication—had observed certain days with great solemnity; and had composed many prayers, and recorded many of his meditations; without any view, as he assured Dr. Strahan, to their publication. After his return from this [illegible], we are told by Strahan that he conceived the idea of re[illegible]

[1] See *antè*, p. 287.

these pious effusions and bequeathing them to the use and benefit of others.[1]

"Infirmities, however, now growing fast upon him, he at length changed this design, and determined to give the manuscripts, without revision, in charge to me, as I had long shared his intimacies, and was at this time his daily attendant. Accordingly, one morning, on my visiting him by desire at an early hour, he put these papers into my hands, with instructions for committing them to the Press, and with a promise to prepare a sketch of his own life to accompany them. But the performance of this promise also was prevented, partly by his hasty destruction of some private memoirs, which he afterwards lamented, and partly by that incurable sickness which soon ended in his dissolution.——That the authenticity of this work may never be called in question the original manuscript will be deposited in the Library of Pembroke College, Oxford."[2]

Such is Strahan's simple, deliberate, and solemn statement, made a few months after Johnson's death, while so many of his friends were living to contradict it if they chose. Dr. Adams, indeed, in the September number of the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1785, the year after Johnson died, writes to contradict the representation that he (Adams) had counselled the publication of this volume; he says, further, that had he been consulted about it he would certainly have given his voice against it: and not only the excellent Adams, but others would have dissuaded the publication of such singular and, in many respects, questionable revelations. But that is not the question: it is not whether the publication of these prayers and meditations was well advised, but whether Dr. Strahan as an honest man could have acted otherwise than he did in giving them to the world. We hold that it was not competent to Mr. Croker to question the veracity and honour of Dr. Strahan in carrying out Johnson's solemn charge. "Dr. Strahan's conduct in this whole affair seems to me"—Mr. Croker[3]—"to have been disingenuous, and even culpable in the highest degree." These, we apprehend, are harsh and unjustifiable words, which come strangely and indefensibly from an editor who foisted into Boswell's text passages, sometimes filling a whole column, from this culpable publication. Strahan's candour is evinced in his presenti the manuscripts of the Prayers and Meditations to the

[1] tations, p. iv. [2] *Ibid.*, pp. v, vi.

Library of Pembroke College. They lie there to this day for inspection and examination. It is not to be said that they bear traces of being prepared for the press; but every line of them attests the extraordinary diligence with which Johnson revised and corrected them. No manuscripts could more loudly proclaim that he did not mean them to be destroyed: he meant them to be preserved. Any man with a conscience would have shuddered at the very notion of destroying a record which bore the stamp of suffering and sorrow; of groans and tears, of fervent hopes and passionate aspirations. This was solemnly given by Johnson to Strahan for publication, and whatever he might have thought of its revelations, as a man of honour he had only to fulfil Johnson's solemn commission.—*Editor.*

VIII.

JOHNSON'S CATALOGUE OF SCHEMES,

WITH BOSWELL'S OBSERVATIONS ON IT.

Referred to at p. 291 *of the present volume.*

"DIVINITY.

"A SMALL book of precepts and directions for piety; the hint taken from the directions in Morton's Exercise.

"PHILOSOPHY, HISTORY, AND LITERATURE IN GENERAL.

"History of Criticism, as it relates to judging of authours, from Aristotle to the present age. An account of the rise and improvements of that art: of the different opinions of authours, ancient and modern.

"Translation of the History of Herodian.

"New edition of Fairfax's Translation of Tasso, with notes, glossary, &c.

"Chaucer, a new edition of him, from manuscripts and old editions, with various readings, conjectures, remarks on his lan-

guage, and the changes it had undergone from the earliest times to his age, and from his to the present; with notes explanatory of customs, &c., and references to Boccace, and other authours, from whom he has borrowed, with an account of the liberties he has taken in telling the stories; his life, and an exact etymological glossary.

"Aristotle's Rhetorick, a translation of it into English.

"A Collection of Letters, translated from the modern writers with some account of the several authours.

"Oldham's Poems, with Notes, historical and critical.

"Roscommon's Poems, with notes.

"Lives of the Philosophers, written with a polite air, in such a manner as may divert as well as instruct.

"History of the Heathen Mythology, with an explication of the fables, both allegorical and historical; with references to the poets.

"History of the State of Venice, in a compendious manner.

"Aristotle's Ethics, an English translation of them, with notes.

"Geographical Dictionary, from the French.

"Hierocles upon Pythagoras, translated into English, perhaps with notes. This is done by Norris.

"A book of Letters, upon all kinds of subjects.

"Claudian, a new edition of his works, *cum notis variorum*, in the manner of Burman.

"Tully's Tusculan questions, a translation of them.

"Tully's De Naturâ Deorum, a translation of those books.

"Benzo's New History of the New World, to be translated.

"Machiavel's History of Florence, to be translated.

"History of the Revival of Learning in Europe, containing an account of whatever contributed to the restoration of literature; such as controversies, printing, the destruction of the Greek empire, the encouragement of great men, with the lives of the most eminent patrons, and most eminent early professors of all kinds of learning in different countries.

"A Body of Chronology, in verse, with historical notes.

"A Table of the Spectators, Tatlers, and G [illegible] s, [illegible] guished by figures into six degrees of value, with [illegible] the reasons of preference or degradation.

"A Collection of Letters from English autho[illegible] giving some account of the writers; with [illegible] and criticism upon styles; remarks on each

"A Collection of Proverbs from various languages. Jan. 6, —53.

"A Dictionary to the Common Prayer, in imitation of Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. March, —52.

"A Collection of Stories and Examples, like those of Valerius Maximus. Jan. 10, —53.

"From Ælian, a volume of select Stories, perhaps from others. Jan. 28th, —53.

"Collection of Travels, Voyages, Adventures, and Descriptions of Countries.

"Dictionary of Ancient History and Mythology.

"Treatise on the Study of Polite Literature, containing the history of learning, directions for editions, commentaries, &c.

"Maxims, Characters, and Sentiments, after the manner of Bruyère, collected out of ancient authors, particularly the Greek, with Apophthegms.

"Classical Miscellanies, Select Translations from ancient Greek and Latin authours.

"Lives of Illustrious Persons, as well of the active as the learned, in imitation of Plutarch.

"Judgment of the learned upon English authours.

"Poetical Dictionary of the English Tongue.

"Considerations upon the present state of London.

"Collection of Epigrams, with notes and observations.

"Observations on the English Language, relating to words, phrases, and modes of Speech.

"Minutiæ, Literariæ, Miscellaneous reflections, criticisms, emendations, notes.

"History of the Constitution.

"Comparison of Philosophical and Christian Morality, by sentences collected from the moralists and fathers.

"Plutarch's Lives, in English, with notes.

"POETRY AND WORKS OF IMAGINATION.

"Hymn to Ignorance.

"The Palace of Sloth:—a vision.

"Coluthus, to be translated.

"Prejudice,—a poetical essay.

"The Palace of Nonsense,—a vision."

Johnson's extraordinary facility of composition, when he shook off his constitutional indolence, and resolutely sat down to write, is admirably described by Mr. Courtenay, in his "Poetical Review," which I have several times quoted:—

> "While through life's maze he sent a piercing view,
> His mind expansive to the object grew.
> With various stores of erudition fraught,
> The lively image, the deep-searching thought,
> Slept in repose;—but when the moment press'd,
> The bright ideas stood at once confess'd;
> Instant his genius sped its vigorous rays,
> And o'er the letter'd world diffus'd a blaze:
> As womb'd with fire the cloud electric flies,
> And calmly o'er th' horizon seems to rise;
> Touch'd by the pointed steel, the lightning flows,
> And all th' expanse with rich effulgence glows."

We shall in vain endeavour to know with exact precision every production of Johnson's pen. He owned to me that he had written about forty sermons; but as I understood that he had given or sold them to different persons, who were to preach them as their own, he did not consider himself at liberty to acknowledge them. Would those who were thus aided by him, who are still alive, and the friends of those who are dead, fairly inform the world, it would be obligingly gratifying a reasonable curiosity, to which there should, I think, now be no objection. Two volumes of them, published since his death, are sufficiently ascertained; see vol. iii. p. 206. I have before me in his handwriting a fragment of twenty quarto leaves, of a translation into English of Sallust, *De Bello Catilinario.* When it was done I have no notion: but it seems to have no very superior merit to mark it as his. Besides the publications heretofore mentioned, I am satisfied, from internal evidence, to admit also as genuine the following, which, notwithstanding all my chronological care, [illegible]caped me in the course of this work:—

[illegible] Considerations on the Case of Dr. Trapp's Sermons," † pub-[illegible] in the "Gentleman's Magazine." It is a very in-[illegible] of the right of abridging an author's work, with-[illegible]ging his property. This is one of the [illegible] *of Literature;* and I cannot help [illegible] abridging is often exceedingly [illegible] and should in very few [illegible] difficult and uncer-

tain discussion, and give an absolute security to authors in the property of their labours, no abridgment whatever should be permitted till after the expiration of such a number of years as the legislature may be pleased to fix.

But, though it has been confidently ascribed to him, I cannot allow that he wrote a Dedication to both Houses of Parliament of a book entitled "The Evangelical History Harmonised." He was no *croaker*, no declaimer against *the times*. He would not have written "That we are fallen upon an age in which corruption is not barely universal, is universally confessed." Nor, "Rapine preys on the public without opposition, and perjury betrays it without inquiry." Nor would he, to excite a speedy reformation, have conjured up such phantoms of terror as these: —"A few years longer, and perhaps all endeavours will be in vain. We may be swallowed by an earthquake; we may be delivered to our enemies." This is not Johnsonian.

There are, indeed, in this Dedication several sentences constructed upon the model of those of Johnson. But the imitation of the form, without the spirit of his style, has been so general, that this of itself is not sufficient evidence. Even our newspaper writers aspire to it. In an account of the funeral of Edwin, the comedian, in "The Diary" of Nov. 9, 1790, that son of drollery is thus described:—"A man who had so often cheered the sullenness of vacancy, and suspended the approaches of sorrow." And in "The Dublin Evening Post," August 16, 1791, there is the following paragraph:—"It is a singular circumstance, that in a city like this, containing 200,000 people, there are three months in the year during which no place of public amusement is open. Long vacation is here a vacation from pleasure, as well as business; nor is there any mode of passing the listless evenings of declining summer, but in the riots of a tavern, or the stupidity of a coffee-house."

I have not thought it necessary to specify every copy of verses written by Johnson, it being my intention to publish an authentic edition of all his poetry, with notes. (See Note, page 335.)

IX.

JOHNSON'S RELATIONS WITH THE LOWES.[1]

On Saturday night, April 3, 1779, Boswell found Johnson "sitting in Mrs. Williams's room, with her and one who, he afterwards told me, was a natural son of the second Lord Southwell."[2] This was Mauritius Lowe, whose ill-starred birth—the natural son of one whom the Rev. Mr. Chetwood, in a letter to Malone ("Life of Malone," p. 21), calls that right dishonourable and ignoble peer—was succeeded by a life which, from first to last, seems to have been steeped in misery and distress. Of his father, the second Lord Southwell, Johnson said that he was "the highest bred man without insolence that I ever was in company with: the most *qualified* I ever saw."[3] The brother of this Lord Southwell, Mr. Edmund Southwell—a man of wonderful parts, of lively and entertaining conversation, and well acquainted with the world, according to Sir John Hawkins ("Life of Johnson," p. 405-6)—the same authority enrols among the distressed friends of Johnson. On the death of the second Lord, 1766, through the recommendation of Johnson, a small quarterly allowance of £10 had been granted and paid by the third Lord Southwell to Mauritius Lowe; for on the death of this peer in 1780, Johnson wrote to his widow the letter which Malone published in the sixth edition of Boswell's "Life,"[4] and is here reproduced.

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY SOUTHWELL, DUBLIN.[5]

"Madam,

"Among the numerous addresses of condolence which your great loss must have occasioned, be pleased to receive this from one whose name perhaps you have never heard, and to whom

[1] See *antè*, p. 309. [2] See vol. iii., p. 373. [3] See *antè*, p. 118.
[4] See *antè*, p. 309.
[5] This letter is printed from the original in the Forster Lib South Kensington Museum.—*Editor.*

your Ladyship is known only by the reputation of your virtue, and to whom your Lord was known only by his kindness and beneficence.

"Your Ladyship is now again summoned to exert that piety of which you once gave, in a state of pain and danger, so illustrious an example, and your Lord's beneficence may be still continued by those who, with his fortune, inherit his virtues.

"I hope to be forgiven the liberty which I shall take of informing your Ladyship, that Mr. Mauritius Lowe, a son of your late Lord's father, had by my recommendation to your Lord, a quarterly allowance of ten pounds, the last of which, due July 26th, he has not received; he was in hourly hope of his remittance, and flattered himself that on October 26 he should have received the whole half year's bounty, when he was struck with the dreadful news of his benefactor's death.

"May I presume to hope that his want, his relation, and his merit, which excited his Lordship's charity, will continue to have the same effect upon those whom he has left behind, and that, though he has lost one friend, he may not yet be destitute. Your Ladyship's charity cannot easily be exerted where it is wanted more; and to a mind like yours, distress is a sufficient recommendation.

"I hope to be allowed the honour of being,

"Madam, your Ladyship's

"Most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London,
Sept. 9, 1780."

Nothing is known of the date of the birth of Mauritius Lowe. The first authentic information regarding him, is that he was one of the earliest students who entered the Royal Academy, that he was a pupil of Cipriani, and obtained at the first distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Royal Academy, Dec. 11, 1770, the gold medal for the best historical picture.[1] It is not necessary to accept the spiteful statement of Northcote[2] that he owed this gold medal to the partiality of the Italian gentlemen, members of the Academy, who voted for him in order to gratify Baretti, at whose trial for murder Lowe had been a favourable witness.

[1] Taylor's Life of Reynolds, vol. i., p. 370.
[2] Northcote's Life of Reynolds, vol. ii., p. 143.

This auspicious commencement of a young artist's career was not the prelude of happy achievements. No success such as marked the career of his two fellow medallists of the same year, Bacon and Flaxman, attended Lowe's. Though he was the first student sent to Rome by the Royal Academy with its travelling allowance, he lost the pension through the non-fulfilment of the conditions.[1] Not only want of genius, then, but lack of conduct lay at the root of his failures. Through the whole course of his life, however, he enjoyed the steady, unfailing friendship of Johnson who, with his usual tenderness of heart, seemed to be drawn towards him as the tide of distress rose higher and higher. Frequently Boswell met him at Bolt Court, and within the sacred precincts of Mrs. Williams's room, where he poured out his sorrows to Johnson.

On Tuesday, April 28, 1778, Boswell, accompanying Johnson in a hackney coach to dine with General Paoli, tells us, that "we stopped first at the bottom of Hedge Lane to leave a letter with good news for a poor man in distress,"[2] probably to tell Lowe, who lived at No. 3, Hedge Lane, that a picture of his had been admitted to the Exhibition of the Academy. The picture is mentioned in the catalogue of 1778 as "an Allegorical Design." And in April, 1783, a very large canvas of high art of poor Lowe's, an ambitious scene from the Deluge, having been positively rejected, Johnson wrote the letters to Sir Joshua and to Barry which Boswell printed in his Life,[3] entreating the re-consideration of his case. His intercession so far prevailed that the picture, though not catalogued with the other pictures of that year, was exhibited by itself in the Antique-Academy room,[4] to the high satisfaction of Lowe. But though Johnson commended it as both noble and probable, the execution of it was, as Northcote asserts, execrable beyond belief, and reports that when exhibited it met with universal condemnation. In 1782 he exhibited the "Death of Abel," and in 1784, "Joseph's Coat brought to Jacob." The catalogues of the Academy show that in 1785 he exhibited St. John, and 1786 Dædalus and Icarus. He seems to have attempted portraits at the rate of three guineas a head; but with what success we know not. It was generally at Johnson's

[1] Taylor's Life of Reynolds, vol. i., p. 337 (n.).
[2] See vol. iii., p. 325.
[3] See *antè*, p. 139.
[4] Taylor's Life of Reynolds, vol. ii., p. 396.

recommendation that he was thus employed. "There is a certain poor wretch of a villanous painter," so Madame D'Arblay records[1] in her most flippant manner, "one Mr. Lowe, who is in some measure under Dr. Johnson's protection, and whom, therefore, he recommends to all the people he thinks can afford to sit for their pictures. Among these he made Mr. Seward very readily do so, and then applied to Mr. Crutchley, who, after sundry grimaces, consented to go to the painter's; where he found him in a room with brats squalling and wrangling, and so full of dirt and filth as to be utterly beyond the endurance of the exquisite Mr. Crutchley, who, poking three guineas into the painter's hands, fled out of the house, promising to come again some other time." Soon after this Lowe lost his protector, and going from bad to worse, as the lot of the miserable too often is, he died in a poor lodging-house in Westminster, in September, 1793.

Another mention of him, and the curtain falls on Mauritius Lowe and the troubled drama of his life. In Johnson's Will we find this bequest: "I give and bequeath to my godchildren, the son and daughter of Mauritius Lowe, painter, each of them one hundred pounds . . . . to be applied and disposed of by and at the discretion of my executors, in the education or settlement in the world of them my said legatees."

More than seventy years after the death of Johnson there appeared in the columns of "The Times," November 1, 1855, a most remarkable letter signed by Thomas Carlyle, Charles Dickens, and John Forster, appealing impressively to the nation on behalf of two aged daughters of Mauritius Lowe, then stricken with penury and threatened with absolute destitution. One of these was the god-daughter and legatee of Johnson. This interesting document is not, we believe, included as it well might be, in any of the editions of Carlyle's works; but it richly deserves to be rescued from the oblivion that often befalls much of the matter which fills the columns of a newspaper. It is here printed at full length.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,

The following document, and the proposal or appeal now grounded on it, require to be made known to the British public,

[1] Diary, vol. ii., p. 41. Colburn, 1842.

for which object we, as the course is, apply to the Editor of "The Times."

In the month of May last there was presented to Lord Palmerston, as head of Her Majesty's Government, a memorial on behalf of a certain aged Miss Lowe and her sister, which memorial will sufficiently explain itself, and indicate who the Misses Lowe are, to those who read it here:—

"The undersigned beg respectfully to submit to Lord Palmerston a statement of reasons which appear to them to constitute, on behalf of the two aged surviving daughters of Mauritius Lowe, therein described, a claim to such small yearly pension as in his Lordship's judgment may consist with other claims and demands for the ensuing year, upon the fund appropriate to literature.

"In Dr. Samuel Johnson's last Will is this passage,—

"'I also give and bequeath to my godchildren, the son and daughter of Mauritius Lowe, painter, each of them £100 of my stock in the Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities, to be disposed of by and at the discretion of my executors in the education or settlement in the world of them my said legatees.'

"The Mauritius Lowe mentioned here, who was once a man of great promise in his art, favourably known in the Royal Academy and in the world as a man of refined manners and real talent and worth (though probably with something of morbid or over-sensitive in his character), died ten years after Johnson without fulfilling the high hopes entertained of him. The godson, or younger Lowe, mentioned in the will, who at one time (1810-13) appears to have held some small appointment in Barbadoes, creditably to himself, but with loss of health—the crown and consummation of various other losses he had met with—is also long since dead. Of these Lowes and their hopes and struggles there is now nothing to be said. They are sunk under the horizon. Nor can they pretend to have any hold of the world's memory except what is derived from the father's intimacy with Johnson, of which and of Johnson's helpfulness and real esteem and affection for the man there are still abundant proofs, printed and not printed, besides this of the Will.

"But the goddaughter mentioned in the will has not yet sunk under the horizon. She still survives among us, a highly respectable old person, now in her 78th year, with all her faculties about

her, living with her younger sister, aged 72, the only other remnant of the family, in a house they have long occupied—No. 5, Minerva Place, New Cross, Deptford—with numerous memorials of Johnson in their possession, which vividly bring home to us and present us a still living fact, their connection with that great man. They have lived there for many years in rigorous though not undignified poverty, which now, by some unforeseen occurrences, threatens to become absolute indigence in these their final years.

"They are gentlewomen in manners; by all evidence, persons of uniformly unexceptionable conduct; veracity, sense, ingenious propriety, noticeable in them both, to a superior degree. The elder, especially, must have been a graceful lively little woman, something of a beauty in her younger days, and by no means wanting for talent. She still recollects in a dim but ineffaceable manner the big, awful figure of Samuel Johnson, to whom she was carried shortly before his death, that he might lay his hand on her head and give her his blessing; her awe and terror very great on the occasion. Both sisters are in perfect possession of their faculties—the younger only is slightly hard of hearing; the elder (on whose head lay Johnson's hand) has still a light step, perfectly erect carriage, and vivacious memory and intellect. The younger, who is of very honest and somewhat sterner features, appears to be the practical intellect of the house, and probably the practical hand. They are very poor, but have taken their poverty in a quiet, unaffectedly handsome manner, and have still hope that, in some way or other, intolerable want will not be permitted to overtake them. They have an altogether respectable, or, we might say (bringing the past and the present into contact), a touching and venerable air. There, in their little parlour at Deptford, is the fir desk (capable of being rigorously authenticated as such) upon which Samuel Johnson wrote the 'English Dictionary;' the best dictionary ever written, say some.

"It is in behalf of these two women, of Johnson's goddaughter fallen old and indigent, that we venture to solicit from the Government some small public subvention, to screen their last years from the worst misery. It may be urged that there is no public fund appropriated for such precise objects, and that their case cannot, except in a reflex way, be brought under the head of 'literary pensions;' but, in a reflex way, it surely can; and we

humbly submit withal, that this case of theirs is, in some measure, a peculiar and unique one.

"Samuel Johnson is such a literary man as probably will not appear again in England for a very great length of time. His works and his life, looked at well, have something in them of heroic, which is of value beyond most literature, and much beyond all money and money's worth to the nation which produced him. That same 'English Dictionary,' written on the poor fir desk above spoken of, under sternly memorable circumstances, is itself a proud possession to the English nation, and not in the philological point of view alone. Such a dictionary has an *architectonic* quality in it; and for massive solidity of plan, manful correctness and fidelity of execution, luminous intelligence, rugged honesty and greatness of mind pervading every part of it, is like no other. This, too, is a *Cathedral of St. Paul's*, after its sort; and stands there for long periods, silently reminding every English soul of much that is very necessary to remember.

"Samuel Johnson himself is far beyond the reach of our gratitude. He left no child or representative of any kind to claim pensions or distinctions from us; and here, by accident, thrown upon the waste seabeach, is something venerably human with Johnson's mark still legible upon it; Johnson, as it were, mutely bequeathing it to us, and to what humanity and loyalty we have, for the few years that may still be left. Our humble request, in the name of literature withal is, that the English nation will, in some small adequate way, respond to this demand of Johnson's.

"Henry Hallam, Wilton-crescent.
"James Stephen, Trinity-hall, Cambridge.
"S. Oxon, Cuddesdon Palace.
"Thomas Carlyle, 5, Cheyne-row, Chelsea.
"Alexander Dyce, 9, Gray's-inn-square.
"B. W. Procter, 32, Weymouth-street, Portland-place.
"C. L. Eastlake, 7, Fitzroy-square.
"John Forster, 58, Lincoln's-inn-fields
"T. B. Macaulay, Albany.
"W. M. Thackeray, 36, Onslow-square.
"Alfred Tennyson, Freshwater, Isle of Wight.
"A. W. Fonblanque, Board of Trade.

"CHARLES DICKENS, Tavistock-house.
"E. BULWER LYTTON, 1, Park-lane.
"G. R. GLEIG, Warwick-square.
"RICHARD OWEN, Royal College of Surgeons.
"ROD. E. MURCHISON, Belgrave-square.
"B. DISRAELI, Grosvenor-gate.
"H. H. MILMAN, Deanery, St. Paul's."

To this memorial his Lordship made answer, with great courtesy and without undue delay, that the fund set apart for encouragement of literature could not be meddled with for a pension to the goddaughter of Johnson; but that, in consideration of the circumstances, his Lordship, from some other fund, had made her a donation of £100. Which sum of £100 was accordingly paid to Miss Lowe in June last—a very welcome gift and help—all that the Prime Minister could do in this matter, and, unfortunately, only about the fifth part of what it was, and is, indispensable to get done.

It was still hoped that the last resource of an appeal to the public might be avoided; that there might be other Government helps, minute charitable funds, adequate to this small emergency. And new endeavours were accordingly made in that direction, and new expectations entertained; but these likewise have all proved ineffectual: and the resulting fact now is, that there is still needed something like an annuity of £30 for the joint lives of these two aged persons; that, strictly computing what pittances certain and precarious they already have, and what they still want, their case cannot be satisfactorily left on lower terms—that is to say, about £400, to purchase such an annuity, is still needed for them.

If the thing is half as English as we suppose it to be, a small pecuniary result of that kind is not doubtful, now when the application is once made. At all events, as the English Government is not able to do this thing, we are now bound to apprise the English nation of it, and to ask the English nation in its miscellaneous capacity—Are you willing to do it?

Messrs. Coutts, bankers, will receive subscriptions from such as feel that this is a valid call upon English beneficence; and we have too much reverence for Samuel Johnson, and for the present generation of his countrymen, to use any soliciting or ignoble pressure on the occasion. So soon as the requisite amount has

come in, the subscriptions will cease; of which due notice will be given.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

THOMAS CARLYLE.
CHARLES DICKENS.
JOHN FORSTER.

Athenæum Club, Oct. 31 [1855].

This appeal was not fruitless. The list of contributors included the names of some of the most illustrious in literature, in science, and in political life. Enough was raised to purchase an annuity of £38 on the joint lives of these ladies. The annuity ceased at the death of the younger of the two, Frances Meliora, February 6, 1866. The elder was Ann Elizabeth, the god-daughter of Johnson: she died January 15, 1860. The annual payment of £38 was also supplemented by a grant of £5 yearly from a renowned admirer of Turner, who, learning that it was Mauritius Lowe who first recognized, encouraged, and befriended the genius of Turner, lying hid from the eye of the world under the obscure guise of a barber's apprentice, desired thus to show respect for the insight he had displayed and the charity he had exercised. Let the memory of this good deed of Lowe's fall like a gleam of glory from the immortal fame of Turner on the obscure, forgotten name of the poor painter.

The fir table, so pathetically mentioned in the memorial, the treasured ornament of the little parlour of the modest house, 5, Minerva Place, New Cross, Deptford, was bequeathed by the elder of these ladies to the Reverend Augustus Kerr Bozzi Granville, now Vicar of St. Edmund's, Durham. Mr. Granville from 1845 to 1868 was the Vicar of St. James', Hatcham, intimately knew the Misses Lowe, attended their deathbeds, and finally read the service of the Church of England successively over the remains of these sisters deposited in the cemetery of Nunhead. The visitor to the Library of Pembroke College, Oxford, will see the venerable fir table on which Johnson wrote his Dictionary, placed in that befitting home by the pious care of Mr. Granville. —*Editor.*

X.

NARRATIVE

OF WHAT PASSED IN THE VISITS PAID BY J. HOOLE TO DR. JOHNSON IN HIS LAST ILLNESS, THREE WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

(*European Magazine, September*, 1799, *vol. xxxvi.*)

Saturday, Nov. 20, 1784.—This evening, about eight o'clock, I paid a visit to my dear friend Dr. Johnson, whom I found very ill and in great dejection of spirits. We had a most affecting conversation on the subject of religion, in which he exhorted me, with the greatest warmth of kindness, to attend closely to every religious duty, and particularly enforced the obligation of private prayer and receiving the sacrament. He desired me to stay that night and join in prayer with him; adding, that he always went to prayer every night with his man Francis. He conjured me to read and meditate upon the Bible, and not to throw it aside for a play or a novel. He said he had himself lived in great negligence of religion and worship for forty years; that he had neglected to read his Bible, and had often reflected what he could hereafter say when he should be asked why he had not read it. He begged me repeatedly to let his present situation have due effect upon me; and advised me, when I got home, to note down in writing what had passed between us, adding, that what a man writes in that manner dwells upon his mind. He said many things that I cannot now recollect, but all delivered with the utmost fervour of religious zeal and personal affection. Between nine and ten o'clock his servant Francis came up stairs: he then said we would all go to prayers, and, desiring me to kneel down by his bed-side, he repeated several prayers with great devotion. I then took my leave. He then pressed me to think of all he had said, and to commit it to writing. I assured him I would. He seized my hand with much warmth, and repeated, "Promise me you will do it:" on which we parted, and I engaged to see him next day.

Sunday, Nov. 21.—About noon I again visited him; found him

rather better and easier, his spirits more raised, and his conversation more disposed to general subjects. When I came in, he asked if I had done what he desired (meaning the noting down what passed the day before); and upon my saying that I had, he pressed my hand, and said earnestly, "Thank you." Our discourse then grew more cheerful. He told me, with apparent pleasure, that he heard the Empress of Russia had ordered "The Rambler" to be translated into the Russian language, and that a copy would be sent him. Before we parted, he put into my hands a little book, by Fleetwood, on the Sacrament, which he told me he had been the means of introducing to the University of Oxford, by recommending it to a young student there.

Monday, Nov. 22.—Visited the Doctor: found him seemingly better of his complaints, but extremely low and dejected. I sat by him till he fell asleep, and soon after left him, as he seemed little disposed to talk; and, on my going away, he said, emphatically, "I am very poorly indeed!"

Tuesday, Nov. 23.—Called about eleven: the Doctor not up: Mrs. Gardiner in the dining-room: the Doctor soon came to us, and seemed more cheerful than the day before. He spoke of his design to invite a Mrs. Hall[1] to be with him, and to offer her Mrs. Williams's room. Called again about three: found him quite oppressed with company that morning, therefore left him directly.

Wednesday, Nov. 24.—Called about seven in the evening: found him very ill and very low indeed. He said a thought had struck him that his rapid decline of health and strength might be partly owing to the town air, and spoke of getting a lodging at Islington. I sat with him till past nine, and then took my leave.

Thursday, Nov. 25.—About three in the afternoon was told that he had desired that day to see no company. In the evening, about eight, called with Mr. Nicol, and, to our great surprise, we found him then setting out for Islington, to the Rev. Mr. Strahan's. He could scarce speak. We went with him down the court to the coach. He was accompanied by his servant Frank and Mr. Lowe the painter. I offered myself to go with him, but he declined it.

Friday, Nov. 26—Called at his house about eleven: heard he

[1] Sister of the Rev. John Wesley.—*Croker.*

was much better, and had a better night than he had known a great while, and was expected home that day. Called again in the afternoon—not so well as he was, nor expected home that night.

Saturday, Nov. 27.—Called again about noon: heard he was much worse: went immediately to Islington, where I found him extremely bad, and scarce able to speak, with the asthma. Sir John Hawkins, the Rev. Mr. Strahan, and Mrs. Strahan, were with him. Observing that we said little, he desired that we would not constrain ourselves, though he was not able to talk with us. Soon after he said he had something to say to Sir John Hawkins, on which we immediately went down into the parlour. Sir John soon followed us, and said he had been speaking about his will. Sir John started the idea of proposing to him to make it on the spot; that Sir John should dictate it, and that I should write it. He went up to propose it, and soon came down with the Doctor's acceptance. The will was then begun; but before we proceeded far, it being necessary, on account of some alteration, to begin again, Sir John asked the Doctor whether he would choose to make any introductory declaration respecting his faith. The Doctor said he would. Sir John further asked if he would make any declaration of his being of the Church of England: to which the Doctor said "*No!*" but, taking a pen, he wrote on a paper the following words, which he delivered to Sir John, desiring him to keep it:—"I commit to the infinite mercies of Almighty God my soul, polluted with many sins; but purified, I trust, with repentance and the death of Jesus Christ." While he was at Mr. Strahan's, Dr. Brocklesby came in, and Dr. Johnson put the question to him, whether he thought he could live six weeks? to which Dr. Brocklesby returned a very doubtful answer, and soon left us. After dinner the will was finished, and about six we came to town in Sir John Hawkins's carriage; Sir John, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Ryland (who came in after dinner), and myself. The Doctor appeared much better in the way home, and talked pretty cheerfully. Sir John took leave of us at the end of Bolt Court, and Mr. Ryland and myself went to his house with the Doctor, who began to grow very ill again. Mr. Ryland soon left us, and I remained with the Doctor till Mr. Sastres came in. We stayed with him about an hour, when we left him on his saying he had some business to do. Mr. Sastres and myself went together homewards, discoursing on the dangerous state of our friend, when it

was resolved that Mr. Sastres should write to Dr. Heberden; but going to his house that night, he fortunately found him at home, and he promised to be with Dr. Johnson next morning.

Sunday, Nov. 28.—Went to Dr. Johnson's about two o'clock: met Mrs. Hoole coming from thence, as he was asleep: took her back with me: found Sir John Hawkins with him. The Doctor's conversation tolerably cheerful. Sir John reminded him that he had expressed a desire to leave some small memorials to his friends, particularly a Polyglot Bible to Mr. Langton; and asked if they should add the codicil then. The Doctor replied, "he had forty things to add, but could not do it at that time." Sir John then took his leave. Mr. Sastres came next into the dining-room, where I was with Mrs. Hoole. Dr. Johnson hearing that Mrs. Hoole was in the next room, desired to see her. He received her with great affection, took her by the hand, and said nearly these words:—"I feel great tenderness for you: think of the situation in which you see me, profit by it, and God Almighty keep you for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen." He then asked if we would both stay and dine with him. Mrs. Hoole said she could not; but I agreed to stay. Upon my saying to the Doctor that Dr. Heberden would be with him that morning, his answer was, "God has called me, and Dr. Heberden comes too late." Soon after this Dr. Heberden came. While he was there, we heard them, from the other room, in earnest discourse, and found that they were talking over the affair[1] of the K—g and C——n[2]. We overheard Dr. Heberden say, "All you did was extremely proper." After Dr. Heberden was gone, Mr. Sastres and I returned into the chamber. Dr. Johnson complained this day that sleep had powerful dominion over him, that he waked with great difficulty, and that probably he should go off in one of these paroxysms. Afterwards he said that he hoped his sleep was the effect of opium taken some days before, which might not be worked off. We dined together—the Doctor, Mr. stres, Mrs. Davies, and myself. He ate a pretty good dinner seeming appetite, but appearing rather impatient; and d unnecessary and frivolous questions, he said he often cbeth,—"Question enrages him." He retired

[1] plication made for an increase to his pension, —*J. Hoole.*

[2] r of the press for C... r, meaning the

immediately after dinner, and we soon went, at his desire (Mr. Sastres and myself) and sat with him till tea. He said little, but dozed at times. At six he ordered tea for us, and we went out to drink it with Mrs. Davies; but the Doctor drank none. The Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Ashbourne, came soon after and Dr. Johnson desired our attendance at prayers, which were read by Dr. Taylor. Mr. Ryland came and sat some time with him: he thought him much better. Mr. Sastres and I continued with him the remainder of the evening, when he exhorted Mr. Sastres in nearly these words:—"There is no one who has shown me more attention than you have done, and it is now right you should claim some attention from me. You are a young man, and are to struggle through life: you are in a profession that I dare say you will exercise with great fidelity and innocence; but let me exhort you always to think of my situation, which must one day be yours: always remember that life is short, and that eternity never ends! I say nothing of your religion; for if you conscientiously keep to it, I have little doubt but you may be saved: if you read the controversy, I think we have the right on our side; but if you do not read it, be not persuaded from any worldly consideration, to alter the religion in which you were educated: change not, but from conviction of reason." He then most strongly enforced the motives of virtue and piety from the consideration of a future state of reward and punishment, and concluded with, "Remember all this, and God bless you! Write down what I have said—I think you are the third person I have bid do this."[1] At ten o'clock he dismissed us, thanking us for a visit which he said could not have been very pleasant for us.

Monday, Nov. 29.—Called with my son about eleven: saw the Doctor, who said, "You must not now stay;" but as we were going away, he said, "I will get Mr. Hoole to come next Wednesday and read the Litany to me, and do you and Mrs. Hoole come with him." He appeared very ill. Returning from the city, I called again to inquire, and heard that Dr. Butter was with him. In the evening, about eight, called again, and just saw him; but did not stay, as Mr. Langton was with him on business. I met Sir Joshua Reynolds going away.

Tuesday, Nov. 30.—Called twice this morning, but did not see

[1] The other two were Dr. Brocklesby and myself.—*J. Hoole.*

him: he was much the same. In the evening, between six and seven, went to his house: found there Mr. Langton, Mr. Sastres, and Mr. Ryland: the Doctor being asleep in the chamber, we went all to tea and coffee; when the Doctor came in to us rather cheerful, and entering said, "Dear gentlemen, how do you do?" He drank coffee, and, in the course of the conversation, said that he recollected a poem of his, made some years ago on a young gentleman coming of age. He repeated the whole with great spirit: it consisted of about fifteen or sixteen stanzas of four lines, in alternate rhyme. He said he had only repeated it once since he composed it, and that he never gave but one copy. He said several excellent things that evening, and among the rest, that "scruples made many men miserable, but few men good." He spoke of the affectation that men had to accuse themselves of petty faults or weaknesses, in order to exalt themselves into notice for any extraordinary talents which they might possess; and instanced Waller, which he said he would record if he lived to revise his life. Waller was accustomed to say that his memory was so bad he would sometimes forget to repeat his grace at table, or the Lord's Prayer, perhaps that people might wonder at what he did else of great moment; for the Doctor observed, that no man takes upon himself small blemishes without supposing that great abilities are attributed to him; and that, in short, this affectation of candour or modesty was but another kind of indirect self-praise, and had its foundation in vanity. Frank bringing him a note, as he opened it he said an odd thought struck him, that "one should receive no letters in the grave."[1] His talk was in general very serious and devout, though occasionally cheerful: he said, "You are all serious men, and I will tell you something. About two years since I feared that I had neglected God, and that then I had not a *mind* to give him; on which I set about to read Thomas à Kempis in Low Dutch, which I accomplished, and thence I judged that my mind was not impaired, Low Dutch having no affinity with any of the languages which I knew." With respect to his recovery, he seemed to think it hopeless. There was to be a consultation of physicians next day: he wished to have his legs scarified to let

[1] This note was from Mr. Davies the bookseller, and mentioned a present of some pork; upon which the Doctor said, in a manner that seemed as if he thought it ill-timed, "Too much of this," or some such expression.—*J. Hoole.*

Tuesday, Dec. 7.—Called at dinner time: saw him eat a very good dinner: he seemed rather better, and in spirits.

Wednesday, Dec. 8.—Went with Mrs. Hoole and my son, by appointment: found him very poorly and low, after a very bad night. Mr. Nichols the printer was there. My son read the Litany, the Doctor several times urging him to speak louder. After prayers Mr. Langton came in: much serious discourse: he warned us all to profit by his situation; and, applying to me, who stood next him, exhorted me to lead a better life than he had done. "A better life than you, my dear Sir!" I repeated. He replied warmly, "Don't compliment now." He told Mr. Langton that he had the night before enforced on ——— a powerful argument to a powerful objection against Christianity.

He had often thought it might seem strange that the Jews, who refused belief to the doctrine supported by the miracles of our Saviour, should after his death raise a numerous church; but he said that they expected fully a temporal prince, and with this idea the multitude was actuated when they strewed his way with palm-branches on his entry into Jerusalem; but finding their expectations afterwards disappointed, rejected him, till in process of time, comparing all the circumstances and prophecies of the Old Testament, confirmed in the New, many were converted; that the Apostles themselves once believed him to be a temporal prince. He said that he had always been struck with the resemblance of the Jewish passover and the Christian doctrine of redemption. He thanked us all for our attendance, and we left him with Mr. Langton.

Thursday, Dec. 9.—Called in the evening; did not see him, as he was engaged.

Friday, Dec. 10.—Called about eleven in the morning; saw Mr. La Trobe there: neither of us saw the Doctor, as we understood he wished not to be visited that day. In the evening I sent him a letter, recommending Dr. Dalloway (an irregular physician) as an extraordinary person for curing the dropsy. He returned me a verbal answer that he was obliged to me, but that it was too late. My son read prayers with him this day.

Saturday, Dec. 11.—Went to Bolt Court about twelve; met there Dr. Burney, Dr. Taylor, Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Sastres, Mr. Paradise, Count Zenobia, and Mr. Langton. Mrs. Hoole called for me there: we both went to him: he received us very kindly; told me he had my letter, but "it was too late for doctors,

him by speaking to him, and he seemed to take no notice of any person. While Mrs. Gardiner and I were there, before the rest came, he took a little warm milk in a cup, when he said something upon its not being properly given into his hand: he breathed very regular, though short, and appeared to be mostly in a calm sleep or dozing. I left him in this state, and never more saw him alive. In the evening I supped with Mrs. Hoole and my son at Mr. Braithwaite's, and at night my servant brought me word that my dearest friend died that evening about seven o'clock: and next morning I went to the house, where I met Mr. Seward; we went together into the chamber, and there saw the most awful sight of Dr. Johnson laid out in his bed, without life!

XI.

ON THE PORTRAITS OF JOHNSON.

It will be observed that in the note, pp. 324-5, Boswell enumerates chiefly the engravings from pictures of Johnson, though he makes mention of several portraits painted by Reynolds, one by his sister, one by Zoffany, and one by Opie. Of those by Reynolds few portraits are better known; and rarely has it been the fortune of an eminent man to have as his friend so consummate an artist to portray his features and his form, and to hand them down to posterity. Not to speak, for the present at least, of another picture which has been attributed to Reynolds, there are four distinct portraits of Johnson by this great artist; and several repetitions of these by the master's hand—in the phraseology of Art, replicas.

1. Boswell's portrait, *i.e.*, the portrait which Reynolds gave to Boswell, a three-quarter length, representing Johnson sitting at a table, with his head inclined to the right side; his left hand on a sheet of paper, and his right, supported by the arm of the chair, holding a pen. The Dictionary is on the table; the title distinctly marked. On the admirable engraving of it by Heath, prefixed to the first edition of the Life, there is the subscription

which determines the date of the portrait, "Sir Joshua Reynolds, pinxit 1756." It represents Johnson, then, shortly after he had published the Dictionary. This fine portrait seems to have come into the possession of Boswell's second son, James. It was sold at his sale, in 1822, by Christie and Manson, and bought by Mr. J. Graves. This picture was exhibited at the National Portrait Exhibition in 1867. It is now in the possession of Mr. Morrison, 93, Harley Street, where I had the pleasure of seeing it, at the end of October, 1883. No repetition of this portrait seems to have been painted.

2. In the Exhibition of the Academy 1770, Reynolds had a second portrait, three-quarter length, representing Johnson with a nervous gesticulation of his arms and hands, and with his own hair. After the Exhibition, it seems to have been sent to Lichfield; for Johnson, writing from Ashbourne, July 17th, 1771, to Sir Joshua, tells him, that when he came to Lichfield he found that his portrait—no doubt that exhibited in 1770—had been much visited and much admired.[1] This, then, was Lucy Porter's portrait, which Reynolds presented to her.[2] Mr. Croker, in a note to this letter, asserts that it is now the property of the Duke of Sutherland. How and when it came to Stafford House, I know not.[3] It was exhibited at the British Institution in 1843, and at the National Portrait Exhibition in 1867. Of this picture there is a replica, which is now at Knowle, and was exhibited at the British Institution in 1817. This portrait was finely engraved by Watson, 1770.

3. About the year 1775, Reynolds painted a third portrait of Johnson, in which he is represented as reading a book, holding it with both hands close to his eye. It was originally intended for Mrs. Thrale; but when it was shown to Johnson, he objected to it, and said to Mrs. Thrale, "he would not be known by posterity for his defects only, let Sir Joshua do his worst;" and when Mrs. Thrale pointed to Sir Joshua's own portrait painted by himself, which was hanging in the room in which this conversation took place, representing him with his hand to his ear to catch the sound, Johnson replied: "He may paint himself as deaf if he chooses,

[1] See Life, vol. ii., p. 139. [2] See Life, vol. ii.

[3] Since writing this, I learn from Mr. Spencer H. portrait, with other relics of Johnson, was left by T. grandfather, the Rev. G. B. Pearson, at whose to the Marquis of Stafford for three.

but I will not be blinking Sam."[1] The portrait, therefore, was never finished; but it is admirably characteristic. So intent is his eager gaze on the volume he holds in his hands, that he seems as if he would tear out its very heart. This portrait, rejected and unfinished, Mr. Malone was allowed to buy for his brother, Lord Sunderlin of Baronston in Ireland, with whom it remained till his death in 1816. Eventually it came, through his widow, to her great-nephew the Rev. W. H. Rooper, who sold it in June, 1883, to Mr. Agnew.[2] It was exhibited in the "Old Masters" in the winter of 1883; but as it was an unfinished portrait, the hangers did not give it a place on the line, to the great loss of the public.

4. But a new portrait was shortly after undertaken to supply the place of the rejected "blinking Sam." Writing to Mrs. Thrale, October 15th, 1778,[3] Johnson says: "I have sat twice to Sir Joshua, and he seems to like his own performance;" and again, in a letter to the same person, October 31, 1778, "Sir Joshua has finished my picture, and it seems to please every body, but I shall wait to see how it pleases you."[4] This was the great portrait—the Peel Portrait, as it is sometimes called—now in the National Gallery. We can scarcely be surprised to learn, from the letters we have just quoted, that Reynolds was pleased with his own handiwork. It is undoubtedly a superlatively great portrait. Whitwell Elwin told me, that he heard Sir William Boxall declare that he regarded it as "the finest in the world, representing intellect and suffering with such consummate art." It remained at Streatham till the dispersion of the Thrale gallery of celebrities in May, 1816, at Mrs. Piozzi's sale, when it was bought by Mr. Watson Taylor; and from his collection it passed into the possession of Sir Robert Peel. When the Peel Gallery was sold, in 1871, to the nation, this noble portrait became national property.

It is not clearly stated in that confused record, Mr. Tom Taylor's "Life of Reynolds," whether this portrait was shown in the Exhibition of the Academy, 1778; but from the price book, quoted by Mr. Taylor,[5] it would appear that Reynolds executed

[1] Anecdotes, [Johnsoniana, p. 99].

[2] From information most courteously supplied by Mr. Rooper to the Editor.

[3] Letters to and from Dr. Samuel Johnson, vol. ii., p. 21.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 27.

[5] Life of Reynolds, vol. ii., p. 224.

copies of Johnson and Garrick, from the Thrale pictures, for Topham Beauclerk; and, besides this repetition, we know that he made others for friends of Johnson.

In 1780 Topham Beauclerk died, and his replica of the Thrale picture became the property of Mr. Bennet Langton, whether by gift or purchase I know not. On the frame of this picture—on a kind of tablet evidently prepared to receive it—Beauclerk caused the following passage from Horace (Sat. i. 3, 33) to be inscribed:—

—— "Ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."

This, Boswell says, Mr. Langton effaced when the portrait became his.[1] I venture to think, as I shall shortly show, that Boswell was mistaken; and that the inscription, with the whole passage of which it forms part, exists to this day and hour on the tablet where it was originally inscribed by Beauclerk.

The story of Bennet Langton's picture is somewhat singular. On the marriage of his son with Miss Massingberd, the heiress of Gunby, the portrait of Johnson would seem to have been transferred thither. But if this were the case, it has disappeared from Gunby in a rather mysterious manner. Neither is it at Langton.[2] In a note in Taylor's "Life of Sir Joshua," vol. i., p. 147, it is stated that the portrait was removed from the house of Mr. P. Langton-Massingberd for cleaning, and by some accident was sold at Sir George Lewin's sale in May, 1846, by Christie and Manson, and bought by Mr. Norton, a dealer. We now lose sight of it for a time; but on April 14, 1864, it appears among the pictures of Dr. Turton, Bishop of Ely, sold at Christie and Manson's, where it was bought by Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., and shortly after acquired by Mr. Murray, in whose house I had the pleasure of seeing it lately. It is identified—I venture to say beyond doubt—as the picture once possessed by Bennet Langton by this inscription in a tablet on the frame:—

"Iracundior est paulo, minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum; rideri possit eo quod
Rusticius tonso toga defluit et male laxus

[1] Life, *ante*, p. 124.

[2] From private information.—*Editor.*

In pede calceus hæret; at est bonus ut melior vir
Non alius quisquam, at tibi amicus, at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."

Boswell, indeed, gives only the words,

—— "Ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore"—

but, with the picture before us, we see that the whole passage, as given above, was painted on the panel; and Boswell (*ante*, p. 124) was mistaken when he reported that the inscription was effaced. Hawkins, in his "Apophthegms,"[1] speaks of this portrait as an admirable likeness of Johnson, but though he mentions the inscription, he makes no reference to its effacement.

There is yet another replica of the Thrale picture, in the Common Room of Pembroke College, Oxford. This fine picture was presented to the College by Mr. Andrew Spottiswoode, father of the late much lamented Mr. William Spottiswoode. In answer to my inquiries regarding it, I received from him the following interesting letter:—

"41, Grosvenor Place, S.W.,
"May 19, 1883.

"Dear Sir,

"In reply to your enquiry about the portrait of Dr. Johnson now in the Hall of Pembroke College, Oxford, I have the pleasure to tell you that it was presented to that college about the year 1850, by my father, Mr. Andrew Spottiswoode, at my suggestion, partly in recognition of great kindness which I had received from some members of that college, and partly on account of the fact that no original portrait existed in his old college. The portrait in question was painted by Reynolds for a relative of ours, Mr. Strahan, and always remained in the house where he lived (10, Little New Street, Shoe Lane) until it was removed to Pembroke College. Johnson and Reynolds were both friends and frequent guests at that house, and there formerly existed a tree in a garden at the back, which was said to have been planted by Johnson. The house was pulled down some years ago, but portions of the tree were preserved, and given as relics to several persons to whom the locality had long been familiar.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,
"W. Spottiswoode."

[1] Johnsoniana, p. 130.

In the Pembroke College portrait the left hand, so prominently displayed in all the portraits of this lineage, is not so forcibly painted as it is in the Peel or in the Langton pictures. In these the hand is very distinctive—Johnson's hand, we doubt not.

Of this fine likeness there are, therefore, at least three pictures; the original portrait in the National Gallery, and the two repetitions by the master himself, one belonging to Mr. Murray, the other in the Common Room of Pembroke College. It is not improbable that there may exist other repetitions of it, as it was clearly a favourite with the painter himself. Mr. Edward Walford, with considerable probability, claims to possess one. We refer to the article in the "Antiquarian Magazine," July, 1883, for Mr. Walford's own description of his prize.

Besides these four different and undoubted likenesses by Reynolds, there is yet another picture which has been attributed to Reynolds, a quite different portrait, which also belonged to the late Bishop of Ely. How and where Dr. Turton acquired it, is not known; but Dr. Turton, who was an enthusiastic, if not a judicious collector, regarded it as a genuine portrait of Johnson by Reynolds. Nor have I been able to ascertain where it is now. It was, at any rate, sold among his pictures at Christie and Manson's in April, 1864. Dr. Turton had it engraved by George Zobel, reserving the copies for private distribution. Through the kindness of the venerable Dr. Corrie, Master of Jesus, I have been allowed to examine his print of it. Johnson—for it is evidently a likeness of him—is represented as comparatively a young man; wigless, wearing his own hair, which is copious and well brushed back from his forehead. He leans on a book, his face turned sideways from the spectator, and on the book there is a lettered title, "Irene." The portrait, then, was not taken before 1749, for though this tragedy had been written before, it was performed and published only in that year. It was not long after this, in 1752, that Reynolds became acquainted with Johnson, and their acquaintance soon ripened into a lasting friendship. Johnson, then, could not have been less than forty when this likeness was painted, and, if Reynolds were the artist, he was not less than forty-two or forty-three. The portrait, if we may judge from the engraving by G. Zobel, represents a somewhat younger man; but the apparent age of the person represented, which strikes different persons differently, cannot fairly be regarded as decisive against its authenticity as a portrait of Johnson by Joshua Rey-

[illegible] It is an interesting picture: a portrait of Johnson beyond any reasonable doubt. It was bought at Dr. Turner's sale by Mr. Colnaghi, by whom it was sold to Mr. Scudley Martin of Liverpool.

There are three portraits of Johnson by Opie, which are minutely described in Mr. Rogers' life of that artist, published by Colnaghi, London, 1878, p. 115-16. One of these is in the possession of Mrs. H. M. James of Exeter, inherited from her grandfather, the Rev. H. A. Hele: seen nearly to the waist, three-quarter face to left, in a bushy powdered wig, in brown coat and waistcoat, with a fine solemn expression. This portrait was engraved by Heath in line, 1786, from the original then in the possession of Harrison and Co., Paternoster Row. The sarcophagus and other ornamental parts were designed by Mr. R. Smirke. It was also engraved by C. Townley, engraver to His Majesty the King of Prussia, and "dedicated to James Boswell, Esq., by his most obedient, humble servant, Charles Townley," and published in 1792. "This," says Boswell complacently, in the note, p. 324, "is one of the finest mezzotintos that ever was executed."

A second by Opie, painted about 1782, was exhibited at the "Old Masters" in 1871, and differs little from the preceding picture. Mr. Rogers remarks that the influence of Gainsborough is evident in this portrait; and in fact it was exhibited at the British Institution as by Gainsborough in 1857. This is the Overstone portrait.

There is also a third by the same artist, commenced in 1783, interrupted by the illness of Johnson, resumed in 1784; now in the possession of Sir John Neeld, Bart., who describes it as without a wig and unfinished, and who regards it as the picture mentioned in Nichols' "Illustrations," vol. vii., p. 459.

In the account contributed by Mr. Murray to Mr. Croker's edition (1831), he mentions a sketch by Barry, finished only as far as the shoulders, which was sold at Barry's sale; several times engraved. I can report nothing of its present locality.

There is a head, by Trotter, which Johnson himself saw and said was like the original. It serves as frontispiece to the "Memoir" published by Kearsley, 1784, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1785. I have heard of a portrait in the possession of Lord Crewe, said to be by Hogarth; and also of one attributed to Wright of Derby, in the gallery of Mr. Alfred Morrison. Neither of these have I seen.

One other representation of Johnson deserves and requires

notice—the full-length portrait of him prefixed to the third volume of this edition. In the works of Richard Owen Cambridge, published with a Life by his son Archdeacon Cambridge, 1803, after page 368, there is inserted an engraving which represents Boswell sitting at a table covered with books and documents referring particularly to various publications which issued from the press subsequent to the "Tour to the Hebrides," and anterior to the "Life." Johnson appears as a ghost, standing on and partially surrounded by clouds, and is represented as rebuking Boswell with the indiscretion of publishing so many revelations of the weaknesses of Johnson to gratify the curiosity of the public. The idea was perhaps suggested by the poetical "Epistle from the Ghost of Dr. Johnson to his four friends, Strahan, Boswell, Mrs. Piozzi, and Courtenay," London, 1786. Mr. Richard Owen Cambridge entering into the humour of the conception, summoned an artist who happened to be living at his Twickenham house, to embody his imaginations. The result of this was the picture of which a representation is given at p. 369 of Cambridge's works. The original is now in the possession of Arthur Jelf, Esq., 9, King's Bench Walk, Temple; and from the figure of the ghost in it was devised the engraving by Finden reproduced as the frontispiece of our third volume. The artist is not known; but the print published in Cambridge's works was engraved by C. Bestland, Hampstead, June, 1803.

Sculpture also has contributed to perpetuate his likeness. There is a fine bust by Nollekens, which it is said was never executed in marble by the artist, though there is a marble copy of it by Baily in the vestibule of the National Gallery. Chantrey[1] considered this the finest head Nollekens ever produced.

The statue in St. Paul's, the first monument placed in that building, was by Bacon, and from it several busts have been taken. There is one in the Library of Pembroke College, Oxford, bequeathed by the father of the celebrated Samuel Whitbread, M.P., accompanied by the following letter to the Master of Pembroke:—

"Lower Grosvenor Street,
"Dec. 17, 1796.

"Sir,

"It is my [illegible] left a direction that [illegible] which

he possessed, should be presented to the Society over which you preside, and of which Dr. Johnson was formerly a member, in his name. I beg to be informed by what conveyance it can be most safely sent to Oxford, and have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"S. WHITBREAD."

It would be an interminable, not to say profitless, task to attempt to enumerate and describe the engraved portraits, of which no less than 108 are entered in Mr. W. Smith's lists.

—*Editor.*

INDEX.

INDEX.

ABBESS, Johnson's stern speech to an, iii. 23.
Abbreviations, Johnson's, of his friends' names, ii. 240.
Abercrombie, Mr. James, sends Boswell copies of Johnson's letters to Americans, ii. 197, 226.
Abernethy, Life of Dr., in Biog. Brit. quoted on special providence, iv. 198.
Abington, Lord, his joke with Miss Hervey on Johnson's devotion, iii. 419.
—— Mrs., asks Johnson to come to her benefit, ii. 296, 298.
Abolition of the Slave trade, Doubts on by John Ranby recommended by Boswell, iii. 225.
Absenteeism discussed by Johnson, iii. 263.
Absolute government, and popular factions discussed, ii. 336.
Abstinence, Johnson could practise, but not temperance, i. 372, ii. 25, iii. 24, iv. 33.
Abyssinia, Voyage to, by Lobo, Johnson's translation of, i. 51-54; shown to him as a curiosity, iii. 62.
Abyssinia, Rasselas, Prince of, Johnson writes to defray his mother's funeral expenses, i. 269.
"*Academia della Crusca*" send Johnson their *Vocabulario*, i. 234; could hardly believe the Dictionary was the work of one man, i. 352.
"*Académie Française*," Voltaire's invective against Shakespeare read at a sitting of, ii. 93 n.; send Johnson their *Dictionnaire*, i. 234.
Academy of Arts, Royal, instituted, ii. 77.
Accounts, Johnson's idea of its being unnecessary to keep, iv. 121.
Accuracy and veracity, Johnson insists on, iii. 246, 392.
Acquaintance, Johnson's numerous and varied, iii. 73; the more a man extends and varies his, the better, iv. 120.
Action, a ludicrous, in the Court of Sessions, in which Boswell was counsel, iv. 78. Johnson's argument for, 78.
Action, rhetorical, Johnson ridicules, i. 260.
Adams, Rev. Dr., Master of Pembroke College, i. 30, 31, 42, 45, 94; accuses Johnson of great pride, 206; his conversation with Johnson about the Dictionary, 138; gives Boswell many particulars of Johnson's academical life, iii. 28; answers Hume's Essay on Miracles, 28 n.; entertains Johnson twice in the last year of his life, at Oxford, iv. 209, 286; his kind attention to Johnson, 228; gives Boswell an account of Johnson's last visit to him, 286; on Johnson's prejudices, 319; Johnson's letter to, on some literary work, 362.

Adams, Miss, her fine character and attention to Johnson, ii. 215.
—— George, his Dedication to the King of his Treatise on the Globes written by Johnson, ii. 58.
Addison, his morality, humour, and elegance of writing, i. 338; his Notanda for the Spectator compared with Johnson's Sketches for the Rambler, 152; "whoever wishes to attain a good style must give days and nights to the study of," 170; his travels and his learning, ii. 316; his preparation for travelling, 316 n.; wrote, or very much improved, Budgel's papers in the Spectator, iii. 92; his illustration of the difference between his powers in conversation and in writing, 339; Johnson's Life of, iv. 16; Malone's note on his harsh conduct to Steele, 16; various readings in the Life of, 17; said to have written some of his best papers in the Spectator "warm with wine," 48.
Address of the Painters to George III. written by Johnson, i. 279.
Admiration, judgment better than, ii. 327.
Adultery, Johnson on the heinousness of, ii. 68.
Adventurer, The, commenced, i. 154, 192, 193, 197.
Advertisement, of Johnson's school, i. 61; about the Idler in the Universal Chronicle, i. 273; in the Edinburgh papers, correcting a mistake in the Journey, ii. 280.
Adye, Miss Mary, her accounts of Johnson's early days, i. 13, 14; Johnson visits at Lichfield, iii. 49.
Ægri Ephemeris, a journal of his illness, kept by Johnson, from July 6th to Nov. 8th, iv. 290.
Affectation, of silence, iii. 273.
Affection, the effect of habit, or instinct? ii. 102; descends, iii. 381.
Agar, Wellbore Ellis, his exquisite collection of pictures, iii. 152.
Age, old age, iii. 215; a man's own fault if the mind grows torpid in, 267, 336; iv. 124.
Agriculture, Marshall's absurd and offensive book on, iii. 316.
Agutter, Rev. Mr., gives Boswell some notes of Johnson's conversation, iv. 210; his sermon on Johnson's death, 325.
Aikin, Anna Letitia, marries Mr. Barbauld, ii. 369 n.; her essay on Imitation, iii. 199.
Air bath, Lord Monboddo's, iii. 195.
Akenside, his Pleasures of Imagination, ii. 161; Johnson prefers, to Gray and Mason, iii. 80; various readings in Johnson's Life of, iv. 19.
Akerman, Mr., the keeper of Newgate, his house burned in the Gordon riots, iii. 415.
Alarm, The False, Johnson's first and favourite political pamphlet, ii. 112, 144.
Alberti, Leandro, Addison borrowed much from, ii. 316.
Alcibiades, his dog, Mr. Jennings' marble statue of, iii. 248 n.
Aldrich, Rev. Mr., and the Cock Lane Ghost story, i. 323.
Aleppo, the Siege of, a play by Hawkins, iii. 271.
"Alias," exemplified by Mallet or Malloch in Johnson's Dictionary, octavo ed. 1756, iv. 152.
Allen, Mr., the printer, his famous dinner "worthy of a synod of cooks," i. 373; imitates Johnson, iii. 279; brings Marshall's Agriculture to Johnson, 316; Johnson sends for, when seized with a paralytic stroke, iv. 160; one of Johnson's "best and tenderest friends," 263; Johnson's letter to, 351.

Ally Croker, the Irish song in her honour, iii. 265.
Almack's, a new gaming club, iii. 75.
Alnwick Castle, the cause of high words between Johnson and Dr. Percy, iii. 281.
Amanuenses, six, employed on the Dictionary, i. 139.
Amanuensis, Johnson begs help for his old, ii. 342.
"Ambassador, the, says well," ludicrous anecdote of Johnson repeating, iii. 398.
Amelia, Fielding's, Johnson read through without stopping, iii. 87.
Amendments, "seldom made without some token of a rent," says Johnson of poetry, iv. 4; in Johnson's prose, 4.
America, Johnson's rabid feeling about, ii. 289; the affairs of inquired into by Johnson, 271, 273, 276, 277; discussed rather too warmly by Johnson and Boswell, iii. 226; Johnson on the war with, iv. 41.
Americans, Johnson's horror of, iii. 297; Johnson's outburst against, iii. 318.
Amusements, a man's real character discovered by his, iv. 232.
Amoret, Waller's verses to, ii. 328.
Amyat, Dr., his story of Johnson saying that if he wished to become a botanist he must first turn himself into a reptile, i. 300.
Anacreon, Baxter's, the copy at Auchinleck very rare, iv. 171.
Anatomy of Melancholy, Burton's, published, iii. 27, n. praised, 28.
Anderdon, Mr., buys many of the Boswell MSS., i. 136.
Anderson, his Historical Sketches of the Native Irish, ii. 153.
Anderson, Professor, of Glasgow, iii. 152.
Anfractuosities, one of the, of the human mind, instance of, iii. 428.
Angel, Mr., the stenographer, ii. 212.
—— the, Inn, Oxford, Johnson and Boswell at, iii. 27.
Anglo-Saxon, professorship founded at Oxford by Dr. Richard Rawlinson, iv. 108.
Animals, Johnson's fondness for those under his protection, iv. 134, 135.
Annals, Johnson's, i. 381-390; account of 381.
Anne, Queen, 'touches' Johnson, i. 384.
Annotator, Johnson's opinion of Warburton as an, "he has a rage for saying something when there is nothing to be said," i. 257.
Annus Mirabilis, an historical poem, by Rev. W. Tasker, iv. 115.
Anson, Lord, his seat at Moor Park visited by Johnson, iii. 369.
Ant, the, a paraphrase from the Proverbs, ii. 42.
Anthologia, epigrams in the, translated by Johnson in his sleepless nights, iv. 292.
Antient Literature, Johnson appointed Professor in, ii. 77.
Apologize, Johnson's readiness to, when he felt he had been harsh, iv. 246.
Apparitions, Johnson on the probability of, i. 271; ii. 160; iv. 49.
Apple dumplings, Johnson recommends as food for a family, ii. 129.
Apprentice, Johnson and the printer's, ii. 298.
Arbuthnot, Dr., his great genius, i. 338.
Architecture, ornamental, Johnson, disapproves, iii. 26.
Argenson, M. D', Johnson visits his house, and notices the books in the lady's closet, ii. 354.
Argument, Goldsmith applies to Johnson in, Cibber's witty de-

son when he got his pension, 191; his story of Johnson and Madame do Boufflers, ii. 367; one of the original members of the club, 2; visits Cambridge with Johnson, 9; marries the divorced Lady Bolingbroke, 231 n.; his illness, 272; shares Boswell's veneration for Johnson's Court, 216; his equable spirits, iii. 61; his illness, 138; an altercation takes place between him and Johnson, 376, 377; Johnson, Reynolds, Boswell, &c., dine with, 378; is "very entertaining," 380; Johnson's affection for, 433; his death, 407 n.; Johnson on, 407; his library sold, 407, iv. 58; Mr. Langton on the death of, 411; anecdote showing Johnson's regard for, 123; his clever remark to Langton on his too hasty praise of a new acquaintance, 135; his portrait of Johnson, 407; his portrait of Garrick with inscription from Shakespeare given to Bennet Langton, iv. 51.

Beauties of Johnson, i. 161; iv. 97.

Beauty, can there be any without utility? ii. 162; discussion on, iv. 80.

Beckenham, Mr. Cator's seat, where Johnson and Boswell were hospitably entertained, iv. 230.

Beckford, Alderman, spoke resolutely even to the King, iii. 222.

Bedlam, Boswell visits, ii. 340 n.

Bedside, Johnson and Reynolds at Boswell's, iii. 382.

Bee, The, essays by Goldsmith, i. 327.

Beggar's Opera, the, different opinions concerning, iii. 323.

Belgrade, the siege of, described by General Oglethorpe, ii. 175.

Bell, Mrs, wife of Dr. Bell, Prebendary of Westminster, epitaph on, ii. 194 n.

Bell, John, of Antermony the traveller, ii. 68.

Bellamy, Mrs., the actress, begs for Johnson's patronage at her benefit, iv. 174 n.

Belsham, Mr., quotation from his Essay, to show that virtue and happiness are not invariably concomitant, i. 309.

Benedictines, note on the, in Paris, ii. 353; Johnson parts very tenderly from the, 362, 364.

Benevolence, instances of, Johnson's, ii. 298, iii. 241, iv. 207; Johnson does not believe that finite beings ever act from pure benevolence, iii. 93.

Benson, Mr. Auditor, erects a monument to Milton on which he inscribes his own name, i. 173.

Bentham, Dr., Canon of Christ Church, visited by Johnson and Boswell, iii. 31.

Bentley, Dr., verses by, iii. 443.

Berenger, Richard, author of the Art of Horsemanship, iv. 47; Hannah More on, 47 n.

Beresford, Mrs., and her daughter, accompany Johnson in the coach to Oxford, iv. 207.

Berkeley, Bishop, his doctrines discussed, i. 374.

Berwick, Duke of, his Memoirs by the Abbé de Margon, and by Abbé Hooke, account of, iii. 294; translated, 295.

Betterton, the actor, compared with Foote, iii. 209.

Bevil, Rev. Mr., his defence of James Hammond the poet, iv. 26.

Bewley, Mr., the Philosopher of Massingham, and the hearth-brush, iv. 84.

Bible, the, should be read with a commentary, iii. 100; proposal to translate into the Gaelic language, ii. 43; opposed by a religious society, and encouraged by Johnson, 43-47;

old, 1462, seen by Johnson in Paris, ii. 359; first edition of, ii. 393.
Bibliotheca Harleiana, Johnson's proposals for printing, showing the importance of a *catalogue raisonné*, i. 111.
Bibliothèque, Johnson's scheme for one, i. 222.
—— *des Savans*, reviews Johnson's Dictionary, i. 254.
Bickerstaff, Isaac, author of Love in a Village, ii. 89.
Bicknell, Mr., attempts to ridicule Johnson, i. 246.
Biddulph, Miss Sydney, a novel by Mrs. Sheridan, i. 308.
Biographer, the duty of a, as to relating the faults of a character, iv. 16.
Biographia Britannica, some of its defects, iii. 200, 201 n.
Biography, every man's life best written by himself, i. 1; the advantages possessed by Boswell for undertaking Johnson's, 2; literary, George III. desires Johnson to undertake, ii. 56; Bishop Warburton's letter on, quoted, iii. 4; Johnson's ideas on, 184; Boswell's method of writing, 4; Johnson on the writing of, 5-7; Plutarch on, quoted, 6; one of Johnson's favourite pursuits, iv. 1.
Birch, Dr. Tom, Johnson's description of, i. 116; letter to, 116; letters to, and from, about the Dictionary, 223; Johnson's letter to, about some papers of Raleigh's, 172.
—— Edward, R.A., his fine engraving on a seal of Johnson's head, iv. 323.
Birds, migration of, discussed, ii. 232.
Birmingham, Johnson arrives at, iii. 39.
Biron, Rosaline's character of, written by Beauclerk beneath Garrick's picture, iv. 52.
Birth, honours of, maintained by Johnson, ii. 243.
Birthday, Johnson does not wish his to be observed, iii. 186; Johnson's note on one of his, 424; invites a few poor friends to celebrate his, iv. 355.
Bishop, a beverage much liked by Johnson, i. 191.
Bishop, Johnson shocks Boswell by dining with a bishop twice in Passion week, iv. 46.
Bishops and the peerage, ii. 166.
Black, why were part of mankind made black? disputed between Johnson and an Irishman, i. 318.
Blackburne, Archdeacon, presents a petition for removing subscription to the Articles, ii. 148.
Black-cattle, the old system of in the Highlands, i. 325.
"Black dog," the, that worries Boswell, iii. 401, 403.
—— the little, Johnson calls Maty, i. 222.
Blackfriars Bridge rebuilt, i. 277; new, 278 n.
Blacklock, Dr. Thomas, his poems, i. 370; his Life by Joseph Spence, 370-1.
Blackmore, Richard, his poem the Creation, ii. 109; the absurd lines attributed to him, 109; Johnson's Life of, iv. 18; various readings in the Life of, 18.
Blackstone, composed his Commentaries with a bottle of port before him, iv. 48.
Blagden, Doctor, "a delightful fellow," iii. 449 n.
Blair, Rev. Dr., says he "found the Giant in his den," i. 314; he questions Johnson concerning Macpherson's imitation of Ossian, 314; his poem The Grave, iii. 92; the great success of his sermons, 133 n., 230; his sermon on devotion much praised by Johnson, 338; his statement that Bolingbroke

wrote a prose sketch of the Essay on Man, 391; his letter to Boswell concerning Pope, 391; Johnson loves his sermons, "though the dog is a Scotchman, a Presbyterian, and everything he should not be," iv. 53.
Blake, Admiral, Johnson writes the Life of, i. 106.
Bland, Mr. Richard, of Virginia, ii. 197.
Blaney, Elizabeth, her romantic attachment to Johnson's father, i. 12.
Blank verse, inferior to rhyme in Johnson's opinion seems verse only to the eye iv. 8.
Bleeding, Johnson disapproves the habit of, iii. 182.
Blenheim Park, Johnson and Boswell drive through, iii. 35.
Blind, the, can they distinguish colours by touch? ii. 183.
Blockhead, an Athenian, the worst of all, i. 41; Johnson calls Mr. Hector's stupid maid a, iii. 40.
Bloxam, Matthew, one of Johnson's contemporaries at Pembroke, has a good living, iii. 308.
Blue Stocking Clubs, origin of the name, iv. 61.
Boasting, Johnson rebukes Boswell's, iv. 132.
Bocage, M. du, Johnson dines with, ii. 352; Madame du, her difficulty with her teapot, 365 n.; her poem The Columbiade, iv. 243.
Boerhaave, Life of, Johnson writes in Gentleman's Magazine, i. 100.
Boethius, *magis philosophus quam Christianus*, ii. 125.
Boileau, his imitation of the third satire of Juvenal applied to Paris, i. 80.
"Bolder words and more timorous meaning were never brought together," iii. 435.
Bolingbroke, Lord, his works published, i. 208; his description of the House of Commons, iii. 251; wrote the scheme of the Essay on Man, in prose, 391; Pope's papers bequeathed to his sole care, iv. 14.
Bolingbroke, Lady, her description of Pope, iii. 325.
Bolt Court, Johnson moves to, iii. 17; Boswell visits for the last time, iv. 248; and takes his last farewell of Johnson at the entry to, 249; described in Pennant's London, iii. 284.
Bonaventura, the Seraphic Doctor, ii. 21.
Bon mots, Mrs. Thrale tells one of Johnson's, ii. 319; Tom Davies' mistake in repeating one, 319; not every man can carry one, 319.
Bond, Mrs., Johnson's tenant at Lichfield, iv. 309.
Bones, poor people in London collect, iv. 141.
Book collecting, Johnson's rule for, iv. 203.
—— trade, Johnson's letter on, to Dr. Wetherell, iii. 14, 16.
Books, that are wanted to be read should be sold, not given away, ii. 217; Johnson pores over the backs of, 331; Mr. Cambridge's, 331; Dr. Burney's, 331 n.; carelessly used by Johnson, 184; Johnson dusts his, iii. 62; borrowed by Johnson, iv. 3; Johnson tells what, he has been reading in the past year, 153; many of Johnson's contained remarks by him in Latin or English, 211, 212; list of, given to Mr. Astle, by Johnson, 229; charge of carelessness with, made by Sir John Hawkins, denied, 281; prices and profits on, iii. 15, 16; circulation of, Johnson explains, 16; few printed in Scotland before the Union, ii. 204; collection of those printed in Scotland before the Union, 395.

Booksellers, the, contracting with Johnson for the Dictionary, i. 135; their rights, risks, and profits, iii. 15, 16; their generosity, iv. 2.
Boothby, Hill, the lady for whom Johnson had so tender and respectful a regard, iv. 20.
Boscawen, Mrs., Boswell's praise of, iii. 331, 411.
Boscovich, Père, visits England, ii. 368; account of, 368 n.
Bosville, Mr., Boswell writes from his seat at Thorpe, iii. 355; his wife a mighty intelligent lady, ii. 165.
Boswell desires to see Johnson, i. 305; his first introduction in the back parlour of Davies' shop, 310; Reynolds's first portrait of Johnson given to Boswell, 311; calls on Johnson at his chambers in the Temple, 313; meets Johnson at an eating house, 318; his pleasant parties at the Mitre, 336, 339; lives in Mr. Temple's chambers in the Temple, 347; takes a boat with Johnson and spends the day at Greenwich, 363-367; sets out on his travels, 367; with Johnson at Colchester, 371, and Harwich, 373; parts with Johnson, 375; finds Utrecht very dull, 375; letters to and from Johnson, 375-378; returns to London, ii. 23; returns to Scotland, 36; publishes Corsica, 60; goes to London again, 60; not finding Johnson, follows him to Oxford, 61; at the Shakespeare Jubilee, 78; at the famous dinner when Goldsmith wore the bloom-coloured coat, 89; marries Miss Margaret Montgomerie, 137; his fourth visit to London, 144; his defence of the schoolmaster, 154, 177; calls on Johnson with General Paoli on Easter Day, 1772, 183; invited to dine with Johnson on Easter Day, 1773, 203; proposed by Johnson, 385, and elected a member of the Club, 224; called by Johnson an *unscottified* Scotchman, 226; accompanies Johnson for a three months' tour to the Hebrides, 247; announces the birth of a son, 348; the estate of Auchinleck, and the question of the entail, iii. 3-11; arrives in London a sixth time, and visits Johnson, 16; goes with Johnson to Oxford, 25; from thence they drive through Stratford, 37, and Henley, 39; to Birmingham, 40; learns from Mr. Hector many particulars of Johnson's early life, 43; arrives at Lichfield, 44, at Ashbourne, 55; lives, Johnson says, among savages in Scotland, and rakes in London, 116; returns to Scotland, 118; goes to meet Johnson at Dr. Taylor's at Ashbourne, 168; his seventh visit to London, 240; Johnson says "he is the best travelling companion in the world," 301; "a man whom everybody likes," 358; his ill-behaviour at a party, and his apology, iv. 62; a very clubable man, 183; Johnson's last letter to, 289; Mr. Courtenay's verses on, i. 168, ii. 248; Johnson says, "If I were to lose Boswell, it would be a limb amputated," iv. 41.
Boswell, Mrs., did not take to Johnson, ii. 249; her satirical saying of Boswell being led by a bear, 249 n.; Johnson makes her a present of his Lives, and the Poets, 367; her admirable saying about the possible blessings of wealth, iii. 189 n.
—— Sir Alexander, the author's eldest son, born, ii. 348 n.; killed in a duel, 174.
—— James, the author's son, his sale, at which many of his father's MSS. were sold, i. 136, iii. 361 n.

Boswell, Veronica, the author's eldest daughter, Johnson's message to, iii. 163; died, 163 n.
—— David, the author's brother, introduced to Johnson, iii. 417; furnishes particulars of Johnson's last illness, iv. 320.
—— Thomas, founder of the family, slain at Flodden, iii. 3.
—— David, iii. 3.
—— History of the family of, from its founder, promised by Johnson if Boswell would collect the materials, iv. 136.
Botanist, Johnson says that before he can become one, he must turn himself into a reptile, i. 300.
Boufflers, Madame de, her visit to Johnson, ii. 367; account of, 367 n.
Bouhours, Dominique, writes to prove that all beauty depends on truth, ii. 94.
Boulter's monument, Dr. Madden's poem, so called, corrected by Johnson, i. 250.
Boulton, the iron chieftain of Birmingham, iii. 42.
Bourdaloue, "*prêche fort bien, et moi bien fort*," ii. 226 n.
Bourdonne, Madame de, her witty reply, ii. 226 n.
Bouts-rimès, Lady Miller's, ii. 309 n.
Bow, Johnson's, to an Archbishop, described, iv. 135.
Bow-wow way, Lord Pembroke says Johnson's sayings would not seem so extraordinary but for his bow-wow way, ii. 300 n.
Bowles, William, Esq., entertains Johnson at Heale, iv. 165.
Bower, Mr., writes the history of the Romans for Ancient Universal History, iv. 291.
Bowyer, Mr., his Life, "full of contemporary history," iv. 279 n.
Boy or man, which is the happiest? i. 358.
"Boy, I love to be a," says Burke, iv. 39.
Boydell, Mr. Alderman, "that eminent patron of the arts," ii. 272.
Boyish days, Johnson and Garrick tell old stories of their, iii. 25.
Boyle, John, Earl of Orrery, i. 137 n.; letter from, to Dr. Birch, *ibid.*
—— Mr., his Martyrdom of Theodora, characterized by Johnson, i. 244.
Boyse, Samuel, Johnson's early associate, for whom he collected sixpences to get his clothes out of pawn, iv. 315.
Bradshaigh, Lady, her flattery of Richardson, i. 150.
Braithwaite, Mr., of the Post Office, iv. 203.
Bramhill, Bishop, on liberty and necessity, ii. 106.
Bramins, Johnson calls them the mastiffs of mankind, iv. 45.
Bread, better than the bread fruit, ii. 232.
Breakfast, Johnson entertains a party at, ii. 341; delightful conversation at, with Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, iii. 17; "in splendour," 389.
Brewery, Thrale's, sold, iv. 44 n.; Johnson describes the property as, "the potentiality of growing rich," 44 n.; price given for, £135,000, iv. 82.
Brighthelmstone, Johnson's stay at, iii. 128.
Bristol, visited, iii. 94, 95.
Britain, state of ancient, little known of it, iii. 333.
British Princes, the poem, absurd lines from, ii. 109 n.
British Synonymy, Mrs. Piozzi's, iv. 317.
Brocklesby, Dr., a delightful companion, iv. 120; his constant attendance on Johnson, 189, 193; Johnson's letter to, from Ashbourne, iv. 262; his generous and liberal offer to Johnson, iv. 249; Johnson desires him to choose a book as a remembrance,

309; his account of Johnson's death, iv. 319.
Bromley, Johnson's wife buried at, i. 183; stone put up to her memory, iv. 261.
Brooke Henry, author of the Fool of Quality, i. 101.
Broome, Johnson's Life of, referred to, iv. 13.
Brothers, Johnson says, "Good brothers make good sisters," i. 264.
Brown, Capability, the eminent horticulturist, iii. 390.
—— Tom, Johnson's first master, i. 17; dedicates a spelling book to the Universe, 18.
—— Rev. Robert, his sayings, ii. 26.
Browne, Sir Thomas, Life of, by Johnson, i. 240; imitated by Johnson, i. 168; his saying about devils, iii. 300; one of Johnson's archetypes, iii. 270.
—— Dr. John, ii. 128.
—— Isaac Hawkins, got into Parliament and never opened his mouth, ii. 310.
Brownism, so Boswell calls the strange words, and pompous style Johnson sometimes borrowed from Sir Thomas Browne, i. 240, 241.
Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, ii. 306 n.
—— Robert, Johnson requested to draw a character of him for Lord Hailes, ii. 348; desires his heart to be taken to Jerusalem, iii. 203.
Brundusium, Horace's journey to, discussed, iii. 264.
Bryant, Jacob, his saying about Johnson's knowledge of Greek, iv. 292.
Brydone, Patr., his Tour through Sicily and Malta, iii. 50 n.; would be a good traveller if more attentive to his Bible, iii. 353.
Buchanan, his poems discussed, i. 365; has fewer centos than any modern Latin poet, ii. 98; Johnson's praise of, though a Scotchman, iv. 127.
Buckingham House, Queen Charlotte's house where Johnson had the interview with George III., ii. 50.
Buckles, Mrs. Thrale makes Johnson buy new ones, iii. 326.
Budgel, Eustace, his suicide, ii. 216.
Buffier, Claude, his *Traité des vérités premières* much commended by Reid, i. 374 n.; account of, 374.
Bulkeley, Mrs., plays Miss Hardcastle, ii. 206.
Bulldog, Dr. Taylor's, criticized by Johnson, iii. 214.
Bunbury, Mr. Henry, marries Goldsmith's friend Miss Horneck, i. 328.
Bunyan, John, Johnson's praise of, compares his commencement of the Pilgrim's Progress with Dante, ii. 223.
Burgoyne, General, the disaster of his army, iii. 352.
Burke, Edmund, his saying that Johnson's ladies were all Johnsons in petticoats, i. 170; his advice to "live pleasant," 272; his ironical vindication of natural society, 368; one of the original members of the Club, ii. 2; attacked by Sir John Hawkins at the Club, 3; his duties oblige him to leave the Club, 32; his slight Irish accent, 157; his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, an example of true criticism, 94; Boswell introduced to, 224; winds into a subject like a serpent, 242; his manuscripts lent to Campbell and lost, 402; Johnson acknowledges an "extraordinary man," iii. 34, and calls forth all his powers, 35; his private and public life, 91; his commendation of Johnson's argument in defence of liberty of censure in

the pulpit, 105; his share in the Round Robin, 123; commends Johnson's Journey for its description of the inhabitants of mountainous countries, 170; his Letter to the Inhabitants of Bristol on the Affairs of America, 211; his dispute with Johnson as to the comparative excellence of Homer and Virgil, 216; his classical pun on Wilkes carried by the mob, 324; his fine house and lands, 313; Johnson's speech about, 313, 314, n.; the only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame, 440; his high appreciation of Johnson, "It is enough for me to have rung the bell to him," 446; his saying about an imitation of Johnson, iv. 21; a wonderful man, 42; the ebullition of his mind, 112; his constant stream of conversation, 201; in all places "an extraordinary man," 201; Johnson's last interview with, 313.

Burke, Richard, account of, iv. 153 n.; visits Johnson, and "did very well indeed," 153 n.

Burman, Peter, account of the Life of, by Johnson, i. 111.

Burnet, his History of his Own Times "very entertaining," ii. 201.

Burnett, Miss, Lord Monboddo's daughter, whose beauty was extolled by Burns, ii. 145 n.

Burney, Dr. C., on the reception of the Rambler, i. 155; compares the Rambler with the Spectator, 171; his delight with the Rambler, 223, and with the plan of the Dictionary, 224, 254; Johnson's letter to, 254; his account of his visit to Johnson, 256; his conversation with Johnson on Smart's madness, 315; his praise of Johnson's Preface to Shakespeare, and Johnson's letter in reply, ii. 20; gets an introduction from Johnson to enable him to examine the MS. music at Oxford, iii. 362; wishes to examine a Welsh manuscript in the Bodleian, 362; his youngest son accompanied to College by Johnson, 363; his story of an admiring friend and the hearth-brush, iv. 84; his entertaining Travels, 128.

Burney, Fanny, her imitation of Johnson's style, iv. 297; at tea with Johnson and Boswell, Boswell talks of Cecilia, iv. 156; note concerning, and her age when she wrote Evelina, with Mr. Croker's remarks, 368; the register of her baptism, 369; Lord Macaulay on, 371; Lord Jeffrey on, 371.

Burrowes, Dr., Rector of St. Clement Danes, preaches on evil speaking, iii. 372.

—— Dr., Dean of Cork, his essay on the style of Dr. Johnson, i. 165 n.; iv. 293.

Burton, Robert, author of the Anatomy of Melancholy, i. 31; iii. 27; the only book that ever took Johnson out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise, ii. 120; Byron's praise of it, quoted, 120.

Burton's books, Johnson inquires for, iv. 185 n.

Bust of Johnson, by Nollekens, iv. 324, 411; by Bacon, iv. 406.

Bute, the Earl of, announces to Johnson the pension granted by King George III., i. 296; Johnson's letters to, 298, 302; his advice to the King criticized, ii. 322; his undue partiality to Scotchmen, 323; took down too fast without building up, 324; it would have been better for the nation if, had never been minister, or had never resigned, iii. 53.

Butler, the poet, quoted, ii. 336.

Butter, Dr., one of Johnson's phy-

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Archibald, author [illegible] Lexiphanes, 19 n.

—— [illegible] Dr., of St. Andrews, [illegible] Mr. Essay published by Mr. [illegible] as his own, i. 285.

—— Dr. John, translator of Hermannus Rediviva, i. 281, 282 n., [illegible] 283; "not much in his Poetical Survey," ii. 33; his marriage, iii.

—— Rev. Mr. John, minister of Kippen, his letter quoted, ii. [illegible]

—— Mungo, his shooting Lord Eglintoune, i. 75.

—— Colonel Mure, marries Miss Mackenzie of Rasay, iii. 152.

—— Dr. Thomas, the Irish Dr. Campbell, account of, ii. 396; his works, 396, 397; visits London chiefly to see Johnson, [illegible]; his Life of Goldsmith, [illegible]; his Diary lost and found, [illegible]; his "Strictures" [illegible], iii. 479; his different version of Johnson's letter to O'Connor, 479.

Candide, its resemblance to Rasselas, i. 270 n., iii. 353.

Candour, anecdote exemplifying Johnson's, iv. 33, 169.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" quoted by Johnson, i. 305.

Cant, modern, Johnson thus stigmatizes the wrong use of certain words, iii. 219; "A man who has been canting all his life may cant to the last," says Johnson of Dr. Dodd, 280; "Clear your mind of cant," iv. 154.

Canus, Melchior, a Spanish Dominican, ii. 353.

Capability Brown, the gardener, iii. 390.

Capitulate: Johnson says in his illness, "I will be conquered, I will not capitulate," iv. 285.

Care: Horace says, "No ship leaves care behind," ii. [illegible], 198.

Careless, Mrs., Hector's sister, and Johnson's first love, iii. 43.
Caricatures of Johnson's style, ii. 330.
Carleton, Captain, his memoirs, iv. 375; Who was the author of? 376, 377; Johnson, much interested by, 245.
Carlisle, the Earl of, his poems praised by Johnson, iv. 65; kinsman and guardian of Byron, 65 n.; his tragedy submitted to Johnson, 175; who gives his opinion of it in a letter to Mrs. Chapone, 176, 177.
Carmen Seculare of Horace, a translation of, given to Johnson to read, iii. 368.
Carmichael, Miss, a pensioner of Johnson's, iii. 241.
Carnan, Mr., a bookseller, iii. 151.
Carter, Mrs. Elizabeth, 84; the translator of Crousaz's Examen of Pope's Essay on Man, 98; Johnson's English verses to, and Greek and Latin epigrams to, 100; contributes to the Rambler, i. 150.
Cartwright, Edmund, letter to, on Shiels and Cibber, iii. 472.
Case for Dr. Johnson's opinion, iii. 383; Malone's note on, 383 n. *See also*, Argument.
Castes, Oriental, Johnson defends, iv. 45.
Cast of Johnson's head, by Nollekens, iii. 461, 462.
Catalogue of the library of the Earl of Oxford, proposals by Johnson for printing, i. 111; of schemes for literary work, with Boswell's remarks, iv. 380.
Catalogues, Johnson shows the necessity of studying, ii. 332.
Catcot, George, the pewterer of Bristol, iii. 94, 95.
Cator. Mr., one of Johnson's co-t [illegible]s, his fine place at Beck-[illegible] iv. [illegible]
Cave, [illegible] of the Gentleman's Magazine, i. 55; Johnson's first publisher, 72; in account with Johnson, 96; on the Rambler, 156 n., 197, iii. 323; Johnson's regard for, although he was a penurious paymaster, iv. 313; Latin verses to, i. 77.
Cawston, Mr. Windham's servant, with Johnson in his last illness, iv. 322.
Certainties, small, the bane of men of small talents, ii. 297.
Chalmers, George, his edition of the Debates, i. 109, 409.
Cham: Johnson called by Smollett, "that great Cham of literature," i. 276.
Chamberlayne, Mr. George, a Catholic priest, a conscientious pervert, iv. 211.
Chambers, Catherine, her tender care of Johnson's mother, i. 267; Johnson's farewell to her, 267 n., ii. 58, 375, 377.
—— Sir Robert, Johnson intimate with, i. 212, ii. 41; goes as a judge to Bengal, 245; accompanies Johnson to Edinburgh, 245, 253; marries the beautiful Miss Wilton, 255 n.; introduced to Warren Hastings by Johnson, iv. 29.
—— Sir William, his treatise on Civil Architecture, praised by Horace Walpole and by Johnson, iv. 128 n.; his Chinese Architecture submitted to Johnson's revision, *ibid.*
—— Ephraim, author of the Scientific Dictionary, Johnson forms his style partly from, iii. 270 n.
Chamier, Mr., one of the original members of the Club, ii. 2; his conversation with Goldsmith about the Traveller, iii. 266.
Chantilly visited, ii. 362.
Chantress, the, Johnson's name for Miss Jones, i. 253.
[illegible] d'Autaroche, his journey [illegible] d by Lord

Kames in his Sketches of the History of Man, iii. 339.
Chappell, Dr., by some supposed author of the Whole Duty of Man, ii. 224.
Character, national, varies according to circumstances, ii. 185; the influence of, on success in life, iii. 349; a character described, "he has a great deal of learning, but it never lies straight, there is never one idea by the side of another, 'tis all entangled," iv. 157.
Characters in the Rambler said to be taken from real life, i. 163.
Charade, Johnson's, on Dr. Barnard, Bishop of Killaloe, iv. 138.
Charge, Johnson's, on Boswell entering the Literary Club, ii. 225.
Charing Cross, "the full tide of human existence is at," ii. 310.
Charity, Johnson's, instances of, iii. 241, iv. 207.
Charlemont, Lord, his story of a serpent, iii. 350; questions Johnson about dancing, iv. 39.
Charles II., Johnson's extraordinary partiality for, ii. 312.
Charles V., his celebrating his funeral obsequies in his lifetime, 261.
Chatham, Lord, a dictator, iii. 353; the story of his saying "he would take up his bed and walk," iv. 233.
Chatlois, Hotel de, Paris, ii. 352.
Chatsworth, Johnson visits and is very kindly received, 266.
Chatterton, his poems, iii. 95; Johnson complains of a "wide adherence to," iv. 89.
Chemical experiments, Johnson's, ii. 152, iii. 388; apparatus for, in Johnson's library, i. 346.
Chemistry, Johnson's experiments in, ii. 152, iii. 387, 388.
Chesterfield, Earl of, Johnson inscribes the plan of his dictionary to, i. 135, 136; his neglect of Johnson, 190; his attempts to conciliate him, 200, 201; Johnson's famous letter to, 202, 204; his witty sayings mostly puns, ii. 201; his letters, 207, 302; memoir and works of, by Dr. Maty, iii. 142; Dilly's splendid edition of his works, 349; two of his speeches written by Johnson, 349; Johnson describes him as dignified but insolent, iv. 118.
Cheyne, his book on Health and English Malady commended, iii. 77.
Cheynel, Johnson writes the Life of, i. 173.
Child, Boswell inquires what Johnson would do if left with a new-born, to take care of, ii. 102.
Childhood, Johnson's reminiscences of, i. 384.
Children, education of, i. 358; Johnson's love of, iv. 134.
China, Du Halde's, extracts from, for the Gentleman's Magazine, i. 97.
China, the manufactory of, at Derby, iii. 191.
Choisi visited, ii. 354.
Cholmondeley, Mr., Johnson's rudeness to, iv. 254; his regret and apology, 255.
—— Mrs., her compliments to Johnson, iii. 321.
Chops, Johnson's dog when a boy, i. 385.
Christ Church meadows, Johnson slides in, i. 211.
Christian Morals, by Sir Thomas Browne, edited by Johnson, i. 240.
Christian, Mr., of Dorking, accounts for the story about St. Kilda, ii. 65.
Christian religion, the, evidences of, i. 316.
Christianity, strength of the evidences of, i. 341.

Chronicle, The London, Johnson writes Introduction to, i. 249.
—— the Universal, a weekly newspaper in which the Idler essays were published, i. 258.
Churchill, his poetry depreciated by Johnson, i. 332, 333; his prophecy of famine, 333; attacks Johnson in a scurrilous manner, ii. 18.
Churton, Rev. Ralph, on the burial service, iv. 148; his remarks on Boswell's work, 371.
Cibber, Colley, account of, i. 319 n. 199; his Apology praised by Johnson as "very entertaining," ii. 95, iii. 113; Cibber himself "a poor creature," 95; Johnson's contempt for, 311; his Lives of the Poets compiled by Shiels, iii. 80, 470; his acts criticized by Johnson, 208.
—— Theophilus, his share in the compilation of the Lives of the Poets, iii. 472.
Cicero, quoted by Burke, and applied to Johnson, iv. 285.
Civilization, this word introduced into the Dictionary by Todd, ii. 152.
Claims, those of justice and those of affection, iii. 21.
Clans, Johnson desires to know the order of, ii. 250.
Clarendon, his style discussed, iii. 270; his description of Lord Falkland quoted and applied to Johnson, iv. 332.
Clarendon Press, the, origin of, and complaint of mismanagement, iii. 14 n.; Johnson discusses the management of, with Dr. Wetherell, iii. 28.
Claret, a hogshead of, presented to the Club by Dr. Barnard, iii. 254; Johnson chosen to write the request for another, 254.
Clark, Mr. Alderman, Johnson proposes as a member of the Essex Head Club, iv. 185.
Clarke, Dr., unorthodox, iii. 262; Johnson's sentiments with regard to, iv. 319.
Clarissa, Johnson begs Richardson to give an Index Rerum to, i. 392.
Classics, Addison's quotations from the, ii. 316.
Clenard, Nicholas, his Greek Grammar and other works, account of, iii. 440 n.
Clergymen, Johnson's ideas of the fitting dress and demeanour of, iv. 36, 37.
Clerk, Sir Philip Jennings, his "ancient ruffles and modern principles," iv. 40.
Clifton's eating-house in Butcher Row, i. 318.
Clive, Lord, a strong-minded man, iii. 334.
Club, the Ivy Lane, formed by Johnson, i. 41; iv. 181.
—— the Literary, founded by Reynolds and Johnson, ii. 2, 32, 388; "holds well together," 35, 221; Boswell elected a member of, 224; when Johnson begs Goldsmith's pardon, 239, 294, 315; its numbers augmented, iii. 140 n.; account of a conversation at, 247-54; the members present, 247 n.; a noted meeting of, when there was an altercation between Johnson and Beauclerk, 376; rules of election in, 150, iv. 43; Johnson present at for the last time, 240.
—— Queen's Arms, St. Paul's Churchyard, iv. 44.
—— Old Street, iv. 128.
—— Essex Head, iv. 182; members of, 182 n.; Johnson at, 200; his anxiety about when absent, 263, 269.
—— Blue Stocking, the origin of, iv. 61.
—— Eumelian, founded by Dr. Ash, iv. 302.
—— Johnson's definition of a, iv. 184 n.
Clubable man, Johnson called Boswell a very, iv. 183.

Coat, Goldsmith's bloom-coloured, ii. 89, 90.
Cobb, Mrs., one of the Lichfield ladies, iii. 49, 399 n.
Cock-lane ghost, this imposture detected by Johnson, i. 323; account of, iii. 277.
Cohausen, John Henry, author of Hermippus Redivivus, i. 331.
Coke, Lord, a mere lawyer, ii. 155.
Colchester, Johnson and Boswell at, i. 371.
Collectanea, by Dr. Maxwell, ii. 116-31.
Collections of editions of books, Johnson advises, iv. 203.
Collins, the poet, his dreadful depression, i. 214 n., 304.
Collier, Jeremy, Johnson alludes to, iv. 210.
Colman's Random Records quoted, giving a description of Johnson and Gibbon, iii. 97 n.
Colman, Mr., his letter from Lexiphanes, iv. 295.
Colonsay, Little and Old, Boswell proposes to Johnson to buy it, and found a college there, iii. 167.
Colson, Rev. John, Johnson recommended to, i. 67.
Columbiade, The, an epic poem by Madame du Boccage, iv. 243.
Comedy, the great end of, making the audience merry, ii. 220.
Commentaries, Johnson recommended Lowth and Patrick on the Old, and Hammond on the New Testament, iii. 101.
Commerce, Dictionary of, by Rolt, Johnson's Preface to, ii. 315.
Commons, House of, Johnson's friends endeavour to get him a seat in, ii. 134, 135 n.; he would gladly have entered, 136; Bolingbroke's description of, iii. 251.
Comparison. Certain men are no more to be compared than a stately horse with the fly that stings it, i. 204.
Compiègne, visited, ii. 363.
Composition, Johnson's, iv. 1; amendments in, 4 n.; Johnson says a man should begin to write soon, iii. 435.
Compton, Rev. J., Johnson's kindness to, iv. 366, 367.
Concoction, the, of a play, an expression used by Dryden, in his preface to Œdipus, iii. 272; and by Garrick, 272 n.
Condolence, Johnson's letter of, to Mrs. Thrale, iii. 468.
Conduct, rules and resolutions for, i. 280.
Confession, Johnson on, ii. 106.
Congé d'élire, the force of a, iv. 237 n.
Congratulations and good wishes for the new year, iii. 233, 234.
Congreve, Charles, Johnson's schoolfellow, i. 19; "always muddy," iii. 43.
—— W., the poet, fine passages in his Mourning Bride, i. 309, ii. 90, 91, 98; quoted, 214; various readings in Johnson's Life of, iv. 19.
Connoisseur, The, an amusing periodical paper, i. 334.
Connor, Charles O', letters from Johnson to, i. 251, iii. 146.
Conscience, Johnson's tenderness of, ii. 5, iv. 303-5.
Contentment, Johnson on, iv. 289.
Contractions, Johnson's, of his friends' names, ii. 240.
Convents, Johnson on the propriety of allowing, ii. 27.
Conversation, Johnson's, i. 5-8; Archdeacon Secker on, quoted, 8; the vigour of Johnson's, 313; likened to a bowl of punch, 260; specimens of Johnson's, ii. 29-31; Johnson's, with George III., 51-55; an account of this, published separately by Boswell, 52 n.; Johnson's own account of, 56; Goldsmith's, on a certain occasion, "overflowed and drowned" one of the party,

ii. 123; Goldsmith's constant attempts to shine in, 217, 218, 239; Johnson's great success in, 218; Johnson thinks, to be good, implies contest, iii. 30; Johnson's, described by Dr. Percy, 320, iv. 13; Pope's, not renowned, 13; Johnson's definition of the happiest, 14; story of the man who had none, 42; a trial of skill, 64; requires knowledge, a command of words, imagination, presence of mind, a resolution not overcome by failures, 112; and talk, distinguished, 127; Burke, on Langton's accusing Johnson of roughness in, 205.

Converts, from Protestantism to Popery and from Popery to Protestantism compared, ii. 107.

Convocation, Johnson advocates its restoration, i. 369.

Convulsive motions of Johnson, i. 103, 104.

Cookery, Johnson thinks himself a judge of, i. 373; discussion on, iii. 293; the best book on, 293.

Cook, Captain, his great accuracy, iii. 62; his voyage round the world, iii. 205.

Cooper, John Gilbert, called by Johnson Punchinello, ii. 127; the affected gentleman, iii. 180.

Copy-money, in Italy first received by Baretti, iii. 190.

Corbett, Mr. Andrew, and his son, in connection with Johnson's residence at Oxford, i. 30.

Corelli, said to have come to England to see Purcell, ii. 313 n.

Coriat, Tom, his travels, under the title of "Crudities," ii. 170.

Cork, Earl of, Johnson describes, iii. 208.

Corn laws, "What, Sir, would you prevent any people from feeding themselves, if by any honest means they can do it?" ii. 128.

Cornwallis, Archbishop, assists De Groot, the nephew of Grotius, iii. 158.

Corps, "*Il y a tant d'esprit, que je n'ai pas vu de corps*," said of a preacher, ii. 226 n.

Correspondence, Boswell's, with Johnson, ii. 21.

Corsica, Johnson encourages Boswell to publish his Tour in, ii. 27; its publication, 60; Boswell's account of, and Tour in, Gray's letter to Walpole on, quoted, 60; Mr. Trevelyan on, 60; Boswell wears this name on his hat at the Shakespeare Jubilee, 78; Johnson advises Boswell "to clear his head of," 78 n.; account of, Preface to, quoted by Boswell himself, 79; Johnson's praise of, 80.

Corsicans, their bravery extolled by Boswell and denied by Johnson, ii. 87.

Corycius Senex, Virgil's saying of, applied to Burke, iv. 117.

Cotterell, Captain Charles, i. 187.

—— the Misses, visited by Johnson, Reynolds meets Johnson at their house, 187 n.

Country; they who are content to live in the country are fit for the country, iv. 249; Johnson on life in the, ii. 185, iii. 203; no wise man will live in the, 266; iv. 155; life, Johnson cannot like, iv. 285.

Courage, instances of Johnson's, ii. 277, 278; mechanical and acquired, iii. 276.

Courayer, Dr. Le, his History of the Council of Trent, i. 71.

Court, Johnson's, Fleet Street, Boswell and Beauclerk have a veneration for, ii. 216.

Courtenay, Mr., his verses on Johnson, i. 33, 34; his moral and literary character of Dr. Johnson, 168; his poetical character of Dr. Johnson, 247.

Coverley, Sir Roger de, his character delights Johnson, ii. 336.

Cowdray, visited by Johnson, iv. 107.
Cowley, Johnson's Life of, Johnson thinks the best of the Lives, iv. 4; various readings in the Life of, 4.
Coxcomb, once a coxcomb always one, ii. 127.
Coxeter, Thomas, collected 500 volumes towards a collection he proposed of English poets, iii. 187.
Crabbe, Rev. George, sends his poem, The Village, to Johnson for revision, iv. 119; Johnson confident of his success, 119 n.
Cradock, Mr., author of Zobeide, a tragedy, iii. 86; his admiration of Johnson's conversation, 87.
Crashaw, epigram by, quoted, iii. 309.
Critic, an eminent, "no doubt Mr. Malone," on Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes, iv. 251, 252.
Critical Review, the, i. 324; Johnson writes in, 326.
Criticism, elements of, a pretty essay, i. 312; Johnson on, ii. 62-4; on Gray's Elegy, an imitation of Johnson's style, iv. 299.
Croft, Rev. Herbert, his style described by Burke, iv. 21; his Family Discourses, 220; his advice to a pupil always to read a book through, 226.
Croker, Ally, an Irish song, celebrating a well-known beauty, iii. 265.
Crompton, Mr., the master of the school at Solihull, who "huffed the ffeoffees," i. 58.
Cromwell, Oliver, Johnson's design of writing the Life of, iv. 166.
Crosbie, Mr. Andrew, talks learnedly of alchemy with Johnson, ii. 341.
Crossbow, argument like an arrow from a crossbow, iv. 206.
Crossreadings, Caleb Whitefoord's amusing, iv. 237.
Crown and Anchor, dinner at, with Johnson, Reynolds, &c., iii. 87.
Crouch, Mrs., "the celebrated," iv. 159.
Crousaz and Warburton, their dispute on Pope's Essay on Man, Considerations on, by Johnson, i. 114.
Crudities, by Tom Coriat, ii. 170.
Cruikshank, Mr., Johnson writes to, from Ashbourne, iv. 275; attends Johnson in his last illness, iv. 169; Johnson leaves him a book as a remembrance, 309.
Cui bono, a, man, Dr. Shaw's dislike to, iv. 64.
Cullen, Dr., consulted by Boswell for Johnson, iv. 191.
—— Mr., afterwards Lord, a great mimic, ii. 151.
Culloden, no quarter given at, ii. 340; the Macdonalds attribute the loss of the day to their clan not being given its place on the right of the others, 250 n.
Cumberland, Richard, his Memoirs quoted on Johnson's early difficulties, i. 68; his odes published, iii. 90; "a million," says Johnson, when speaking of the want of company, iv. 292.
—— the Duchess of, account of, ii. 211 n.; Goldsmith's compliment to, in his play, ii. 211; Paoli's neat saying on the occasion, *ibid.*
Currat Lex, the motto chosen by Johnson for Dr. Dodd's picture, iv. 144.
Curates, their small stipends, iii. 170.
Curiosities picked up by Johnson in Scotland, ii. 250 n.
Curiosity, the distinguishing mark of a generous mind, "the thirst of the soul," i. 53.
"Curll, must have a special care to leave the margin wide," i. 103.

Curran, his imitation of Mr. Grattan's manners described by Byron, ii. 299.
Cust, Francis Cockayne, his story about Savage, i. 125.

Dacier, Madame, her prose translation of Homer, iii. 333.
Dæmonology, by King James, iii. 374.
Daline, Olof, his history of Sweden commended, ii. 153.
Dalrymple, Sir David. *See* Lord Hailes.
—— Sir John, his Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, ii. 199; an honest man, but his writings mere bounce, 200.
Dalzel, Professor, on Johnson's knowledge of Greek, iv. 293.
Dance, report that Johnson was learning to, iv. 39, 40.
—— Mr., the architect, ii. 156.
Dante, the "*divini poetae*," quoted by Boswell, iii. 246.
Darteneuf, Charles, an epicure, iii. 32 n.
Davies, Mr. Thomas, his bookseller's shop at No. 8, Russell Street, i. 309; introduces Boswell to Johnson, 311; encourages Boswell to follow up the introduction, 313; his pretty wife, ii. 6; his sympathies with Baretti, 96, 97; publishes some writings of Johnson without authority, 251; entertains Johnson, Boswell, &c., at dinner, 311; his retiring from the stage, iii. 242; his benefit, 262 n.; his entertaining memoirs of Garrick, 418; dressed as the Thane of Ross, 431; Johnson's letter to, in his illness, and his cordial regard for, iv. 162; Johnson's affectionate letter to, from Ashbourne, 276.
Dashwood, Sir Henry, marries the beautiful Miss Graham, iii. 395.
Dawkins, Henry, mentioned as an instance of the enjoyment of wealth, iv. 76.
Dean, Richard, his work, maintaining the Future Life of Brute Creatures, ii. 66.
Death, Johnson on violent, i. 262; conversation on, ii. 107, 108; not death, but life that is important, 108; Johnson's annoyance at the discussion of the subject, 108; his fear of, explained, 278; the gate of life, iii. 301; the fear of, discussed, Johnson's horror of, 183, 302, iv. 202, 220, 302; who can run the race with? 270; Johnson's, 320; his wife's, i. 178-86.
Debates, Johnson's parliamentary, i. 79, 80, 109, 110; editor's note on the history of, 409-13; Mr. Nichols gives an account of Johnson's conversation about, shortly before his death, iv. 313.
Debt, Johnson arrested for, i. 238; a calamity, not merely an inconvenience, iv. 100.
De Claris Oratoribus, Johnson would have made an admirable work on, iv. 232.
Dedication to the Earl of Orrery for Mrs. Lenox, i. 196; to the Queen for Mr. Hoole's Tasso, 304; to the Marquis of Abreu for Mr. Baretti's Dictionary, 279; to the King for Dr. Kennedy's Astronomical Chronology, 290; to the Earl of Middlesex for Mrs. Lenox's Female Quixote, 291; to the Earl of Shaftesbury for Mr. Bennet's edition of Ascham's English works (said to have been in reality edited by Johnson), 381; to Edward Duke of York for some Music for the German Flute, ii. 21; to the King for Gwyn's London and Westminster Improved, 41; to the King for Mr. Adams' Treatise on the Globes, 59; for Angel's Short-Hand, 212; for Mr. Derby, iii. 147

Dedications, Johnson's skill in, ii. 21; to Johnson, list of, iv. 323.
Deeds, registration of, note on the, iv. 34.
Definitions, some of Johnson's, in Dictionary, erroneous, i. 231; some humorous, 231; some obnoxious, 232; were abridged for smaller edition, but never cancelled, 233.
Defoe, Daniel, his invention of a ghost story, ii. 160 n.; his Robinson Crusoe, iii. 277; Johnson gives Mrs. Montagu a catalogue of his works of imagination, 277; did he write Carleton's Memoirs? iv. 375.
Deformities of Johnson, published in Edinburgh, iv. 97, 98.
Degree, Johnson's difficulty in obtaining, i. 93-5; made M.A. Oxford, 213; LL.D. Dublin, ii. 10; D.C.L. Oxford, 303, 306.
De Groot, the nephew of Grotius, iii. 157.
De Imitatione Christi, its popularity, iii. 244.
Deist, David Hume objects to being so called, i. 208.
Delany, Johnson praises his Observations on Swift, iii. 263.
Delays, life admits not of; when pleasure can he had 'tis fit to catch it, iii. 164.
Deluge, the, Mauritius Lowe's picture of, iv. 140.
Demonax. Johnson called the Demonax of the present age, by Dr. Franklin, iii. 451; but Boswell does not think the appellation a good one, 452.
Dempster, Mr. George, i. 324; his saying about the immense advantage of Johnson's society, 345; his conversation with Johnson on literary rights, &c., 349; his sophistry vanquished by Johnson, 352; his commendation of Johnson's Journey, ii. 281.
—— Miss, undertakes to teach Johnson knotting, iii. 257.
Denial, the usual form of, Johnson will not allow his servants to use, i. 346.
Dennis. John, his critical works, iii. 87.
Derby, Rev. John, editor of Dr. Pearce's works, iii. 147.
—— manufactory of china at, iii. 191.
Derrick, Samuel, Boswell's "first tutor in the ways of London," i. 86, 361; Johnson's story of his presence of mind, 362; has a character he need not run away from, 313.
Description excites curiosity, seeing satisfies it, iv. 137.
Deserted Village, Goldsmith's poem, Johnson's share in, ii. 25.
Desmoulins, Mrs., finds an asylum in Johnson's house, i. 49, 181; Johnson's liberality to, iii. 241.
—— Mr. John, Johnson leaves him a legacy of £200, iv. 309.
Devaynes, Mr., the cheerful apothecary, iv. 199.
Devil, a printer's, iv. 53.
Devonshire, the Duke of, Johnson describes, iii. 210.
—— the Duke and Duchess of, receive Johnson very kindly, and press him to stay, iv. 266.
Devotion, Johnson on, iv. 158.
Dialogues, Lord Lyttelton's, a "nugatory performance," ii. 124; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Johnson and Garrick, iii. 315 n.
Diamond, Mr., an early friend of Johnson's, with whom he and Mrs. Williams dined on Sundays, i. 184.
Diary, the keeping of a, recommended, i. 344; ii. 204; iii. 245; iv. 120.
Dibdin, Mr. Charles, sets Boswell's verses to music, ii. 111.
Dick, Sir Alexander, his letter to Johnson about planting trees, iii. 161; Johnson asks, through Boswell, for his opinion on his illness, iv. 187.

Dictionary, Johnson's, announced, i. 134; plan for, addressed to Lord Chesterfield, 135-8; Johnson discusses, with Dr. Adams, 138; six amanuenses employed, 139; Bishop Percy's account of Johnson's manner of working on it, 139, 140 n.; prayer on beginning second vol. of, 196; "begins to see land, in this vast sea of words," 216; concluded to the satisfaction of all concerned, 225; published, 229; price of, bound, 229 n.; Preface of, 229, 234; payment for, 238; epitome of, 239; reviewed in the *Bibliothèque des Savans*, 254; revision of, ii. 140; fourth edition of, 152; Sheridan's prologue containing compliment on, iii. 149; the scheme of, first mentioned to Johnson by Dodsley, iii. 393; Wilkes' *jeu d'esprit* on it, i. 235; Garrick's epigram on, i. 235; Johnson's saying that he had been longer over it than he need have been, i. 352; Johnson called "Dictionary Johnson," i. 305.

—— honours consequent on the completion of the: degree of M.A., Oxford, i. 219; the *Academia della Crusca* send Johnson their *Vocabulario*, and the French Academy their *Dictionnaire*, i. 234; Degree of LL.D., Dublin, ii. 11; Degree D.C.L., Oxford, ii. 303.

—— Finnick, Johnson has a copy of, i. 214.

—— military, proposed to Cave by Johnson, i. 99.

—— of Ancient Geography by Johnson's amanuensis, Macbean, ii. 194.

Dido, Johnson's saying about, iv. 134.

Difficile est proprie communia dicere, note on, iii. 474-6.

Dignitaries of the Church, Johnson's respect for, iv. 135.

Dijon, prize essay, Rousseau's, i. 349.

Dilly, Messrs., the booksellers, entertain Johnson and others at dinner, when Goldsmith was impertinent and Johnson stern, ii. 231-237; their hospitable table, iii. 108; their famous dinner when Johnson met Wilkes, 108-17; dinners with, 292, 355; iv. 242.

—— Edward, his letter to Boswell giving an account of the plan for the Lives of the Poets, as first proposed, iii. 144, 145; Johnson's letter to, inquiring if he knows anything of Boswell, 385; his death, 386.

—— Squire, Johnson goes to visit, 4, 69.

Dinner, "Ought six people to be kept waiting for one?" and Johnson's reply, ii. 89; at Boswell's lodging, 88-94; Boswell goes without his, in order to keep Johnson company, 172; at Johnson's rooms on Easter Day, 1773, 203.

Dinners, at Boswell's lodgings, with Reynolds, Garrick, Goldsmith, &c., when Goldsmith displayed his bloom-coloured coat, ii. 88; at Sir Alexander Macdonald's with Mr. Erskine (afterwards Lord Erskine), 168; at Gen. Oglethorpe's with Goldsmith, when duelling and ghosts were discussed, 173; at Johnson's lodgings on Easter day, 203; at Gen. Oglethorpe's with Goldsmith, when Goldsmith sang in the evening Tony Lumpkin's song, 206; at Gen. Paoli's, 207; at Mr. Thrale's, when one of the company attacked Garrick for being vain, and Johnson defended him, 214; at Mr. Beauclerk's, when Boswell is elected a member of the Literary Club, 221; at Mr. Dilly's, when Goldsmith was "impertinent," 231;

at Gen. Paoli's, when Johnson exploded with laughter about the "testator," 242; at Mr. Dilly's with the Irish Dr. Campbell, 310; at Tom Davies's with Hickey the painter, 311; at a tavern with a numerous company, when Johnson said patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, 315; at Mr. Thrale's with Dr. Campbell, 318; at Gen. Oglethorpe's with Dr. Campbell, 319; at Mr. Cambridge's villa near Twickenham, 329; at Mr. Dilly's on the memorable occasion when Johnson met Wilkes, iii. 109; in London "with several eminent men" (a meeting of the Club), 247; at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, when there was much talk about Horace, 264; with Dr. Percy, when an altercation took place between Johnson and Percy, 280; at Mr. Dilly's with Miss Seward and Mrs. Knowles, 292; at Sir Joshua Reynolds's with Dr. Musgrave, Mrs. Cholmondely, &c., 320; at Gen. Paoli's, 325; at Allan Ramsay's with Robertson and Reynolds, 331; at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, when Johnson hurt Boswell's feelings, and rudely attacked him, 337; at Mr. Langton's, when Johnson apologized, 337; at Johnson's with Mr. Allen the printer, on Easter day, 373; at the Club when there was a violent altercation between Johnson and Beauclerk, 376; at Beauclerk's, when Beauclerk was "very entertaining," 378; at Mr. Strahan's, 389; at Mr. Ramsay's with Lord Newhaven and the beautiful Miss Graham, 395; at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, "a most agreeable day," iv. 38; with Johnson on Easter day—"a great day," and the silver salvers are produced, 49; at Mrs. Garrick's, for the first time after Garrick's death, 51; at Mr. Dilly's with Wilkes and Dr. Beattie, 55; at Dr. Brocklesby's with the "ever cheerful" apothecary, 199; at the Essex Head Club, "in fine spirits," 200; at Dr. Adam's at Oxford, 214; at Dr. Nowell's at Iffley, 218; at Gen. Paoli's, looking very ill, 243; at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, when Carleton's Memoirs were mentioned, 245; at Sir Joshua Reynolds's for the last time, making the plans for going to Italy, 248, 249.

Diploma, the, of Johnson's M.A. degree, i. 219, 220; of Doctor of Laws, presented to Johnson, ii. 11; of D.C.L. Oxford, presented to Johnson, ii. 303-5.

Dirleton's Doubts, better than most people's certainties, iii. 225.

Discipline, book of, in the Church of Scotland, ii. 167.

—— religious, proper for convicts, iv. 242.

Discourses to the Royal Academy by Sir Joshua Reynolds, iii. 365; much admired by Johnson, iv. 235.

Diseases, acute, the inevitable strokes of heaven, iv. 99; chronic, commonly the effect of misconduct and intemperance, 99.

D'Israeli in Literary Curiosities gives a memorandum of Johnson's of hints for his Life of Pope, 4, 10 n.

Dissertation on the Prophecies, iv. 210.

Distinction, literary, generally according to merit, iv. 116.

Diversions, "Go steadily forward with lawful business or honest diversions," iv 289.

Diversions of Purley, by Horne Tooke, iii. 352.

Divine Legation, Warburton's most entertaining, iv. 12.

Divorce, discussion on, iii. 346.
Dixie, Sir Wolstan, patron of the school at Market Bosworth, i. 49, 50.
"Dockers," Johnson, at Plymouth, against the, i. 301.
Doctor, Johnson did not assume the title, ii. 305.
Documents lost which were to have been preserved at Auchinleck, and in the British Museum, i. 204.
Dodd, Dr., Johnson's assistance to, iii. 153, 154, 172, 173; account of, 171 n., 172; his letter to Johnson, 175; his thoughts in prison, 280; his description of Johnson, 289; Johnson's motto for his picture, iv. 144.
Doddington, George Bubb, a character in the Rambler, i. 163; story of him and Dr. Young, iv. 22.
Dodsley, Mr. Robert, i. 86, 134, 135, his Preceptor, 141, 142, 146, 149; his tragedy of Cleone, 264; author of the Muse in Livery, iii. 32; his dispute with Goldsmith about poetry, iii. 85; first mentioned to Johnson the scheme of an English dictionary, iii. 393; his Public Virtue, a poem, "fine blank," 441; his Cleone complimented, 441.
—— Mr. James, bookseller, iii. 32 n.
"Dogged veracity," one of the Dukes of Devonshire commended for his, 371.
Doggedly. "A man may write at any time if he sets himself to it doggedly," i. 150.
Domestic satisfaction, no money better spent than what is laid out for, ii. 321.
Dominicetti, an Italian quack, ii. 101 n.
Donaldson, Mr. Alexander, his shop for cheap books, i. 348; defies the common law rights of literary property, 348; Johnson's indignation at, 348.
Donne, Dr., Walton's Life of, the best of his lives, ii. 330; his vision left out of some editions of Walton's Life of him, iii. 31.
Dosa, George and Luke, ii. 25.
Dossie, Mr., author of a treatise on agriculture, iii. 434 n.
Doubts on the abolition of the slave trade, by John Ranby, iii. 225.
Douglas. *See* Duglas.
—— Dr., Bishop of Salisbury, describes to Boswell the effect produced by the publication of London, i. 88; account of, 100 n., 342; visits Johnson, iv. 202.
—— Dr. James, his collection of editions of Horace, iv. 203; account of, 203 n.
Douglas cause, the, Boswell defends, Johnson's opinion on, ii. 64; Boswell's annoyance that Johnson would not study, 217 n.; Andrew Stuart's letter to Lord Mansfield on, iii. 56.
—— Mr. Home's, quoted, iii. 118.
Drake, Sir Francis, Johnson writes the Life of, i. 106.
Dramatic Poetry, Mr. Belsham's Essay on, quoted, i. 309.
Dress, Johnson's, described, at the performance of Irene, i. 148; when Boswell first saw him, 314; in France, 365.
"Drift, what is your, Sir?" says Johnson, when Langton presented him the list of texts enforcing charity, iv. 205.
Drinking, its influence discussed, iii. 87; habits of, 374; effects of, 380; Johnson tells of the man who was habitually and equably drunk, 380.
Drelincourt on Death, ii. 160.
Drummond of Hawthornden, his *Polemomiddinia*, iii. 292.
Drummond, Mr. William, bookseller and friend of Johnson's, ii. 43; Johnson's letters to, 43-7, iii. 292.
—— Dr., iii. 375; his death at Naples, 125 n.

Drumgould, Col., of the Ecole Militaire, ii. 354.
Dryden and Pope distinguished by Voltaire, ii. 23.
Dryden characterized by Gray, ii. 23; his profundity praised by Johnson, 90; quoted, 124; characterized under the name of Bayes in the Rehearsal, 164; Lord Hailes collects notices of, iv. 387; quoted, in his preface to All for Love, 65; his excellent Dedication of his Juvenal, 4; Johnson's Life of, referred to, 4; various readings in, 10.
Dubas, Jean Baptiste, his Reflexions Critiques, ii. 94; Voltaire on, 94 n.
Duchess of Portland, the, "my noble, lovely, little Peggy," iii. 411.
Duck, epitaph on a, i. 15.
Duel, fatal, between Boswell's eldest son, Sir Alexander, and Mr. Stuart of Duncarn, ii. 174; between Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Riddell, iv. 147.
Duelling, is it consistent with moral duty? ii. 173, 174; Johnson defends, 213; discussed, iv. 147, 148 n.
Duglas, James de, said to have taken the heart of Robert Bruce to the Holy Land, iii. 203.
Du Halde's China, i. 97. n; Johnson's lively account of the translation of, by Green and Guthrie, iii. 449.
Dunbar, Dr., of Aberdeen, his essays on the history of mankind, iii. 420.
Dunciad, the, written for fame, i. 307; Johnson repeats the last lines of, ii. 90; Pope's emotion on repeating these lines, 90 n.
Duncombe, Mr., a very pleasing man, iii. 317.
Dundas, Henry, Lord Melville, i. 207; his Irish accent, ii. 157; his fine speech in favour of the negro, iii. 232.
Dunning, John, Lord Ashburton. known to be a Devonshire man by his accent, ii. 156.
—— Mr., a member of the Club, iii. 162; his tribute to the power and charm of Johnson's conversation, 256.
Dunton's Life and Errors, Johnson mentions, iv. 137; reprinted by Nichols, 137 n.
Durandi Sententiarum, 1458, seen by Johnson in Paris, ii. 359.
Dury, Major-General Alexander, his death, 262; account of, 262 n.
Dutch, Low, Johnson sets himself to learn, ii. 244.
Dyer, Samuel, a learned member of the Club, ii. 32.
—— John, his poem the Fleece, iii. 37.

Early habits, force of, ii. 332.
—— life, particulars of Johnson's, "You shall have them all for two pence," ii. 205.
—— rising, difficulty of, iii. 195.
Earthquake, a shock of, in Staffordshire, iii. 168.
East Indies, the practice of going there in quest of wealth discussed, iii. 389.
Easter day, 1775, ii. 327 n.; 1777, impressions and resolutions, iii. 134; 1778, Johnson and Boswell go to St. Paul's, 319; 1779, Service at St. Paul's, Boswell dines with Johnson and Mr. Allen, the printer, 373; 1781, "Solemn worship at St. Paul's," after which Johnson's friends dine with him, and he produces the silver salvers, iv. 48, 49; 1783, Service at St. Paul's; Boswell dines with Johnson, but he is not well, and talks little, 146; 1784, Johnson deplores to Boswell that the doctors would not allow him to go to Church, 196.
Easton Maudit, Johnson's visit to Dr. Percy at, ii. 8.

Eating, Johnson enjoys good eating, and defends it, i. 371.
Eccles, Isaac Ambrose, one of the guests at Boswell's supper party, i. 337 n.
Ecclesiastical History of England, scheme for, proposed by Johnson, i. 394.
Eclogues, the earliest English contained in Barclay's Ship of Fools, i. 215.
Ecole Militaire, in Paris, ii. 352.
Economy and waste cannot be defined, iii. 276.
Edial, near Lichfield, Johnson's school at, i. 61.
Edinburgh, Johnson arrives at, ii. 247.
Editions, different, of books ought to be collected, iv. 203.
Education, Johnson on, ii. 25; "I hate byroads in," 369; influence of, iii. 24; Milton and Locke on, 355; "I am always for getting a boy forward in his learning," 377.
Edwards, Edward, Johnson writes to, introducing Dr. Burney, iii. 362.
—— Rev. J., on free will, iii. 298 n.
—— Mr., curious meeting of Johnson with, iii. 307; praises country life, 308; gives an account of his life, 308, 309; Johnson's old fellow-collegian, iv. 47.
Eglintoune, Alexander, Earl of, his admiration of Johnson, ii. 76; shot by Mungo Campbell, iii. 212.
—— the Countess of, her regard for Johnson, iii. 361.
Egmont, John, Earl of, his History of the House of Yvery, iv. 136.
Egotists, four classes of, iii. 198.
Electrical experiments, Miss Williams assists Gray, the electrician, in his, ii. 42.
Elibank, Patrick, Lord, Johnson's high opinion of him, iii. 75; "nothing conclusive in his talk," 99; Beauclerk gives Johnson his Epitaph on a Lady to turn into Latin. 433 n.
Eliot, Mr., afterwards Lord, travels with Mr. Stanhope, iv. 38, 244; sends Johnson Carleton's Memoirs, 245.
Elliot, Sir Gilbert, his good pronunciation, ii. 157; his beautiful ballad, 157 n.
Ellis, Jack, the literary scrivener, iii. 73 n.
—— Mrs., on Fanny Burney's novels, iv. 369.
Elphinston, Mr. James, publishes the Rambler in Edinburgh, i. 157; Johnson's letters to, 158, 159, ii. 167; entertains Johnson and Boswell at dinner, 213; his Martial, a most extraordinary translation, iii. 271.
Elrington, Bishop, doubts Johnson's assertion respecting Newton, i. 360.
Elizabeth, Historical Memoirs of Queen, ii. 184.
Ellis, John, the literary money-scrivener, iii. 73.
Elvira, Mallet's tragedy of, attacked by Boswell and two friends, i. 324.
Elwal, Mr., the heretic, the trial of, ii. 161, 235.
Emigration, discussed at the Club, iii. 249.
Emmett, Mrs., the actress, iii. 47.
Emphasis, Johnson, Garrick, and Giffard on, i. 123.
Emulation, good effects of, ii. 369.
Enfans trouvés, visited, ii. 361.
Engagements, Johnson's journal of, iii. 336 n.
English poets, Johnson's lives of, iii. 151 n.
Engravings, Johnson asks Boswell to procure him portraits of Scotch men of learning, iv. 192; from portraits of Johnson, 108; on Mr. W. Smith's list, 412.
Entails are encroachments on the

dominion of Providence, iii. 10; Scotch law of, 9, 10 n.; reasons why entails are good, iii. 18.
Epigram, Johnson's Latin, i. 43; Greek and Latin, to Eliza, 84, 100; on George II. and Colley Cibber, 107; *ad Lauram*, 114; *ad Ricardum Savage*, 118; to Molly Aston, iii. 340 n.; to the Temple of the Winds in Moor Park, 369; Garrick's, on the Dictionary, i. 236; on the Duke of Marlborough's grand bridge over a small rivulet, 35; on the miracle at Cana, 309; on a quack doctor, by Garrick, ii. 54; occasioned by a religious dispute at Bath, iv. 212; Greek Epigrams translated by Johnson during his sleepless nights, 292.
Epilogue, spoken by the lady who personated the ghost of Hermione, by Johnson, i. 28; to the Distressed Mother, by Addison, 134; to Irene, by Sir Wm. Yonge, 146.
Epitaph, Johnson's, on Philips, i. 106; on Hogarth, ii. 383; on Goldsmith, iii. 120; on Parnell, iv. 17; on his Father, Mother, and Brother, 300 n.
—— on Johnson, by Dr. Parr, in Latin, iv. 326; from Camden's Remains, on a Very Wicked Man, 148; the famous one quoted by Addison, translated, ii. 316 n.
Epitaphs, Johnson's Essay on, i. 106; some exaggeration of praise allowable in, ii. 369.
Equality is obtained in civilized life by the number of different kinds of superiority, i. 312.
Erse books, given to Johnson, ii. 260-64.
—— grammar by Shaw, Johnson writes the proposals for, iii. 141.
—— poetry, Boswell thinks there are some ancient manuscripts of, ii. 286; Johnson denies this, 287, 288.
Erskine, Hon. Andrew, i. 324.
—— the Hon. Thomas, his eloquence and vivacity, ii. 168; account of, 169 n.
Essay on Truth, by Dr. Beattie, approved by Johnson, ii. 193.
—— on Man, Pope's, statement that the scheme was drawn up by Bolingbroke, iii. 391; partly true and partly false, 392.
—— on Taste, by Miss Reynolds, iv. 83.
Essays, original, by Johnson, in the Literary Magazine, i. 240; Boswell says the best is that on Soame Jenyns's "Inquiry into the Origin of Evil," 246.
—— on the history of mankind, by Dr. Dunbar, iii. 420.
—— Boswell's, The Hypochondriac, published in the London Magazine, iv. 122.
Essex, Lord, his advice to his kinsman, "Rather to go one hundred miles to speak with one wise man, than five miles to see a fair town," i. 343; supposed to have been written by Bacon, 343 n.
Eton, Boswell sends his eldest son to, iii. 66.
Etymologies, Johnson is asked "How he should get these," for his Dictionary? i. 138, 140, 230, 231.
Eugenio, misquoted by Johnson, ii. 225; author of, 225.
Eumelian Club, The, founded by Dr. Ash, iv. 302.
Eupheues, a character in one of the Ramblers, supposed to be from George Bubb Doddington, i. 163.
Euripides, quoted on armorial bearings, ii. 173; Johnson reads, on the journey to London, 228.
Evans, Dr., his epigram on the Duke of Marlborough's fine bridge, iii. 35.
—— the bookseller, beaten by Goldsmith, ii. 199.

Evidences of Christianity, discussed, i. 341, 360.
Evil, inquiry into Origin of, by Soame Jenyns, i. 247.
Execution of convicts, Boswell confesses he had been present at, ii. 96.
Executors, Johnson, one of Mr. Thrale's, iv. 43, 44.
Expectation to be compared with experience, i. 254.
Expenses in Paris, ii. 361.
Experiments, Johnson's minute, iii. 388 n.
Expression, precision and clearness in, Johnson's attention to, iv. 130.
Expulsion of six Oxford students, ii. 180; Johnson's happy illustration of the propriety of this, 181.
Expunged passages in the Vicar of Wakefield, iii. 370.

Fable, sketch of a, by Johnson, ii. 218.
Facts and fiction, Johnson disapproved the mingling of, iv. 128.
Fairy tale, by Johnson, in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies, ii. 42.
Fairy Queen, Warton's observations on, published, i. 209.
Falconer, Rev. Mr., a nonjuring bishop, iii. 366.
Falkland Islands, thoughts on, ii. 132.
False Alarm, The, a political pamphlet, ii. 112; Johnson's favourite, 113 n.
Falsehood, oftener arises from carelessness than from intentional lying, iii. 246.
Fame, literary, grows more difficult to attain, ii. 326.
Family, respect for, Johnson thinks natural and salutary, ii. 151.
Famine, prophecy of, poem by Churchill, i. 333.
Farewell, Johnson's, to Boswell, iv. 250.
Farmer, Dr., i. 293 n.; his essay on the learning of Shakespeare, iii. 86; Johnson writes to ask him for particulars of Ambrose, Philips, Broome, and Gray, iii. 412.
Fast, Johnson's strict, ii. 322.
Father's Revenge, The, a tragedy by the Earl of Carlisle, submitted to Johnson, iv. 175; Johnson's letter on, 176, 177.
Faulkner, George, ii. 151 n.
Feeling, Johnson says, "Very feeling people pay you by feeling," ii. 97; The Man of, a novel by Henry Mackenzie, published by a Mr. Eccles as his own, i. 285.
Felixmarte of Hircania, the old Spanish romance, i. 22.
Ferguson, Sir Adam, M.P. for Ayrshire, ii. 165.
—— James, the self-taught philosopher, ii. 100; his works re-edited, 101 n.
Ferney, Boswell at, i. 346.
Ferns, Deanery of, Burke calls it a *barren* title, iv. 34.
Festivals and Fasts, Nelson's, its great sale, iii. 42.
Feudal system, Boswell argues in favour of, ii. 172.
Fiction, not to be mingled with facts, iv. 128.
Fielding, Henry, i. 123, 193; writes in praise of Johnson's Life of Savage, 128; and Richardson compared, ii. 62, 63, 169; his Amelia, iii. 89.
—— Sir John, brother of Henry Fielding, i. 336 n.
Filby, John, at the Harrow, in Water Lane, Goldsmith's tailor, ii. 89.
Fingal, poem of, a mere unconnected rhapsody, ii. 125, iv. 180.
Fire, tricks to make the fire burn, are they vulgar tricks or philosophical expedients? iii. 393.
Fireworks, Johnson at a display of, iv. 238.

Fitzherbert, Mr. William, Johnson's portrait of, iii. 179, 378; his suicide, ii. 215.
Flageolet, Johnson buys one, but never made out a tune, iii. 257.
Flatman, Thomas, his poems discussed, iii. 79 n.; Rochester's verses on, 80.
Flattery, stage, of royalty a mere formula, ii. 220; pleases very generally, 331.
Fleet Street, preferred by Johnson to Greenwich Park, i. 366; cheerfulness of, ii. 310.
Flint, Bet, Johnson's account of her, iv. 56, 57; a verse of her Life quoted, *ibid.* n.
Flogging, not so common as it was, ii. 369.
Flood, Mr., the orator, his endowment of a professorship of the Irish language, i. 252; sepulchral verses by, on Johnson, iv. 328.
Floyd, the poor author, who found Derrick asleep upon a bulk, i. 362.
Floyer, Sir John, i. 55; his asthma and long life, iv. 193, 263; his book on asthma borrowed by Johnson when at Lichfield for the last time, 263.
Fludyer, a fellow student, with whom Johnson played draughts, iii. 30.
Fontainebleau, visited, ii. 356.
Fool of Quality, novel by Henry Brooke, i. 101.
Fool, The, a pamphlet attacking Thomas Hervey, to which Johnson wrote a reply, ii. 50.
Fools, Ship of, Barclay's, contains the earliest Eclogues in the language, i. 215.
Foote, Samuel, called the modern Aristophanes, i. 324 n.; threatens to caricature Johnson on the stage, 324; Johnson on, ii. 96, 97 n., 99; not a good mimic, 151, 278; Johnson's description of him, iii. 111, 112 n.; quite impartial, for he tells lies of every body, iii. 22, 23 n.; his death, 132; compared with Garrick, 208, 209; story of, and Garrick's bust, iv. 156; a comical fellow, 201.
Foundling Hospital for Wit, quoted, iv. 212.
Foppery, incurable, ii. 126.
Forbes, Sir William, of Pitsligo, his account of the Round Robin, iii. 121, 122; his delight with Boswell's Journal, 228; his amusing simile of the bottle of beer, 89.
Ford, Sarah, Johnson's mother, i. 9; "Parson," 10, 22, iii. 347; account of the family of, 9, 10; Johnson's uncle, i. 388.
—— Gifford's Life of the Dramatist, quoted, on Johnson's knowledge of Greek, iv. 292.
Fordyce, Dr. James, author of Sermons to Young Women, i. 314; a Presbyterian, but a warm friend of Johnson's, iv. 316.
—— Dr. George, elected member of the Club, ii. 255; present at the famous conversation reported by Boswell, iii. 247.
Foreigners, their difficulty in writing of a people they are merely visiting, ii. 209; Johnson's absurd contempt for, iii. 437.
Foreboding, Johnson's, nervous, in Paris, ii. 354.
Forster, John, his Life of Goldsmith referred to, ii. 90.
Foster, Dr. James, an eminent preacher, iii. 432.
—— Mrs. Elizabeth, Milton's grand daughter, i. 173 n.
Fountains, The, a fairy tale, by Johnson, ii. 43.
Former and latter, expressions much disliked by Johnson, iv. 130.
Forster, his Voyage to the South Seas, iii. 205.

Fortune, a rhapsody by Derrick, quoted, i. 86.
Fort, "*Bourdaloue prêche fort bien, et moi bien fort*," ii. 226 n.
Fothergill, Dr. Thomas, Vice-Chancellor at Oxford, when Johnson received his diploma of D.C.L, ii. 303, 306.
—— John, the quaker physician, iii. 48 n.
Fowke, Mr. Joseph, one of Johnson's early friends, i. 186; Johnson gives a sketch of his character, iii. 72; and receives a costly parcel from, 74.
Fox, Charles, joins the Literary Club, ii. 255; President, though absent, of one of its meetings, 318. Johnson's praise of his abilities, iii. 277; did not talk freely before Johnson, 112; returned for Westminster, iv. 193; the cry of "no Fox" raised, 204; "has divided the kingdom with Cæsar," 216.
—— Lady Susan, married William O'Brien, an actor, ii. 301.
France, Johnson's notes of a Tour in, ii. 346, 352-63; "worse than Scotland in everything but climate," 365; Johnson's dress in, 365 n.; Johnson on the state of literature in, iii. 267.
Francis, Mr. Philip, publishes the Temple letters, i. 347 n.
—— Rev. Dr., his translation of Horace commended, iii. 353; his conversation with Johnson on the Debates, i. 412, 413.
Franciscans, The, a profane club, i. 87.
Franklin, Dr., his definition of Man, as a tool-making animal, iii. 259; his translation of Lucian inscribed to Johnson, iii. 451.
Frederick, Prince of Wales, story of some Memoirs said to have been written by him, ii. 408-10.
Free-will and predestination discussed, ii. 88, 105.
French, Johnson's account of the, ii. 361; "they have few sentiments, but express them neatly, little meat, but dress it well," 365 n.
French, Johnson does not succeed very well in his attempt to talk, ii. 88.
—— Mrs., the lady at whose house Johnson and Warburton met, iv. 12.
Frèron, M. Voltaire's antagonist, Johnson visits, ii. 354; his son afterwards infamous, 354 n.
Frewen, Dr. Accepted, Archbishop of York, the supposed author of the Whole Duty of Man, ii. 224.
Friend, Sir John, executed for high treason, ii. 177.
Friends, many, are not to be expected, ii. 23; none to be compared to those of our youth, iii. 164; Aristotle's saying, "He that has friends has no friend," iii. 297, 378; list of Johnson's, given by Francis Barber, i. 184, 185.
Friendship, "the wine of life," i. 235; "should be kept in constant repair," 235; and love compared, ii. 327; is absolute agreement necessary for? 175; an ode by Johnson, 42; "the cordial drop to make the nauseous draught of life go down," iii. 378.
—— an ode by Johnson, i. 115.
Frisick, Johnson inquires if there are any books in that language, i. 378.
Frugality, Johnson recommends to Boswell. iv. 100, 103, 105, 110.
Fruit, difficulty of growing in Scotland, iv. 142; not at all plentiful in England, 142.
Frusta Letteraria, Baretti's review iii. 199.
Fugitive Pieces, published by Tom Davies in Johnson's absence, ii. 251; Johnson's account of the meeting afterwards, 251 n.
Fullarton, Mr., his travels in India, iii. 353 n.

Fundamentally sensible, the woman who was, iv. 54.
Funeral, Garrick's, said to have been too ostentatious, iv. 144; Johnson's, iv. 322.
Futurity, Johnson's views of, iv. 302.

Gabble, "Nay, if you are to bring in gabble, I'll talk no more," iii. 349; Johnson calls the preface to Capel's Shakespeare "gabble," 429.
Gaelic and Irish languages the same, ii. 153.
Gaelic Dictionary, by Mr. Shaw, iv. 180.
Gait, Johnson's peculiar, ii. 7.
Gaming, Johnson on, ii. 170, iii. 75.
Ganganelli, pretended letters of, iii. 295.
Gardener, Mr., the bookseller, ii. 315.
Gardeners, Johnson's reason for Scotchmen being good, ii. 85.
Gardiner, Mrs., a worthy friend of Johnson's, i. 185; Johnson's kind attention to, iv. 175; Johnson leaves her a book as a remembrance, iv. 309.
Garagantua, Johnson so-called in Modern Characters from Shakespeare, iii. 269.
Garrick, David, a pupil of Johnson's, i. 62; his account of Johnson and Mrs. Johnson, 63; accompanies Johnson to London, 66; goes to Mr. Colson's academy, 67; makes his first appearance, 122 n.; he and Johnson have a dispute on emphasis, 122, 123; becomes manager of Drury Lane, 134; brings out "Irene," 145; "Our Garrick is a salad," 149; his ode on the death of Mr. Pelham, i. 208; his complimentary epigram on the Dictionary, 236; refuses Johnson an order for the play for Miss Williams, 311; his liberal charity praised by Johnson, 312; "the first man in the world for sprightly conversation," 316; at dinner with Johnson at Boswell's lodging, ii. 89; Johnson's treatment of, 184; is not free in lending books, 184; Hawkins's misstatement with respect to him and Johnson, ii. 3; Boswell gives the true account of Garrick's entering the Club, 3, 4; Mrs. Piozzi's misrepresentation of Johnson's conduct towards him, 4; his irritation at Johnson's ridicule, 86; "no wonder he is vain," 214; Lord Chatham's lines to, 214 n.; his description of Johnson's wit, 218; his prologues excellent, 299; his imitation of Johnson, 299; "'tis a futile fellow," 300; finds out "Latin by the meaning, instead of the meaning by the Latin," 342; begins to look old, 370; Johnson requests him to look over some plays in his edition of Shakespeare, 376; Johnson writes to, about Hogarth's epitaph, 383; "the life and soul of the company" telling old stories against Johnson, at Hannah More's, iii. 25; about to leave the stage, 26; as Abel Drugger, 83; his great liberality, 113; and Foote compared, 208; his discussion with Johnson on translations, and on the concoction of a play, 269, 270, 271, 272; his fame, 274; and character, 275 n.; Johnson allowed no one to praise or blame him but himself, 315; his death, 366; his bust in Lichfield Cathedral, 366 n.; had "friends, but no friend," 378; Johnson's description of, 378; his death "eclipsed the gaiety of nations," 379; Johnson applauds but teases him, 431; Johnson on his death, 465; his portrait given to Lang-

ton by Lady Diana Beauclerk, iv. 51; inscription placed beneath it by Beauclerk, 51, 52; Johnson expatiates to Mrs. Siddons on Garrick's great qualities, iv. 173; his funeral discussed, 144; story of Foote and his bust, 156.
Garrick, Mrs., entertains Johnson, &c., for the first time after Garrick's death, iv. 51; Johnson dines with, to meet Hannah More and Dr. Burney, 200.
—— George, a pupil of Johnson's, i. 62; thinks Johnson "a tremendous companion," iii. 171.
—— Peter, David Garrick's brother, ii. 288: his great resemblance to his brother, iii. 45; his social talents, 49.
Gastrel, Rev. Mr., the barbarian who cut down Shakespeare's mulberry tree, iii. 52.
—— Mrs., entertains Johnson and Boswell at Lichfield, iii. 52; Johnson's letter to, iv. 353.
Gaubius, Professor Jerome David, on madness, i. 36.
Gay, the Orpheus of highwaymen, ii. 333; his letters contain no information, iv. 3.
Gelidus, a character in one of the Ramblers, said to be taken from Professor Colson, i. 163.
Generosity of booksellers in general, and to Johnson in particular, iv. 2 n.
Gentilhomme, un, est toujours gentilhomme, ii. 16.
Gentle Shepherd, Allan Ramsay's, the best pastoral ever written, ii. 208.
Gentleman, Mr., gives Boswell a description of "Dictionary Johnson," i. 305.
Gentleman's Magazine, Johnson's first connection with, i. 75-79; the great success of, iii. 323; Johnson contributes to the, i. 55, 76-80, 99, 100, 106, 107, 110, 114, 120, 131, 133, 134, 141.
Geography, ancient, Johnson studies, i. 370.
George I., knew nothing and did nothing, ii. 313.
—— II., no Augustus, i. 156; Johnson furious against, ii. 313.
—— III., i. 166; his accession the cause of much joy in the country, i. 279; Johnson's conversation with, ii. 50-56.
Gesticulations, Johnson's, described, i. 59, 104.
Gestures, Johnson asked the reason of his strange, iv. 125.
Ghost, The, a poem by Churchill, caricaturing Johnson, i. 322.
—— of Dr. Johnson, poetical epistle from the, iv. 406.
—— said to have been seen at Newcastle, ii. 384.
Ghosts, Johnson on, i. 321-3; discussed by Johnson and Boswell, ii. 160; Mr. Edward Cave declares he has seen one, 172; the question as to, not yet decided, iii. 303; argument against them general belief for them, 247; Johnson like a, does not speak till he is spoken to, iii. 311; the appearance of, discussed at the Robin Hood Society, iv. 50, 51.
Giannone, his saying, "*Tu, sei santo ma tu non sei filosopho*," iii. 428.
Giants, several great writers so styled by George III., i. 166.
Giardini, Felix, Italian violinist, ii. 213.
Gibbon, his praise of Maty's *Bibliothèque Britannique*, i. 222; admitted a member of the Literary Club, ii. 255; his sarcastic remark about Johnson, 317; his great work published, iii. 33 n.; his memoirs, *ibid.* n.; his imitation of Johnson's style, iv. 296.
—— Charles, author of A Work worth the Reading, quoted, ii. 267.
Gibbons, Dr., the dissenting minister, Johnson takes to, iv. 76.

Giffard, manager of the playhouse where Garrick made his first appearance, i. 122.
Gifford, Mr., quoted in his Life of Ford, on Johnson's knowledge of Greek, iv. 292.
Gillespie, Dr., gives a full opinion on Johnson's case, iv. 189.
"Girls, *unidea'd*," Johnson's saying about, i. 191.
Glasse, Mrs., her cookery book the best, iii. 293.
Glowworm, fable of, by Johnson, ii. 218.
Gobelins, the tapestry examined by Johnson, ii. 353.
Godchild, Johnson's letter to his, in large hand, iv. 197.
Goldsmith, Oliver, "one of the first men we now have," i. 324; Boswell's account of, 327, 328; "An inspired idiot," 328; "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll," 328 n.; writes the Vicar of Wakefield, 329; story of Johnson selling it for him, 330; his vanity amusingly exposed by Burke, 331 n.; The Traveller, ii. 24; his envy of Johnson's interview with the King, ii. 57; his comedy The Good-Natured Man, 62; his bloom-coloured coat, 89; his Life of Parnell, 162; afraid of being unnoticed, 180; his character, 187; his comedy, She Stoops to Conquer, 196; he beats a bookseller for an abusive letter, 199; requested by Johnson to nominate Boswell for election to the Club, 384; a monument of, proposed in Westminster Abbey, iii. 119; epitaph in Latin for, by Johnson, 120; in Greek, 122; not an agreeable companion because he talked for fame, 261; his reputation came late, 265, 266; whatever he wrote he did it better than any other man could do, 266; anecdote of Lord Camden and, 314; sometimes took liberties with Johnson unpunished, iv. 65; his witty saying on the impossibility of arguing with Johnson, 200.
Goldsmith, Dr. Isaac, Dean of Cloyne, i. 329.
—— Mrs., a relative of Goldsmith's, befriended by Johnson, iii. 134.
Good Friday, 1773, Boswell spends with Johnson, ii. 202; observance of, ii. 322, 325; 1783, service at St. Clement's, iv. 140.
Good humour, a rare quality, ii. 329; Johnson thinks himself a "good-humoured fellow," 330.
Good-Natured Man, The, Johnson praises, ii. 62.
Gombauld, three instances of Prior's borrowing from, iii. 386.
Gordon, Sir Alexander, ii. 249.
—— Rev. Dr., iii., 355.
Gordon Riots, the, described by Johnson, iii. 413-5.
Gout, Johnson attacked by, iii. 125.
Government, Johnson maintains that all forms of, are safe, ii. 166; "the characteristic of our own, at present, is imbecility," iii. 92; different kinds of, discussed, 291.
Gower, Earl, endeavours to procure Johnson a degree from Dublin, i. 93.
Graces. Every man of education would rather be called a rascal than be accused of any deficiency in the graces, iii. 97.
Graham, Colonel, Boswell's cousin, ii. 154.
—— Miss, the beautiful, iii. 396.
—— Rev. George, author of Telemachus, a Mask, i. 326.
—— Dr., a Scotch physician, introduces Dr. Percy to Johnson, ii. 66.
Grainger, Dr., his poem The Sugar Cane, iii. 37, 38; his excellent qualities, iii. 38 n.; his ode on Solitude, iii. 219.

Grammar-school, scheme for teaching, i. 64.
Grandiloquence, Johnson makes fun of Sir John Dalrymple's, ii. 200.
Grand Chartreuse, visited, ii. 361.
Granger, Rev. James, his Biographical History, iii. 128.
Grant, Sir Archibald, plants some wild ground, iii. 137.
Granville, Lord, his letter after the battle of Dettingen, iii. 435.
Grattan, Mr., a false expression in one of his fine speeches, "one link cannot clank," iv. 233.
Grave, The, a poem by the Rev. Robert Blair, iii. 92.
Graves, Rev. Richard, a contributor to the Bath-Easton vase, ii. 309.
Gravina, an Italian critic, iv. 136.
Gray, Thomas, the poet, Johnson on, i. 320; his letter to Walpole quoted, on Boswell's Corsica, ii. 60; the Remains of, published by Mason, 160; Johnson said he was dull in a new way, and that made many people think he was great, 306; Boswell's surprise at Johnson's inability to appreciate his poetry, 307, iii. 80; the very Torré of poetry, 85 n.; his Odes "forced plants raised in a hotbed," 435.
—— John, bookseller, i. 110.
Greaves, Samuel, an old servant of Mr. Thrale's, iv. 182.
Greece, the fountain of knowledge, Rome, of elegance, iii. 333.
Greek and Latin languages essential to a good education, i. 363; Testament, Johnson reads regularly, ii. 268; Johnson's knowledge of, iv. 292; Johnson proposes to study Greek at the age of sixty-seven, iii. 127.
Green, Dr. John, Bishop of Lincoln, i. 19.
—— Mr. Richard, of Lichfield, his museum, iii. 47, 48, 399; Johnson's letter to, with epitaph for his father, mother, and brother, iv. 300.
Green Man at Ashbourne, the mistress of the, her amusing address to Boswell, iii. 227.
Green room, Johnson finds great amusement in, i. 148, iii. 431; but relinquishes, i. 148.
Greenwich, Johnson and Boswell take a boat, and spend the day at, i. 363; Hospital criticized, 365; Johnson does not like the Park at, so well as Fleet Street, 366.
Grenville, Mr. George, his character contemptuously given by Johnson, ii. 133.
Greville, Fulke, his Maxims, Characters, and Reflections quoted, iv. 223.
Grief, the passing nature of, iii. 169.
Grierson, Mr., an Irish printer, ii. 117.
—— Mrs., a very learned lady, ii. 117.
Griffiths, Mr. R., gives his account of the authorship of Cibber's Lives of the Poets, iii. 472, 473.
Groot, Isaac de, nephew of Grotius, befriended by Johnson, iii. 157, 158.
Grotius, i. 360; "from whom every man of learning has learnt something," iii. 157.
Grove, Henry, his four excellent papers in the Spectator, iii. 81, 451.
Grub Street, i. 238.
Gustavus Vasa, tragedy by Henry Brooke, i. 100.
Guthrie, Mr. William, his Parliamentary debates, i. 79, ii. 66.
Gwyn, Col., marries Goldsmith's friend, Miss Horneck, i. 328 n.
—— Mr., the architect, and his "prophetic eye of taste," ii. 41, iii. 26, 27.

Habeas Corpus, the peculiar advantage of our government

over that of other countries, ii. 82.
Habits, Johnson's superstitious or strange, ii. 6-8, iv. 125; the force of early, 332.
Hackman, Mr., his frantic jealousy, iii. 375.
Hackney coaches, numbers 1 and 1,000 seen by Dr. Beattie in the same day, iv. 242.
Haddington, Lord, a connection of Bennet Langton, ii. 180 n.
Hague, Mr., one of the masters at Lichfield school, i. 18.
Hailes, Lord, his fine character, i. 344, 358; his letter about Johnson, quoted, 344; compares Johnson and Swift, 344; discovers Johnson's hand in the argument presented by Boswell, ii. 192; sends Johnson a copy of his Annals of Scotland, 258; desiring that he will criticize it, 259; his Annals revised by Johnson, 344; and commended for accuracy, 100; sends Johnson his Lactantius, 166.
Hale, Lord Chief Justice, ii. 155; his long and painful course of study, iv. 228.
Hales, John, of Eton, the "ever memorable," iv. 231.
Half-moon Street, Boswell's lodging in, ii. 71.
Halket, Elizabeth, the real author of the ballad of Hardyknute, ii. 95.
Hall, Bishop, on degrees of happiness, ii. 26 n.
—— Mrs., Wesley's sister who much resembles him, iv. 49.
Hamilton, Dr., introduces an applicant for Johnson's bounty, iv. 355, 358, 361.
—— Gavin, his picture of Mary Queen of Scots, ii. 251 n.
—— Lady, Sir William's first wife, iii. 125.
—— William Gerard (Single Speech Hamilton), Johnson engages in politics with, ii. 12; advises Johnson in the matter of his pension, 293; his anxiety to assist Johnson during his illness, iv. 174, 175; Johnson longs to see him "in a happier hour," 274; Johnson in his will desires he will choose a book as a remembrance, 309; on the chasm made by the death of Johnson, 323.
—— Mr., of Bangour, his beautiful poems not appreciated by Johnson, iii. 180, 181 n., 182.
Hammond, defence of, by Mr. Bevil, iv. 26.
—— Dr., on the New Testament recommended, iii. 101.
Hamlet's description of his father, discussed, iv. 33.
Handwriting, Mrs. Thrale's beautiful, iv. 3.
Hanmer, Sir Thomas, i. 129 n.; epitaph on, 131.
Hanway, Mr. Jonas, his Essay on Tea, i. 245; acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home, ii. 122.
Happiness, ours depends as much on our bodies as our minds, i. 272; Johnson on Hume's notion that all are equally happy, ii. 26; Johnson did not believe in present, ii. 320.
Harris, James, of Salisbury, is he, or is he not, an eminent Grecian? ii. 212; compliments Johnson on his Journey, 332; Boswell calls the "amiable philosopher of Salisbury;" Johnson, "a prig, and a bad prig," iii. 259, 269, 272.
Hardyknute, the ballad of, Scott's delight in, ii. 94, 95 n.
Harington, Dr. Henry, author of "the very pretty book" *Nugæ Antiquæ*, iv. 123.
Harriots, Mrs., a relation of Johnson's mother, i. 384.
Harrison, Johnson's uncle, i. 388.

Harry, Miss Jane, Miss Seward's romance about her, iii. 303.
Harte, Mr., his History of Gustavus Adolphus commended, ii. 120; account of, *ibid.* n.
Harwich, Johnson accompanies Boswell to, in the stage coach, i. 369.
Harwood, Dr., translated the New Testament with a "Socinian twist," iii. 86.
Hastie, the schoolmaster whom Boswell defended, ii. 177; Johnson's argument for him, 177 n.
Hastings, Warren, Johnson's correspondence with, iv. 28-31; his letter to Boswell, 27, 28.
Hawkesworth, Dr., the author of some pieces attributed to Johnson, i. 131; imitates Johnson's style, 178, 193, ii. 203; his Voyages to the South Sea, ii. 232; Johnson thinks no one can read them through, iv. 226.
Hawkins, Sir John, his Memoirs of Johnson characterized by Boswell, i. 2, 3; his absurd and bitter description of the oratory of Pulteney and Pitt, 109; his list of English Dictionaries before Johnson's, 138; Boswell's contemptuous account of, 141; his blunders in deciphering Johnson's handwriting, 155; one of the original members of the Club, ii. 2; calls himself, Boswell says incorrectly, a seceder, 3; an unclubable man, 3 n.; his inaccuracy blamed by Boswell, iii. 246; an instance of his prejudice and inaccuracy, iv. 281, 241; Johnson bequeaths some of his books to him, 309.
—— Mr., his play wrong in the concoction, iii. 271.
Hay, Lord Charles, Johnson's conversation with, iii. 443.
Heath, Dr. Benjamin, iv. 34.
Hebrides, Tour to the, planned, ii. 219; decided on, ii. 245; carried out, 247; Boswell's account described by Mr. Courtenay, 248, 249; Johnson said, he "got an acquisition of more ideas by it, than by any thing I remember," iv. 136.
Heberden, Dr., Johnson sends for, iv. 160; Johnson's letter to, giving an account of his health, iv. 363; leaves him a book as a remembrance, iv. 309.
Hector, Edmund, Johnson's schoolfellow and friend, i. 12, 49, 51, 58; furnishes particulars of Johnson's early life, 20, 21, iii. 43, 283; Johnson visits at Birmingham, 39; "The friend of my youth," 197; visited for the last time by Johnson, 285; thanks Boswell for the great pleasure his Life of Johnson has given him, 286 n.; Johnson's letters to, 95, 96.
Heely, Mr. and Mrs., ii. 47; Johnson's kindness to, iv. 280, 281.
Heirs-general, Boswell and his father disagree on this point, iii. 4; the matter referred to Johnson, 5. 8.
Hell, is paved with good intentions, ii. 327.
Henderson, Mr., the actor, visits Johnson, iv. 174; account of, 220 n.
—— John, student of Pembroke College, iv. 219, 220 n.
Henry, Dr. Robert, his History of Great Britain, Hume employed to write an answer, 334, iii. 333.
Hermippus Redivivus, by Cohausen, translated by Dr. John Campbell, i. 331 n.; Boswell feels himself intellectually, iii. 17.
Hermit, Parnell's, passage in submitted to Johnson, iii. 383; Malone's note on, 383 n.
—— Dr. Beattie's, Johnson reads with tears in his eyes, iv. 128.
—— hoar in solemn cell, Johnson's parody on Warton's poems, iii. 187.

Heroic Epistle, satirizing Johnson, ascribed to Horace Walpole, but written by Mason, iv. 231 n.
Hertford, Lord, Johnson's letter to, applying for rooms at Hampton Court, iii. 82 n.; his reply, 82.
Hervey, Miss Elizabeth, story of her and Johnson, iii. 419.
—— Hon. Henry, Johnson's love for, i. 69, 70.
—— Hon. Thomas, ii. 312; Johnson's correspondence with, on his separation from his wife, ii. 48; Beauclerk's account of, 49; Lady Hanmer's elopement with him, 49; Johnson receives fifty pounds from him for writing a pamphlet, which, however, was not printed, 50.
Hickey, Thomas, his excellent portrait of Tom Davies, ii. 311.
Hickman, Gregory, i. 56; letter to, 390.
—— Miss, account of, i. 56; on Johnson's verses to, 56.
Hierocles, a free translation of the Jests of, by Johnson, i. 107.
High English, not good English, ii. 157.
Highlanders or Hebrideans, like Johnson's Journey much better than the Lowlanders, ii. 286.
Hill, Aaron, his account of Irene, i. 147.
—— Dr. Birkbeck, his article on Johnson's marriage, i. 60; his work on Johnson, his friends and Critics, i. 409.
—— Dr. John, a quack doctor on whom Garrick made a famous Epigram, ii. 54.
Hints for Civil Conversation, Bacon's quoted, iv. 167.
Historia Studiorum an imperfect list of Johnson's works, iii. 323.
Historian, the qualities necessary for one, i. 338.
Historical Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth by Francis Osborne, ii. 184.
History, must be false, says old Sir Robert Walpole, ii. 86; Johnson says the same, 86; little of it can be depended on, it is no better than an old almanack, 332 n.; English, "I did not think a young lord could have mentioned to me a book in the English history that was not known to me," iv. 245.
—— of the Earth and Animated Nature, Goldsmith's, ii. 176 n.
—— Universal, list of authors of, iv. 291.
Hoadly, Dr. Benjamin, author of the comedy, The Suspicious Husband, ii. 63.
Hobbes, his opinion on old age quoted, iii. 267 n.
Hodge, Johnson's cat, treated with the greatest indulgence, iv. 135.
Hogarth, his account of first seeing Johnson, i. 105-7; Epitaph on, by Garrick, sent to Johnson to correct, ii. 383; in his Modern Midnight Conversation, Johnson's cousin Ford is the Parson, iii. 347.
Holbrook, Edward, one of Johnson's teachers, i. 18 n.
Holder, Mr., Johnson, in his will, desires him to choose a book as a remembrance, iv. 309.
Hollis, Mr. Thomas, a "strenuous Whig," iv. 52.
Home, John, author of Douglas, his parody on Derrick's verses, i. 362; and Lord Bute, ii. 323; quoted by Boswell, iii. 118; his History of the Civil War, 190.
Homer, venerated by Johnson, and quoted, ii. 127; his head on Johnson's seal, 127; his Iliad, translated by James Macpherson, 277; Boswell says Homer plays the bassoon, Pope the flageolet, iii. 270; Johnson and Burke dispute over the comparative excellence of Homer and Virgil, iii. 216.

Hoole, John, his play unsuccessful, though praised by Johnson, ii. 268, 269 n.; supper with, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, iii. 341; his narrative of Johnson's last illness, iv. 312, 394-404; translator of Tasso and Ariosto, introduced to Warren Hastings, iv. 31; born in Moorfields, educated in Grub Street, 128; Johnson asks, to collect a city club, not "patriots," 45; Johnson's gratitude for his affection, 269; Johnson leaves him and his son each a book, 309; reads aloud to Johnson, 314.

Hope, Dr., consulted by Boswell for Johnson, iv. 191.

Horace, quotations from, applied to Johnson's style, i. 167; Johnson and Wilkes discuss a passage in the Art of Poetry, iii. 114; his villa, and his journey to Brundusium discussed, 264; his character, 265; Burke said he gave in one line the description of a desirable manor, 324; the lyrical part never can be perfectly translated, 353; everything in his works but religion, iv. 151; Johnson translates an ode of, during his illness, 280.

Horne, Dr., Bishop of Norwich, talks of editing Walton's Lives, iii. 31.

Horneck, Miss, and her sister, friends of Goldsmith, i. 328 n., ii. 199.

Horrebow's History of Iceland, and the Chapter on Snakes, iii. 288.

Horses, Boswell tells Johnson he has been to see a man ride upon three, i. 317; Boswell inquires of Johnson what ought to be done with old, iv. 177; Johnson's answer, 178.

Hospitality, how far should wealth be employed in, ii. 163; not now necessary, iii. 439.

"Hottentot, the respectable," said, without foundation, to be meant for Johnson, i. 207.

House of Commons, the, Burke and Johnson on, iii. 251; Bolingbroke describes, 251 n.; like a private company, 252; originally a check for the Crown on the House of Lords, 396.

Household, Johnson's, iii. 363.

Howard, Mr., an early friend of Johnson's, i. 46; of Lichfield, iii. 241.

Huddesford, Dr., vice-chancellor of Oxford, i. 219.

Hudibras, Johnson's copy of, marked for the Dictionary, i. 140; a great deal of bullion in it, ii. 335.

Huggins, the translator of Ariosto, Johnson says he has ball without powder, iii. 431.

Hugh, Earl of Marchmont, Pope's friend, supposed from his pronunciation to be American, ii. 158.

Human experience, the great test of truth, i. 360.

Hume, David, refuses the appellation of a deist, i. 208; his style, 349; Johnson argues against, 353; his idea of equal happiness confuted, ii. 26; an echo of Voltaire, 66; makes a collection of Scotticisms, 81; his essay on miracles, iii. 28; his life, 152; his suppressed article on Henry's History of England, 334 n.

Humphry, Ozias, the painter, Johnson's letters to, about his godson, iv. 195 n., 196.

Hunter, Mr., Johnson's master at Lichfield school, i. 18, 19.

—— Dr. William, elder brother of John, iv. 154.

Hurd, Bishop, his writings dragged to light by Warburton, iv. 12 n; accounts for everything systematically, 129, 130; Boswell reads aloud one of his sermons, 213.

Husbands' Miscellany, containing Johnson's translation of the Messiah, i. 33.
Hussey, Rev. John, iii. 365.
—— Thomas, Catholic chaplain, iv. 316.
Hutchinson, John, his Moral Philosophy, iii. 96.
Hutton, Mr., a Moravian friend of Johnson's, iv. 315.
Hyacinthe de Themiseul, account of, ii. 405.
Hypochondria, Johnson, suffers from, i. 34-7; Boswell's, 37; severe attack of, ii. 6; not very common, iii. 216.
Hypochondriack, The, seventy essays in the London Magazine, by Boswell, i. 37 n.
Hypocrisy of misery, Johnson's impatience with Boswell's, iv. 32.
Hypocrite, the character of the, in Cibber's play, not so applicable to the Methodists as to the Nonjurors, ii. 296, 297; an adaptation of Molière's Tartuffe, 297 n; no man is a, in his pleasures, iv. 232.

Iceland, Horrebow's history of, and the chapter concerning snakes, iii. 288.
Idea, Johnson's indignation against the misuse of the word, iii. 219.
Idle, "If you are idle be not solitary, if you are solitary be not idle," iii. 402.
Idleness, a disease to be combated, i. 341.
Idler, The, commenced, i. 257, 258 n.; success of, 273 n; statement of payments for the, i. 176.
Ignorance in men of eminence, ii. 94.
Ilam, visited and described, iii. 211, 212.
Iliad, The, Cowper's translation of, iii. 333.
Ill health, Johnson's, confines him to his rooms, ii. 41; Johnson's increasing, iv. 169, ii. 261; Johnson in his illness says, "I will be conquered, I will not capitulate," iv. 285.
Il Palmerino d'Inghilterra, a romance praised by Cervantes, iii. 57.
Imagination, the power of, i. 321.
Imitation of Johnson's style, iii. 199; serious, iv. 296-300; ludicrous, 294, 295 n.; essay on, by Miss Aikin, in which she successfully imitates Johnson, iv. 199.
Imlac, a character in Rasselas, in which Johnson describes his own feelings, i. 269 n.
Immortality, the belief in, universal, ii. 326.
Impransus, Johnson signs himself, i. 98.
Impressions, Johnson warns Boswell not to trust to, iv. 72.
Improvisation, Johnson's power of, iii. 2 n.
Impudence, the difference between Irish and Scotch, ii. 285.
Inaccuracy of Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins, iii. 246.
Ince, Mr. Richard, a writer in the Spectator, iii. 81.
Incredulity, Johnson's ii. 231.
Independence, Johnson's maintained, i. 352.
Index, Johnson advises Richardson to add one to Clarissa, i. 392.
—— maker, the, who enraged Johnson, iv. 239.
India, ten thousand pounds in England, better than twenty thousand in, iii. 389.
Indies, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him," iii. 306.
Indolence, resolution to struggle against, i. 43; "voluntary debility," iv. 262.
Inebriation, some men are without skill in, iii. 380.

Inequality, Rousseau's treatise on, i. 349; distinctions ought to be the result of merit, 351.
Infancy, Johnson's, i. 13, 14, 382, 383.
Infidels, Johnson thinks there are but few, ii. 326.
Inn, the comfort attainable at a good, ii. 35; Shenstone's lines on, 36 n.
Innocent, the, must be protected, though the guilty should escape, iv. 180.
Innovation, the age is running mad after, iv. 129.
Innys, Mr., bookseller, Johnson leaves his representatives £200, in gratitude for assistance received by him, iv. 308-311.
Inquiry into the Rights of the British Colonies, ii. 197.
Inquisition, The, Johnson amuses himself by defending it, i. 370.
Insanity, dreaded by Johnson, i. 36; discussed, iii. 201, 202; observations on, by Dr. Arnold, 202.
Inscription, Boswell begs Johnson to send him one for a picture of Mary Queen of Scots, ii. 251, 261, 272; on Johnson's watch, 70; Beauclerk's, on Johnson's portrait by Reynolds, iv. 123; Johnson's remark on its being defaced iv. 124; on Garrick's portrait by Reynolds, iv. 51.
Instinct in birds, ii. 233.
Intentions, hell is paved with good, ii. 327 n.
Interest, Lord Kames on the rate of, iii. 340; Johnson says he found it difficult to understand, 340.
Internal evidence of the Christian religion, iii. 296.
Interview of Johnson with the King, ii. 50.
Intuition and sagacity, discussed, iv. 246.
Invasion panic, the, as great in France as in England, iii. 327.
"Inverted understanding," the gentleman who had a most, iii. 372.
Ireland, once the seat of piety and learning, i. 252; Johnson's love for, and desire that its history should be written, ii. 121; his letters to O'Connor about, i. 251, 252, iii. 146; Philosophical Survey of the South of, by Dr. Thomas Campbell, ii. 310; state of affairs in, Johnson's indignation at, ii. 238; Johnson would not visit, though he had a kindness for the Irish, iii. 398; he warns the Irish against the Union, 398; once the school of the West, 279.
Irene, Johnson's tragedy of, i. 65, 70; unfinished sketch of, given to Mr. Langton, 72; ready but laid aside, 75; Johnson's effort, to dispose of it, 110; brought out by Garrick at Drury Lane, 145; ill success of, 146, 147; price paid for, 146; receipts for three benefit nights, 147 n.; Johnson's dress for this play, 148; Epilogue to, by Sir W. Yonge, 146; Aaron Hill's description of, 147.
Irish, and Gaelic languages the same, ii. 153; affairs, Johnson on, 400; Johnson says they are a fair people, "they never speak well of one another," 284; peasantry, Johnson asked to advocate their cause, iii. 478.
Islington, Johnson goes to stay at, with the Vicar, iv. 198.
Italian, Johnson, at the age of sixty-nine, proposes to study, iii. 127.
Italy, a tour in, proposed by Mr. Thrale to Johnson, iii. 17; plan for Johnson's spending the winter in, iv. 240; Johnson wishes to visit, dreading the winter in England, 246.
Ivy Lane Club, instituted, i. 141; the surviving members meet, iv. 181; described by Hawkins, 181 n., 182 n.

Jack of all trades, literary, described, Boswell says in "a small whole-length of Dr. Priestley," iv. 169.
Jackson, Harry, one of Johnson's schoolfellows, iii. 45; and early friends, 164.
—— Mr. Richard, the all-knowing, consulted on the proposed Tour in Italy, iii. 71; commends the remarks on trade in Johnson's Journey, iii. 71.
Jacobitism, Johnson affected more than he really had, i. 341, 342.
James, Dr., Johnson's schoolfellow and friend, i. 116; Johnson does not think much of his medicines, iv. 265; his death, iii. 60; Johnson learnt from him all he knew of physic, iii. 74.
Jenkinson, the Right Hon. Charles, Johnson's letter to, about Dodd, iii. 176.
Jennings, Henry Constantine, the collector of antiques, his marble statue of a dog, iii. 248 n.
Jenyns, Soame, a passage in Horace applied to, iii. 288; his Evidences of the Christian Religion, iii. 296; his inquiry into the Origin of Evil, reviewed by Johnson, i. 246; his attack on Johnson after his death, 247; Boswell's answer to it, 248; account of, 248 n.
Jervis, Elizabeth, Mrs. Porter, afterwards Mrs. Johnson, i. 59-61.
Jodrell, Mr., a member of the Essex Street Club, iv. 199.
John Bull, history of, by Swift, ii. 221.
JOHNSON, SAMUEL,[1] his character and person described by Boswell, iv. 328-33; his abhorrence of affectation, iii. 446; bow wow way of speaking, ii. 300 n.; courage, ii. 277, 278 n.; candour and amiability, iv. 131; his charity, iii. 241, iv. 207; conversation, i. 5-7, iii. 292, iv. 63, 64, 112, 127; dexterity at retort, 126; dread of death, ii. 107, iii. 301; extraordinary fertility of mind, i. 154, iv. 134, 135; gesticulations, ii. 299; good humour, ii. 329; insensibility to music and painting, i. 288, 289, ii. 370; kindness to servants, iv. 134; love of late hours, iii. 225; laugh, ii. 244, 342; melancholy, i. 34, 234, 355, iii. 27, 201; his powerful memory, iii. 435, 436; prejudices, iii. 437, iv. 114; power of rapid composition, i. 142, 151, iii. 105 n.; style of writing, i. 164, 166; superstition (alleged), ii. 7, iv. 198; tenderness, i. 265, ii. 58; iv. 236.
Johnson, Elizabeth, Johnson's wife, i. 59-63; Garrick's mimicry of her, 63; death of, 178-81; her praise of the Rambler prized by Johnson, 157; buried at Bromley, 183; her wedding ring, 180; Johnson, in Paris, bemoans her loss, ii. 356.
—— Fisher, Johnson leaves a legacy to his sons, iv. 309.
—— an Irishman, a well-known horse-rider, i. 317.
—— Michael, Johnson's father, i. 9-12; takes the oath as a magistrate, ii. 297; Johnson's account of, i. 382-4; publisher at Lichfield, iv. 283; certain books published by him, 284; epitaph on, 300.
—— Nathaniel, Johnson's brother, i. 54 n.
—— Sarah, Johnson's mother, i. 9, 12; her death, 265-9.
—— Samuel, librarian of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, i. 95.

[1] The leading events of his life will be found in their natural sequence in the *Contents* to each volume, as well as all the chief points of his character, manners, and habits, of which, therefore, but few are repeated here.

Johnson, Thomas, a poor relation, whom Johnson assists, ii. 386; and leaves a legacy to his daughter and grand-daughter, iv. 309.
—— William Samuel, LL.D., of Connecticut, ii. 383.
Johnsoniana, or Bon Mots of Dr. Johnson, published in 1776, iii. 21, 326 n.
Johnstone, Arthur, his Latin poems, i. 365 n.; Johnson desires to have a bust of him to place in his room, iv. 192.
Jones, Philip, a fellow student with whom Johnson played draughts, iii. 30.
—— Miss, the "Chantress," i. 253.
Jorden, Mr., Johnson's tutor at college, i. 31, 32.
Jortin, his sermons elegant, iii. 262.
Journal, a, is to a man what a mirror is to a lady, iii. 245; Johnson recommends Boswell to keep one, i. 344, ii. 326; but confesses he could never succeed himself, 204; Boswell's diligence in keeping his, i. 366; on keeping a, iv. 120; at first there is a great deal to be written, *ibid.*; Swift's Journal, *ibid.* n.
—— of a Tour to the Hebrides, Mrs. Thrale is so entertained with, that she almost reads herself blind, ii. 345.
Journal des Savans, Johnson's and Gibbons's opinion of the, ii. 55.
Journals, literary, discussed by Johnson with George III., ii. 55.
Journey to the Western Islands, Johnson publishes, ii. 259; Boswell receives, 270; commendations of, 281-3; attacks against, 285; sale of, 288 n.; 4,000 copies of, very quickly sold, iii. 326; presentation copies of, iii. 130, 136; Sir A. Dick on, 136, 137; commended by different people for very different reasons, 170.
Jubilee, the Shakesperian, at Stratford, ii. 78.
Judge. Ought a judge to engage in trade? ii. 313, 314.
Junius, Johnson attacks, in his pamphlet on the Falkland Islands, ii. 132; letters of, their authorship discussed, iii. 370.
Juvenal, sat. x. 182 quoted, ii. 214, 215 n.; sat. iii. 230, discussed, iii. 268; Johnson's imitations of, i. 205; his tenth satire quoted to Johnson by Dr. Brocklesby, iv. 307.

Kames, Henry Home, Lord, i. 106 n.; his Elements of Criticism "a pretty essay," 312, ii. 93; his Sketches of the History of Man referred to, iii. 261; his Historical Law Tracts quoted, ii. 189; his misrepresentations, iii. 339, 349, 350.
Kearney, Dr. John, Bishop of Ossory, ii. 11.
Kearsley, Mr., the bookseller and publisher of the Beauties of Johnson, i. 161; and of a Life of Johnson, which appeared immediately after his death, 161; his Life of Johnson quoted, describing Johnson's peculiar gait, iv. 32.
Keddlestone, Lord Scarsdale's seat, visited, iii. 188.
Kelly, Mr. Hugh, the poetical staymaker, ii. 62; author of a Word to the Wise, iii. 148; his vanity, iv. 315.
Kemble, John, account of, iv. 172 n.; gives Boswell the particulars of Mrs. Siddons's visit to Johnson, 172, 173; Johnson inquires whether he believed himself to be the characters he represented, 173; says that of all plays he had felt most affected by the last scene of the Stranger, 173.
Kempis, Thomas à, sixty-three editions of, in the King's Library,

in eight languages, iv. 203; the world has opened its arms to receive his book, iii. 244.
Ken, Bishop, his strict habit of life, iii. 196.
Kennedy, Dr., Johnson writes a fine dedication to the King for his Astronomical Chronology, i. 290.
Kennicott, Dr. Benjamin, his Collations, ii. 126 n.
—— Mrs., talks to Johnson about her brother, Mr. Chamberlayne, iv. 212.
Kenrick, William, attacks Johnson's Shakespeare, ii. 19, 72.
Kettel Hall, Oxford, Johnson stays at, about five weeks, i. 209, 227.
Kilda, St., Johnson proposes to buy, ii. 147; Macaulay's history of, and wonderful story about, 148.
Killaloe, the Bishop of, his regard for Johnson, iv. 66.
Killingley, Mrs., the landlady of the Green Man at Ashbourne, iii. 227.
King, Dr. William, brings Johnson the Oxford diploma of M.A., i. 218.
Kippis, Dr., at Mr. Hoole's with Johnson, iv. 206; edits the first five volumes of the *Biographia Britannica*, iii. 200, 201 n.; hears Johnson speak on mechanics, ii. 137.
Kneller, Sir Godfrey, his character as a justice of the peace exemplified, iii. 253.
Knight, Lady, her account of Mrs. Williams, ii. 41.
Knolles, his History of the Turks praised by Johnson and Byron, i. 65.
Knotting, Johnson tried to learn, but did not succeed, iii. 257, iv. 208.
Knowledge, all, is of value, ii. 325.
Knowles, Mrs., the Quaker lady who worked sutile pictures, iii. 117, 293; her conversion of Miss Jane Harry, 304; her conversation with Johnson described, 305 n.
Knox, Dr., master of Tunbridge school, iv. 243; his successful imitation of Johnson's style and high estimation of Boswell as a biographer, i. 168, 298.
—— Mr. John, bookseller, his commendation of Johnson's Journey, ii. 281.
Kristrom, Mr, a Swede, ii. 153.

Labefactation, the, of principles, ii. 333.
Labour, Johnson thinks no man loves labour for itself, ii. 100.
Laceration of mind consequent on conversion from Popery to Protestantism, ii. 107.
Lade, Sir John, Johnson's verses on his coming of age, iv. 316.
Ladies, "timorous, but not cautious," i. 405; Johnson very agreeable to, iv. 34; Burke's saying that Johnson's ladies were Johnsons in petticoats, i. 170 n.
Laird, Boswell becomes a, iv. 110.
Lamps, Johnson's delight at arriving within the focus of, iii. 44.
Land and trade compared, ii. 103, iv. 111.
Landlords, Scotch, Johnson's notion of their dignity, i. 325; and tenants, relations of, iv. 110, 111.
Langley, Rev. Mr., master of the school at Ashbourne, iii. 170.
Langton, Bennet, Johnson's much valued friend, i. 188, 189; at Trinity College, Oxford, 253; "his mind as exalted as his stature," 263; one of the original members of the Club, ii. 2; marries Jane Lady Rothes, 133; Johnson congratulates, on the birth of a son, 143, 271; an enthusiast about Greek, 343; his manner of livi[illegible] to Johnson's tas[illegible] 163; "earth d[illegible]

worthier man," 190; Johnson and Boswell dine with, and are reconciled after a quarrel, 338; Johnson accuses him of ruining himself without pleasure, 347: and is full of anxiety about his affairs, 358, 359; writes to Boswell on Beauclerk's death, and describes Johnson's reception at a great party, 411, 412; Johnson reproaches him with neglecting him, iv. 261; asked by Johnson to tell him his faults, 204; comical scene, 205; Johnson's tender saying to him when dying, 313; Johnson leaves him his Polyglot Bible, 309; his letter from Johnson's death bed, 321 n.; his Johnsoniana, iii. 427-51; his story of Johnson and the porter, iv. 32; Johnson's letters to, i. 226, 253, 262-5, 282, ii. 31, 33, 59, 133, 143, 261, 328, 342, iii. 157, 160, 360, iv. 81, 93, 94, 170, 271.

Langton, old Mr., described by Johnson, ii. 231; Johnson's enthusiastic description of, ii. 23, iii. 446.

—— Peregrine, Bennet Langton's uncle, his wonderful economy, ii. 33.

—— little Miss Jenny, Johnson's godchild, iii. 238; his letter to her in large hand, written in his last illness, iv. 197.

—— the Misses, Johnson's kind remembrance of, in his illness, iv. 193.

Language, Origin and Progress of, by Lord Monboddo, ii. 145; Johnson's Journey commended for the way in which it treats of language, iii. 170; the origin of, discussed, iv. 144; an author's, a characteristical part of his composition, and should not be modernized, 231.

Languages, Greek and Latin, essential to a good education, i. 363; every language, however narrow and incommodious, should be preserved in a version of some known book, ii. 44; to know a language, we must know the people, their notions and manners, ii. 87; Leibnitz on, referred to, 153; observations on the Irish and Gaelic, 154 n; poets preserve languages, because poetry cannot be translated, iii. 84.

Lansdowne, the Marquis of, Johnson saw a good deal of, at one time, iv. 131.

Lapouchin, Madame, the severity of her punishment, iii. 339.

Larks, "Madam, it would give *you* very little concern if all your relations were spitted like those larks, and dressed for Presto's supper," iv. 256.

Late hours, Johnson's love of, iii. 225 n.

Latin, how Johnson obtained his accurate knowledge of, i. 19; and Greek, essential to a good education, i. 363; Johnson finds fault with Boswell's, ii. 36; and Boswell defends himself, 38-40.

La Trobe, Mr., a Moravian esteemed by Johnson, iv. 315.

Latiner, the country parson who was a very good preacher, but no *Latiner*, iv. 126.

Laud, Archbishop, his Diary quoted, ii. 202.

Lauder, William, impudently assails Milton, and deceives Johnson by forgeries, i. 174.

Laugh, Johnson's violent, about the testator, ii. 243; Johnson "laughs like a rhinoceros," 342.

Laughers, a man should pass part of his time with the, iv. 125.

Laughter, "Johnson gives you a forcible hug, and shakes laughter out of you, whether you will or no," ii. 218.

Law, the practice of, defended by Johnson, ii. 61; reports, the

English, compared with the Scotch arguments, 207; as a profession, difficulties in the, iii. 205; Johnson learned what he knew of, from Mr. Ballow, 74; public, continental writers on, 19.
Law, William, his Serious Call, i. 38; account of, 38 n.; Johnson's opinion of, iv. 210.
—— Dr., Bishop of Carlisle, his essay on the Origin of Evil, iii. 391.
Lawrence, Dr., Johnson's friend and physician, ii. 275; Johnson commends his son Chauncey to the notice of Warren Hastings, iv. 31, 91, 92 n.; Johnson's Latin letter to, 92; Mrs. Piozzi's account of conversation between them, 92 n.; Johnson's letters to his daughter, 93 n.; Johnson's letter of condolence to, on the death of his wife, iii. 405, 406.
Lawyers and players compared, ii. 224; conversation concerning, ii. 155.
Lay-patronage, discussed, ii. 226.
Learning, Society for the Encouragement of, i. 110; will it make people less industrious? ii. 181: in Scotland, 330; there is the same difference between the learned and the unlearned, as between the living and the dead, iii. 435.
Lectures, Johnson on, ii. 25; the mode of education by, iv. 48.
Lee, Mr. Arthur, an American patriot, iii. 110.
—— Jack, his popularity in the House, iii. 243 n.
Leeds, the Duke of, song on his marriage, iii. 436.
Legitimation by marriage considered, iii. 41.
Leibnitz on language, Johnson talks of, ii. 153.
Leisure, all intellectual improvement arises from leisure: all leisure arises from working for one another, ii. 207.
Leland, Dr., of Trinity College, Dublin, ii. 11; his History of Ireland, 238.
Lenox, Mrs. Charlotte, i. 196 n.; Johnson writes a dedication to her Works, ii. 269; "the Sister," iii. 433.
Leslie, Charles, "a reasoner not to be reasoned against," iv. 210 n.
Lessons, Johnson's at school, i. 386.
Letter, Johnson's celebrated to Lord Chesterfield, i. 202-4; a copy of it dictated to Boswell, iv. 78; Boswell's to the people of Scotland, 188.
Lettere Familiari, by Martinelli, said by Isaac D'Israeli to be rather amusing, ii. 208.
Letters, "We shall receive no letters in the grave," said Johnson when opening one in his last illness, iv. 318; Lord Chesterfield's to his Son, i. 206; Johnson objects to his being published without his leave, ii. 70 n.; but gives permission to do so, after his death, 72; Johnson says he puts as little into his as he can, to avoid their being published, iv. 56.
Letter-writing, talked of, iv. 56.
Lever, Sir Ashton, his museum, iv. 245 n.
Levett, Mr., an early friend of Johnson at Lichfield, i. 46, 117.
—— Robert, Johnson's humble friend, i. 185, 186 n.; marries wretchedly, 294; becomes miserable and that insures the protection of Johnson, i. 331; shows Boswell Johnson's library, 346, ii. 23; at Johnson's breakfast table, iii. 239 n.; Johnson's letter announcing his death, iv. 87; Johnson's beautiful verses in his memory, 87.
—— David, his verses to Pope in the notes to the Dunciad, quoted, iv. 225.

Lewis, Mr. F., the "man who lived in London, and hung loose upon society," i. 171.
Lexicographers, Hawkins's account of those before Johnson, i. 138; Johnson's definition of, 233.
Lexiphanes, published to ridicule Johnson's style, ii. 59.
Libel, the law of, iii. 69.
Liberal opinions, Johnson's, on religious differences, i. 321.
Liberality, Johnson's always remarkable, iii. 241, 242; iv. 130; Sir Joshua Reynolds's shown by a note from Johnson, 182.
Liberty, "the notion of, amuses people, and helps to keep off the *tædium vitæ*," i. 313; private, alone is valuable, Johnson insists, ii. 72; Wilkes's saying, "Does *he* talk of *liberty!*" iii. 242; of conscience and liberty of teaching distinct, iv. 151.
Library, of the Earl of Oxford, sold to Osborne the bookseller, i. 111; Johnson's, 346; sold at Christie's, iv. 311; the Royal, in Buckingham House, ii. 50, 51; the King's in Paris, visited, ii. 359; Mr. Beauclerk's, sold, iv. 58; the, at Streatham, Johnson makes a parting use of, iv. 106.
Lichfield, Johnson born there, i. 8; Johnson's pathetic account of the changes he found there, 295; Johnson tires of, after staying there some time, ii. 66; Boswell visits, iii. 399; trade there very small, 46; visited, iv. 85; Johnson leaves, in ill health, 90; Johnson anxious to visit every year, 47, 140; verses on, by Miss Seward, 243; Johnson visits for the last time, 262, 271; the respect and veneration of the corporation of Lichfield for Johnson, and the Lichfield traditions of Johnson, n.
Lies. "Consecrated lies, and inexcusable lies," i. 280; "A man had rather have a hundred lies told about him than one truth he does not wish to be told," ii. 209; "He lies, and he knows he lies," iv. 13; Johnson uses the word of mistakes or errors when unintentional, 13.
Life, Johnson's mode of, described by Maxwell, ii. 117; "a progress from want to want," iii. 96; "admits not of delays: every hour takes away part of the things that please us, perhaps part of our disposition to be pleased," iii. 164; savage and civilized, compared, iii. 260; country and town, compared, iii. 266, 267; is it happy or miserable? iv. 221; Rev. Ralph Churton's note on, iv. 221 n., 371; Dryden's fine lines on, 222; on making the best of, both in "business and honest diversions," iv. 289; "must be always in progression," 303 n.
Lloyd, Olivia, a young Quakeress loved by Johnson, i. 56.
—— Mr., Johnson's Quaker friend at Birmingham, iii. 40.
Lillibulero, the famous song, ii. 317 n.
Lingua rustica, Paternoster in, ii. 88.
Lintot, the bookseller, Johnson turns his warehouse into a library, i. 346.
Liquor, Johnson's scale of, iv. 39.
List of Johnson's places of residence, iii. 394.
Literary, schemes proposed by Johnson, i. 394, iv. 380; property, discussion on, ii. 241; property, the case decided by the Lords, ii. 253; curiosities, D'Israeli's referred to, iv. 10; men, can their lives be entertaining, iv. 53.
—— Club, Boswell elected a member of, ii. 221; brilliant society

at, 224; Johnson dines for the last time with the, iv. 240.
Literary Club, Goldsmith's proposal for new members to, 125; his reason for, and Johnson's anger, 125.
Literati, Scotch, collected by Boswell to meet Johnson, ii. 73.
Literature, Johnson's ardour for, never failed, i. 41, 355, iv. 290; Johnson appointed Professor in Antient, ii. 77; Johnson's determination to maintain the dignity of, iii. 314; English and French, compared, 267; paying respect to, iv. 67.
—— in New South Wales, by G. Barton, 402.
Little things, "by studying these we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible," i. 345.
"Live pleasant," says Edmund Burke, to an anxious friend, i. 272.
Lives of the Poets, advertised, iii. 142; four vols. published in 1779, the rest in 1780, 385; Johnson at one time loses pleasure in the scheme for, 169; inaccurate in minute details, 356.
Living, Johnson is offered a living in Lincolnshire, i. 251.
Lobo, Father Jerome, notice of, i. 51; translation of his Voyage to Abyssinia, Johnson's first literary work, 51; extracts from, 52, 53.
Lock, Mr., of Norbury Park, his fine character and learning, iv. 8.
Locke, his works quoted, on the value of money, iv. 58.
Lockman, *L'Illustre*, story of, iii. 430 n.
Lodgings, Johnson's first, in London, i. 67, 68; in Woodstock Street, near Hanover Square, 75. (See also list of residences.)
Lofft, Mr. Capel, "this little David of popular spirit," iv. 203.
Lombe, Mr. John, his silk mill at Derby, iii. 192.
London, a poem by Johnson, i. 80-93; reached a second edition in the course of a week, 88; sold for ten guineas, i. 142.
—— if there is not there much happiness, there is at least such a diversity of good and evil that slight vexations do not fix upon the heart, i. 295; the magnitude of, 335; and Westminster improved, by Gwyn, the architect, ii. 41; happiness of life in, 83; Johnson's love for, 120, iv. 268 n., 285; its vast growth, 123; Johnson's delight in approaching, iii. 60; Boswell's desire to live in, 202; by Pennant, quoted, on Bolt Court, iii. 284; life in, superior to any other, iii. 371; Johnson impressed with the extent and variety of, iv. 138; "The town is my element, there are my friends, there are my books," 268.
—— Chronicle, the newspaper Johnson took, and which Boswell read to him, i. 249, ii. 104.
"Long expected one and twenty," Johnson's verses on the coming of age of Sir John Lade, iv. 316.
Longitude, attempt to ascertain, at sea, a pamphlet written by Johnson for G. Williams, i. 237.
Longley, Mr., the Recorder of Rochester, iii. 432.
Looking-glasses, Johnson goes to see, made, ii. 358.
"Lot, make the most and best of your," iv. 289.
Loughborough, Lord, Johnson says, defective in conversation, iv. 122.
Lovage, a root good for rheumatism, ii. 328.
Lovat, Lord, verses on his execution, i. 133.
Love, Mr., of Drury Lane Theatre, ii. 157.

Love and friendship compared, ii. 327.
—— and Madness, a book censured by Johnson as mingled fact and fiction, iv. 128.
Loveday, Dr. John, contributes some letters to Boswell's work, ii. 241.
Lovers, The Conscious, quoted, ii. 15.
Lovibond, Edward, i. 66.
Lowe, Mauritius, Johnson calls on, with good news, iii. 325; at Mrs. Williams's tea-table, 373; his distress, iv. 138; Johnson's efforts to assist, 139, 140 n.; dines with Johnson on Easter Day, 146, 147; his children receive a legacy from Johnson, 309; Johnson's relations with, iv. 385-93.
Loyola, St. Ignatius, his superstitious self-mortification, i. 44.
Lucan, Lord and Lady, their kindness to Johnson, iv. 240.
Lucas, Dr., account of, i. 243 n.; Johnson reviews his Essay on Waters, 243.
—— sculptor of the statue of Johnson erected at Lichfield in 1838, 283 n.
Lucian, translation of, by Dr. Franklin, inscribed to Johnson, iii. 451.
Lumisden, Mr. Andrew, a friend of Boswell's, ii. 364.
Lusiad, the, translated by Mr. Mickle, iv. 179.
Luton Hoe, Lord Bute's place, visited, iv. 77.
Lutterell, Colonel, declared M.P. for Middlesex, though Mr. Wilkes had the greater number of votes, ii. 112.
Luxembourg, the palace and gardens of, ii. 361.
Luxury, Johnson thinks, does good, iii. 99; General Oglethorpe exclaims against, Johnson defends, 290.
Lydiat, a learned man mentioned in the Vanity of Human Wishes, i. 143 n.
Lydiat, Rev. W., history of, i. 143 n.
Lye, Edward, prints his Saxon and Gothic Dictionary, ii. 32.
Lyttelton, George, Lord, his history discussed by George III. and Johnson, ii. 54; his extreme anxiety as an author, iii. 81; Johnson's Life of, iv. 19; various readings in the life of, 20; Johnson said to be jealous of, 19, 20 n.
—— Thomas, Lord, his vision, iv. 220.

Macartney, Lord, his pleasantry, iii. 73; on Dr. Campbell's inaccuracy, iii. 258.
Macaulay, Lord, his dispute with Mr. Croker about Prince Titi, ii. 403; on Fanny Burney's (Madame D'Arblay) diary, iv. 371.
—— Mrs. Catherine, i. 185; Johnson's joke with, about her republican principles, i. 355; "Better that she should redden her own cheeks than blacken other people's characters," iii. 91; Johnson endeavours to serve her son at Oxford, ii. 343; Boswell desires to see a contest between Johnson and, iii. 209.
—— Rev. Kenneth, his account of St. Kilda, ii. 65.
Macbean, Johnson's amanuensis, i. 139; author of the Dictionary of Ancient Geography, iii. 76; Johnson gets him admitted into the Charterhouse, iii. 425.
Macbeth, description of Night in, ii. 94 n.
Maccaronic verses, the etymology of, iii. 291, 292 n.
Macclesfield, Earl and Countess of, and Savage, i. 126-128.
—— Sir Alexander, introduced to Johnson, ii. 155.
—— Sir James, called by Boswell

[illegible]

[illegible]

Ma[illegible] and the Ossian controversy, [illegible] 274-6; Johnson's [illegible] 277, 2[illegible]0.

Macquarry, [illegible] his estates with Staffa to a Campbell, iii. 166; particulars of this sale, 166, 167.

Macqueen, Rev. Donald, a minister in Sky, very learned, ii. 344.

MacSwinney, Owen, Johnson applies to for information about Dryden, iii. 113.

Madden, Dr., usually called "Premium Madden," i. 249; Johnson corrects his poem, 250.

Madmen, Johnson's observations on, iii. 202.

Madness, different forms of, i. 315; and melancholy, iii. 201.

Magazine, the Literary, i. 240-51.

[illegible]

Man, the difference between a well-bred and an ill-bred, iv. 2[illegible]4; [illegible] Shakespeare's and Milton's [illegible]; [illegible]

Mandeville, his doctrine of "private vices, public benefits," ii. [illegible] 396.

Manege, to be established at Oxford, from the profits of the Clarendon Press, ii. [illegible]

Manifesto, [illegible] apologizing for beating the bookseller, i. 199.

Mankind, Burke's opinion of, improves, iii. 253; Johnson thinks them worse in commercial dealings than he expected, but more disposed to do each other good, 253.

Manners, Johnson's rough, [illegible] 59.

Manning, Mr., the compositor, Johnson asks his pardon for finding fault with him improperly, iv. 236.

Manningham, Dr., the physician, iii. 189.

Mansfield, Chief Justice, his eloquent speech, ii. 180; on reading the Journey, ii. 294; a Scotch landlord calls Johnson

the greatest man in England next to, ii. 308.
Manucci, Count, at Edinburgh, iii. 126.
Manuscripts, of Sir Thomas More, Johnson desires copies of, i. 228, 229; many, were said by Boswell to have been deposited in the British Museum, but none found there, ii. 279; Johnson disliked being asked to read, ii. 186.
Maps, extraordinarily voluminous ones of the kingdom of Sardinia, ii. 392.
Marchmont, the Earl of, Boswell visits him to obtain the particulars of Pope's life for Johnson, iii. 342; Johnson's ill temper on the occasion, 343, 382; accused by Johnson of neglect of Pope's papers, iv. 14; immortalized by Pope's line, 15.
Margon, Abbé de, his memoirs of the Duke of Berwick, iii. 294.
Market Bosworth, school of, where Johnson was usher, i. 49.
Marklew, alias Bellison, Johnson's nurse, i. 383.
Marlay, Dr. Richard, Bishop of Waterford, iv. 34.
Marmalade, orange, Mrs. Boswell sends Johnson some of her own making, iii. 139, 153, 162.
Marmor Norfolciense, its malicious republication, i. 101, 102.
Marriage, discussed, ii. 161; every man a worse man, in proportion as he is unfit for, iii. 41, 44; Johnson's, i. 60, 61; Johnson's life of Waller quoted on, ii. 69; qualifications necessary to happiness in, ii. 83; second, 84; Johnson on, ii. 111; late, 126; discussed, iii. 53, 54, 59.
Marriage Bill, Royal, Johnson disapproves, ii. 149.
Marshall's Minutes of Agriculture, iii. 316.
Marsili, Dr., of Padua, has an introduction from Johnson when visiting Oxford, i. 253.
Martial, Elphinston's translation of, iii. 271.
Martinelli, Vincenzio, ii. 207; his History of England in Italian, 207 n., 208.
Mary Queen of Scots, Mr. Tytler's vindication of, quotation from Johnson's review of, i. 279.
Mason, Rev. William, his Memoirs of Gray adopted as Boswell's model, i. 4; his Memoirs of W. Whitehead criticized, 5; his prosecution of Murray the bookseller, iii. 301.
Masquerade, at which Boswell appeared in the character of a dumb conjuror, ii. 195.
Master of Arts, degree conferred on Johnson, i. 216-20.
Masters, Mary, poetess, i. 185.
Mattaire, "a puzzle-headed man," his account of the Stephani, iii. 427; his Senilia, and Book of the Dialects, 428.
Matrimonial Thought, A, song by Boswell, ii. 111.
Mat, Matthew, Dr., "the little black dog," i. 222.
Maupertuis, his explanation of the apparent suicide of Scorpions, ii. 67.
Maxwell, Dr. William, his Collectanea concerning Johnson, ii. 116, 130.
Mayne, William, Lord Newhaven, iii. 395.
Mayo, Dr., called the Literary Anvil, ii. 236 n.
Mead, Dr. Richard, "lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man," iii. 352 n.
Mechanics, Johnson speaks on, and excites general admiration, ii. 137.
Mediterranean, Johnson's desire to see, iii. 83; all that sets us above savages has come from the, 83; Paoli says it would be a fine subject for a poem, 84; Cowper says on this, not for one but for twenty, Southey subjoins, "as

practicable for a poem as a panorama." 84 n.
Meeke, Mr., Fellow of Trinity, i. 210-2.
Melancholy, Johnson obliged to fly from, i. 355; should be diverted, not combated, iii. 27; Boswell's fits of, iii. 124.
Melancthon, from his tomb Boswell writes to Johnson, iii. 154, 155.
Melmoth, William, the author of Fitzosborne's Letters, iii. 408; quoted on a particular Providence, iv. 198.
Member of Parliament, Johnson denounces the idea that an M.P. must follow his party, right or wrong, ii. 210; Johnson's notion of the duty of, iv. 35.
Memis, Dr., his action in the Court of Session, ii. 271; his cause decided against him, iii. 135.
Memory, Johnson's extraordinary, ii. 130, 132 n.
Menagerie in Paris visited, ii. 357.
Menagiana, has one good pun, ii. 225.
Merchant, the English, characterized, ii. 15 n.
Merriment of parsons, mighty offensive, iv. 37.
Messiah, Pope's, translated into Latin by Johnson, i. 33, 210.
Metaphysical Poets, dissertation on the, in the Life of Cowley, iv. 4.
Metcalfe, Mr. Philip, his kind attentions to Johnson, ii. 131, iv. 107.
Methodists, the name first given to some Oxford students, i. 363 n.; expulsion of six Oxford students for being, ii. 180; Johnson's happy illustration of the propriety of this proceeding, ii. 180.
Mickle, Dr. William Julius, meets Johnson, iii 85; translator of the Lusiad, ii. 176; writes to Boswell to tell of his long and happy acquaintance with Johnson, iv. 179; and gives an interesting account of a dispute with him, 179; Johnson dines with, 226.
Militia, Johnson drawn to serve in the, iv. 234; Scotch, Lord Mountstuart's bill for, iii. 20.
Millar, Mr. Andrew, bookseller, i. 225.
Miller, Lady, her "new Parnassus" near Bath, ii. 308, 309 n.
Milton, Johnson's high opinion of, ii. 224, iv. 223; his description of Adam, iv. 33; Johnson's abhorrence of his political sentiments, i. 172, iv. 7; but admiration of the author of Paradise Lost, 176, iv. 6; his granddaughter, Johnson's letter about, 172; benefit for, produced but little, 173 n.; a "Phidias, that could cut a Colossus out of a rock, but could not cut heads out of cherry-stones," iv. 52, 223; Johnson's Life of, quoted, iii. 394, iv. 6.
Mimic, a good one must have great powers, ii. 151.
Mind's eye, the, a discussion on this phrase in which Johnson was annoyed by "a young gentleman," iv. 246.
Minutes of Agriculture, by Marshall, iii. 316.
Miracles, Johnson on, i. 353.
Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces, by the author of the Rambler, published during Johnson's absence in Scotland, ii. 251.
Miscellanies, French, referred to, iv. 2.
—— by Elizabeth Harrison, reviewed by Johnson, i. 243; quoted, 244.
—— Mrs. Williams's, some pieces of Johnson, published in, i. 106; ii. 41; subscription for, 42.
Misery, Boswell's hypocrisy of, iv. 32.
Mitre, the, a tavern much frequented by Johnson, i. 317, ii. 25; Boswell gives a supper at,

amanuenses, ii. 152; his death, 152 n.
ilidor, Andrew, a great chess layer, iii. 368.
lips, Miss, a singer, introduced y Johnson to the notice of Mr. Vindham in Dublin, iv. 159.
— John, the poet, Johnson orks on the Life of, iv. 3; rious readings in Johnson's fe of, iv. 18.
a musician, epitaph on, i. 3.
logy, one of Johnson's fa- rite pursuits, iv. i.
ophical Survey of Ireland, pbell's, ii. 310.
, the Rev. James, left his es to buy livings, iii. 310.
aptain Constantine, his ex- on to explore the northern ii. 384.
Johnson learned from Dr. iii. 74.
, or Doctor, of Medicine? 275.
, liberality of those at- Johnson in his last ill- 306.
, the, next to Northum- House, instanced by as a mark of luxury,
on sits for his, the his paralytic stroke,
rd's, at Hough-
Nottingham, iv.
do—all that a 316.
criticisms
John

[illegible] with Shakespeare's mulberry tree, [illegible].
Murphy, Dr. John, [illegible] 198; [illegible] in his illness, [illegible].
—— Thomas, a celebrated watchmaker, [illegible] 360.
—— Rev. Zachariah, [illegible] 17; [illegible] on the Psalms, 37; his sermons, 38.
Murray, Mrs. Shakespeare's Lucretia's adagio, poem on, [illegible] 66.
Music, Dr. [illegible] by Boswell for Johnson, iv. 171.
Murphy, Arthur, Johnson's high opinion of, ii. 125; introduces Johnson to the Thrales, ii. 14; his erroneous account of Boswell's meeting with Johnson, i. 316; his play, the Orphan of China, 265; commencement of his acquaintance with Johnson, 281; account of, 282 n.; his compliment to Johnson, iii. 87; his essay on Johnson, quoted, ii. 234.
Murray, Patrick, Lord Elibank, ii. 158 n.
Museum at Lichfield, Mr. Green's, iii. 47, 48.
Musgrave, Sir Richard, author of the History of the Rebellion, iv. 237.
Music, Johnson wished to learn the scale six months before his death, ii. 244; Johnson insensible to, iii, 220.
Mutton, Johnson's pithy description of some not very good, iv. 208.
Myrtle, verses on receiving a sprig of, i. 56; discussion as to the recipient of these verses, 57.
Mystery, the universal, of all things, speculations on, iii. 341.

Nails, Johnson's experiments on the growth of his, iii. 388 n.
Nap. "I never take a nap after dinner, except when I have had a bad night, and then the nap takes me." i. 169.
Nares, Rev. Mr., his imitation of Johnson's style, iv. 297.
Narrowness, Boswell troubled with a fit of, iv. 130.
Natural philosophy, Johnson's extraordinary and ridiculous ideas on, ii. 68.
—— right, Johnson on, iii. 5.
Neander, lent by Mr. Steevens to Johnson, who wishes it were not so fine a copy, ii. 253.
Negociation, his power, to enable Johnson to travel in Italy for his health, iv. 241; Lord Thurlow's letters on the, 247; Boswell informs Johnson of the plan, 247; and leaves it to Reynolds to carry out, 250; Johnson writes to Sir Joshua on the subject, 257; failure of the scheme, 257; Lord Thurlow's letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, 259.
Negro, the, cause of, tried in Scotland, iii. 232; and decided for the negro, 233.
Nelson's Festivals and Fasts, its great sale, iii. 42.
Neni, Count, a Flemish nobleman, iii. 83.
Newbery, the bookseller, in account with Johnson, i. 176.
Newhaven, Lord, argument between Johnson and, iii. 396.
Newspapers, knowledge diffused by, ii. 166; cross readings in, by Caleb Whitefoord, iv. 237.
New Testament, the most difficult book in the world, for which the study of a lifetime is required, iii. 304.
Newton, Sir Isaac, Johnson says, set out an infidel, and came to be a firm believer, i. 360; his letters to Locke, 360 n.
—— Dr., on Johnson's Lives of Poets, iv. 209; his Dis[illegible] on the Prophec[illegible]
New year, [illegible]

good wishes for the, iii. 233, 234.
Nichols, Frank, M.D., turned out to make room for a Scotchman, ii. 323; his discourse *De Anima Medica*, iii. 192.
Nichols, John, printer of the Lives of the Poets, author of Literary Anecdotes, &c., iv. 3; account of, by Markland, 279; Johnson's literary memoranda sent to, 3 n.; communicates to Boswell some anecdotes of Johnson, 63; is present during the visit of Henderson to Johnson, 174; his anecdotes much prized by Johnson, 108; gives Boswell the particulars of a conversation with Johnson shortly before his death, 313; Johnson's letter to, about the authors of the Universal History, 291.
Nicol, Mr. George, bookseller, Johnson writes to, from Ashbourne, iv. 275.
Night, description of, in Macbeth, ii. 94 n.
—— Thoughts, Young's, its pathos and excellence, iv. 23.
Nights, sleepless, Johnson translates Greek epigrams during his, iv. 292.
Nil admirari, discussed, ii. 327.
"No, Sir," Johnson's expression, iv. 232.
"Nodosities, it has all the, of the oak, without its strength," said Burke, of an imitation of Johnson's style, iv. 21.
Nollekens, his cast of Johnson's head, iii. 461, 462; Johnson's letter to Lucy Porter about, iv. 324.
Nonjurors, Johnson said he never knew one who could reason, ii. 297; Johnson on the, iv. 211.
Nonsense. "Grand nonsense is insuppo ble," i. 319.
... de, his commentary : of Poetry, iii.
North, Lord, Johnson's dissatisfaction with, ii. 305.
Northcote, his Life of Reynolds, quoted, ii. 90 n.
Northumberland, Duchess of, writes verses on a buttered muffin, for the Bath-Easton vase, ii. 309.
—— House, fire at, iii. 407.
Norton, Sir Fletcher, an instance of success, from putting his whole mind to one particular object, iii. 54.
Notes. All works describing manners require notes, in time, ii. 201.
Nowell, Dr., his sermon on Jan. 30th, ii. 149; Johnson and Boswell dine with, iv. 217; his sermon before the House of Commons, iv. 218.
Nugæ Antiquæ, by Dr. Harrington, "a very pretty book," iv. 123.
Nugent, Dr., one of the original members of the Club, ii. 2.
—— Robert, Lord Clare, to whom Goldsmith addressed the Haunch of Venison, ii. 134.
Numbers, the science of, all can attain, iii. 24.

Oat ale and oat cakes at Lichfield, iii. 46.
Oats, Johnson's definition of, meant to vex the Scotch, iv. 113.
Observance, Johnson's regard for general, iv. 239.
Observations on the Present State of Affairs, a political essay by Johnson, quoted, i. 242.
Observatory in Paris, ii. 352.
Occupation necessary to happiness, iii. 205.
O'Connor, Charles, Johnson's fine letter to, on Irish literature, i. 251; second letter to, urging him to write a history of the Irish nation, iii. 146; account of, 146 n.; and appendix, 477.
Odd, nothing, will last long, iii. 34.

flections made against Johnson on account of his, i. 341 n.; Johnson's defended by Burke, iv. 234.
Penurious, a certain, gentleman, who is "narrow, not so much from avarice as from impotence to spend his money," iii. 87.
Pepper Alley, Johnson says people live as long in, as on Salisbury Plain, i. 339.
Pepys, Sir Lucas, attends Johnson, and wishes he would be tractable, iv. 114.
—— William Weller, Mrs. Thrale's exaggerated praise of, iv. 41; expatiates on the happiness of savage life, ii. 215.
Perce-Forest, quoted, iii. 283.
Percy, Dr., Bishop of Dromore, account of, i. 21 n.; Johnson visits, ii. 8, 9; dines with Boswell to meet Johnson, 73; his ballad of the Hermit of Warkworth, ii. 134; Johnson's fun about his poetry, iii. 38, 39; letter of, quoted, 42; his altercation with Johnson, 281, 282; account of his family, 281 n.; Johnson's letter of apology and explanation, 286, 287.
Perkins, Mr., manager of Mr. Thrale's brewery, ii. 266, iv. 40; hangs up an engraving of Johnson's portrait in the counting-house, 266 n.; Johnson writes to, from Lichfield, iv. 273.
Persian Grammar, Jones's, Johnson sends to Warren Hastings, iv. 30.
Personalities always offensive, iii. 100.
Peterborough, Lord, the best account of, is in Capt. Carleton's Memoirs, iv. 245.
Petrarch, read by Johnson when a boy, i. 30.
Petty, Sir William, his allowance of £3 a year to support nature. i. 350.
Peyton, Mr., one of amanuenses, ii. 152; his death, 152 n.
Philidor, Andrew, a great chess player, iii. 368.
Philips, Miss, a singer, introduced by Johnson to the notice of Mr. Windham in Dublin, iv. 159.
—— John, the poet, Johnson works on the Life of, iv. 3; various readings in Johnson's Life of, iv. 18.
—— a musician, epitaph on, i. 106.
Philology, one of Johnson's favourite pursuits, iv. i.
Philosophical Survey of Ireland, Campbell's, ii. 310.
Phipps, the Rev. James, left his estates to buy livings, iii. 310.
—— Captain Constantine, his expedition to explore the northern ocean, ii. 384.
Physic, Johnson learned from Dr. James, iii. 74.
Physician, or Doctor, of Medicine? ii. 271, 275.
Physicians, liberality of those attending Johnson in his last illness, iv. 306.
Pickle-shop, the, next to Northumberland House, instanced by Goldsmith as a mark of luxury, ii. 206.
Picture, Johnson sits for his, the day before his paralytic stroke, iv. 161.
Pictures, Lord Orford's, at Houghton, iv. 245.
Pig, a learned, at Nottingham, iv. 284.
Pillow, "That will do—all that a pillow can do," iv. 316.
Piozzi, Mrs., Boswell's criticisms on, i. 38, 39; mistakes Johnson's meaning, ii. 181 n., 186 n.; her anecdotes of Johnson characterized by Boswell, iv. 250-7; her inaccuracy blamed by Bos- iii. 247; referred to by me-

teor," i. 91; a minister given by the people to the King, ii. 187; Boswell sends him his letter to the people of Scotland, iv. 188.
Pity, not natural to man, but acquired and improved by the cultivation of reason, i. 348.
Place-hunters, Boswell and Johnson on, iii. 252.
Plan or Prospectus of the Dictionary, addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield, i. 135-6.
Players, Johnson's prejudice against, i. 123, iii. 208; Johnson's contempt for, ii. 220, 366.
Pleasantry, different notions of, iii. 128 n.
Pleasures, no man is a hypocrite in his, iv. 232.
Plutarch, quoted, i. 6,
Plymouth, Johnson at, i. 301.
Pococke, Edward, Smith's Latin verses on, iii. 278 n.; the story of his being called "no Latiner," iv. 126.
Poetry. "What is poetry?" iii. 85; "amendments seldom made in without some token of a rent," iv. 4; unsuited for religious subjects, 5; superiority of rhyme to blank verse, 8.
Poets, Johnson's Lives of, completed, iv. 1; the first idea of, expanded and enriched, 2; honorarium for, 2 n.; the manuscript of, presented to Boswell, 33; Johnson writes to Nichols, the printer, on various matters connected with his work on, 3; curious anecdote respecting, 25; outcry against, 26; Johnson, on a hint that the present would be acceptable, makes Wilkes a present of a set of, 60; Johnson says he is engaged to write little Lives, and little Prefaces to a little edition of the English Poets, iii. 143; price bargained for, 145; metaphysical, dissertation on the, iv. 4.
Polemomiddinia, The, of Drummond, iii. 292.
Polite, Johnson thinks himself very, iii. 337.
Politian, Johnson proposes to publish the Latin poems of, i. 54.
Political principles, Johnson's, ii. 119, iv. 5.
—— tracts, collected, ii. 292.
—— improvement, schemes for, mostly laughable, ii. 104.
Politics, Johnson on, iv. 40; modern, devoid of principle, ii. 335.
Pomposo, the, name under which Johnson was caricatured in the poem of The Ghost, i. 322.
Poor, The, Johnson's curiosity to know how the poor are maintained in the Seven Provinces, i. 378; Johnson's genial kindness to the poor, i. 299; state of the, in London, iii. 390.
Pope, Alexander, his Messiah translated into Latin by Johnson, i. 33; his appreciation of Johnson's London, i. 89; he recommends Johnson to Earl Gower, 93; his letter about London and Marmor Norfolciense, 103; "paper-sparing Pope," 103; conversation on, ii. 89; compared with Dryden, 90; his Dying Christian to his Soul, partly borrowed, iii. 79; verses to, by Lewis, quoted, iv. 224; his great popularity during life, iii. 332; Ruffhead's Life of, ii. 163; Warton's Essay on, 163; Johnson calls on Lord Marchmont for information concerning, iii. 382; Johnson's Life of, iv. 10; hints for, in D'Israeli's Literary Curiosities, 10 n.; his extraordinary power of versification, 11; did not excel in conversation, 13; his friends, 14; Lord Somerville's account of, 14; various readings in the Life of, 15; said to have had a sketch by Bolingbroke as the foundation of his Essay on Man, iii. 391;

Boswell says Homer plays the bassoon, Pope the flageolet, iii. 270; his characters of men better than those of women, ii. 90; his early appreciation of Johnson, 90; his emotion in repeating the last lines of the Dunciad, 90 n.; and Dryden, distinguished by Voltaire, ii. 23.
Population, discussion on, ii. 103.
Porridge, Athol, a mixture of whisky and honey, iv. 39.
Porter, Johnson desires to send a cask of, to his friends in the Hebrides, ii. 256.
Porter, Mrs., afterwards Mrs. Johnson, i. 59, 60.
—— Miss Lucy, i. 14, 15, 54; Johnson's letters to, after his mother's death, i. 395-7; Johnson's new year's gift to, ii. 376; Johnson's letter of condolence with, 379; described, iii. 44; Boswell visits, at Lichfield, iii. 400; inquires concerning the family of Miss Doxy's lover, 414; Johnson's letters to, giving a sad account of his own health, and the state of his household, iv. 91; desiring her prayers, 301.
—— Captain George, Lucy Porter's brother, death of, i. 400.
—— Johnson and the, iv. 32.
Porteus, Dr. Beilby, Bishop of Chester, iii. 400.
Portmore, Lord, writes to inquire after Johnson, iv. 194.
Portrait, the first one of Johnson painted by Reynolds, soon after the Dictionary was published, and given by Reynolds to Boswell, i. 311; the second by Sir Joshua Reynolds, ii. 139; Beauclerk inscribes on his portrait of Johnson a motto from Horace, iv. 123; and on that of Garrick, lines from Shakespeare, iv. 51.
—— painting, Johnson thinks improper for a woman, ii. 329.
Post-chaise, Johnson's delight in travelling in, iii. 37, 190.
"Post-day, a, has now been long a day of recreation," iv. 270.
Potentiality of growing rich, Johnson describes Thrale's brewery at the sale as the, iv. 44.
Pott, Archdeacon, his sermons recommended by Johnson, iii. 42; attends Johnson in his last illness, iv. 169.
"Potted stories," a certain author, "who lived upon," iii. 87.
Poverty, Johnson's, i. 44-7, 119, 238; and wealth discussed, i. 350; "The first approach to riches is security from poverty," iv. 260; the misery of, to be avoided by all virtuous means, iv. 100; makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult, a great enemy to human happiness, 105.
Praise, exaggerated, most prejudicial, iv. 41, 42; Johnson's dislike of, iii. 243.
Prayer, Johnson's, on his wife's death, i. 179; before the study of law, ii. 12; on engaging in politics, 13; forms of, discussed, iv. 216; Johnson is asked to compose some for family use, iv. 216.
Prayers for the dead, ii. 160.
Preaching, not generally plain enough, ii. 122; cause of success in, i. 363, 364; a woman preaching, like a dog walking on its hind legs, 367.
Prefaces by Johnson, to Lobo's Abyssinia, i. 52; to the Life of Father Paul, 99; to the Gent's Magazine, 106, 107; to the Harleian Miscellany, 129; to a system of Ancient Geography, 139; to Mr. Dodsley's Preceptor, 141; to the Dictionary, 229, 230; to Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies, ii. 41; to Rolt's Dictionary of Trade [illegible] Commerce, i. 284; to [illegible]

Pr[illegible] Gr[illegible], strange [illegible] at his death, iv. 176.
Pr[illegible] Johnson does not believe [illegible] happy in the [illegible] 320.
Pr[illegible] The Clarendon, Oxford, [illegible] 1[illegible].
Pr[illegible] Boswell's, at his first [illegible] with Johnson, i. 311.
Pr[illegible], Dr., his pernicious d[illegible], iv. 1[illegible] n.
Pr[illegible] of Wales, enjoys the happ[illegible] in the kingdom, iv. 124.
Pr[illegible], Sir John, President of the Royal Society, [illegible] 62; Boswell [illegible] desires to bring him and Johnson together, 107.
Pr[illegible]'s devil, an author marries [illegible] 53.
Pr[illegible] in Scotland, the history of, ii. 395; and the diffusion of knowledge, iii. 84.
Prints, Johnson fits up a room with, i. 467.
Prior, instances of his borrowing, furnished by Lord Hailes, iii. 386; abused by Johnson and defended by Mrs. Thrale, ii. 86.
— Sir James, his Life of Malone quoted, iii. 82.
Prison, "Every island is a prison," line of a song, iii. 278.
"*Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard*," by Rousseau, Boswell's admiration for, ii. 28.
Professor in Antient Literature, Johnson appointed, ii. 77.
Professorship, Anglo-Saxon, founded at Oxford, by Dr. Richard Rawlinson, iv. 108.
Profit, uncertainty of, in literary undertakings, iv. 71.
Project, The, a poem by Richard Tickell, iii. 320.
Pronunciation, Sheridan teaches Wedderburn to correct his, i. 307; Johnson's, iii. 219; good, to be attained, ii. 156; discussion about, 158.
Property, literary, discussion on, [illegible] 241.
Prophecy, the peculiar doctrine of Christianity, iv. 75.
Prospectus, Johnson's, for an edition of Shakespeare with notes, i. 250.
Protestants or Papists, all Christians agree in essential articles, i. 321.
Proverb, a Spanish, about travelling, iii. 306.
Prussia, Frederick II., King of, valued himself on three things, i. 345: his Memoirs of the House of Brandenburgh, and his poetry, 346.
Psalmanazar, George, account of, iii. 317 n., iv. 128.
Psalms, the Scotch version of, the best, iii. 61.
Public amusements, Johnson approves of, ii. 165.
—— schools, the excellence of our English, iii. 66; Mr. Canning on, 65 n.
—— speaking discussed, ii. 310.
—— Virtue, a poem, by Dodsley, Johnson called it "fine Blank," iii. 441.
Puffendorf maintained the right of a schoolmaster to beat his scholars, ii. 155.
Punch, conversation likened to a bowl of, i. 260; Blacklock's poem on, 260.
Punctuation, Lord Lyttelton's diffidence about, iii. 81; Byron "a sad hand at," 81 n.
Puns, Johnson's aversion to, iv. 232.
Purgatory, a very harmless doctrine, ii. 106.
Purley, the Diversions of, by Horne Tooke, iii. 351, 352.
Purse presented to Johnson by a young lady, and his verses on the occasion, ii. 42.

Quakers, Johnson likes individuals, but not the sect, [illegible]
Quality, women of, iii. [illegible]
Quarrels, the dan[illegible]

bility of those who provoke them, iii. 210.
Quantulumcunque, concerning money, by Sir William Petty, i. 350.
Queen Anne's reign, eminent writers in, i. 338.
Queen's Arms Club, the members not to be "patriots," iv. 44.
Queensbury, Duke of, the patron of Gay, ii. 334.
—— Duchess of, presents the Clarendon MSS. to Oxford, iii. 14.
Queeny, Mrs. Thrale's eldest daughter so-called, iii. 409.
Questions, not the mode of conversation among gentlemen, iii. 54; Johnson's dislike of, iii. 278.
Quin, the actor, ii. 334.
Quintilian, quoted, on composition, iv. 2.
Quotation, censured by Wilkes as pedantry, iv. 56; defended by Johnson, 56.

Radcliffe, Dr., the Master of Pembroke, i. 210; his travelling fellowships, iv. 216.
"Rags will always make their appearance where they have a right to do it," iv. 230.
Ralph, Mr. James, the story of his having certain papers written by the Prince of Wales, ii. 409.
Rambler, The, commenced, i. 149; how the name was chosen, 149; many papers in it very hastily written, 151; collections for, 151-4; Hawkins's misstatement concerning, 152; reception of, 155; Mrs. Johnson's praise of, 157; Edinburgh edition of, 157; date of the last, i. 178 n.; a paper in the, translated into French, retranslated into English, and inserted by Murphy
's Inn Journal, i.
da of
hears that the Empress of Russia will have it translated into Russian, iv. 201.
Ramsay, Allan, his Gentle Shepherd, ii. 208; account of, iii. 264 n.; Johnson dines with, iii. 382 n.; his death, iv. 277.
Ranelagh, promenade at, ii. 165 n.
Rank, Johnson's reverence for, i. 352-5.
Rann, John (Sixteen-String Jack), highwayman, iii. 85.
Rapidity in writing, Johnson's, ii. 314.
Rasay, Johnson's pleasant remembrance of, iii. 161.
Rasselas, written by Johnson in a week, to pay his mother's funeral expenses, i. 269; Johnson finds, twenty years afterwards, in a chaise, and reads eagerly, 269 n., iv. 69; compared with Voltaire's Candide, i. 270 n., iii. 353; success of, i. 270; quotation from, 271; Johnson calls it "a little story book," i. 397; American edition of, ii. 198.
Rawlinson, Dr. Richard, account of, iv. 108 n.
Ray, his collection of North Country words, ii. 95 n.
Reading, Johnson's, at Oxford, i. 40; should be from inclination, not as a task, i. 341, iii. 216-89; "What is read without pleasure is not often recollected or infixed by conversation, and therefore drops from the memory," 387; the foundation of knowledge must be gained by, ii. 328; snatches of, will not make a Bentley or a Clarke, iii. 441; "A man is a poor beast who can *read* no more than he can *utter*," iii. 450; "Strange there should be so little, in the world, and so much writing," iv. 153.
Reasons of the Christian Religion, Baxter's, Johnson thought the b collection of evidences, iv.

"Respectable Madam, [illegible]" [illegible] iii. 181.

Retrospection, [illegible] a sad [illegible] [illegible] of a few years of [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] iii. 217.

Revenge, [illegible] after a quarrel, [illegible] always ready to seek it, ii. [illegible].

Revenge, Johnson's quick, after the quarrel is [illegible], iv. 124.

Reviewers, Mr. Isaac Reed supposes Johnson [illegible] and [illegible], [illegible] his wonderful knowledge of literary history, iv. 4.

"Reviewers, life will not bear; [illegible] as other people do," iv. 26.

Reviewers, [illegible] passage in one of [illegible], iv. 26.

Revenge, the remedy of the, "is not wit enough to keep it sweet," iv. [illegible].

Revolution, introduced into Northumberland, i. 164 n.

Reynolds, Goldsmith said, he takes from the priests, as he takes clothes from the shoemaker, or coats from a tailor, i. 202; few people can tell anything about their own, iii. 94.

Religious feeling, Johnson's early, i. 37-9.

Remember, to, and to recollect, are different things, iv. 76.

Remonstrance, The, a poem by Mr. Stockdale, ii. 113.

Reserve, English, "Sir, we do not enough understand the common rights of humanity," iv. 131.

Residence, Johnson's places of, iii. 394.

Respublica, or Accounts of the Principal States of Europe, iii. 96.

Resurrection of the dead, discussed by Johnson with Mrs. Hall, iv. 49; on the sure and certain hope of a blessed, iv. 148.

Retaliation, Goldsmith's, quoted, i. 375.

Retirement, The, a small poem by Wilkie in the London Magazine, quoted many years afterwards by Johnson, iii. 131.

Retirement, Johnson's, serenity in, iv. [illegible].

Reviews, by Johnson, in the Literary Magazine, i. 241; and reviewers of the day discussed, iii. 81, iv. 149, 150.

Reynolds, Sir Joshua, meets Johnson at the Misses Cotterell's, i. 187; his reported income in 1762, 272; visits Devonshire, accompanied by Johnson, 299; raises his price to twenty guineas a head, 361; account of his prices, 265; "without a rival," 258; the first proposer of the club, ii. 2; the party at his house when Johnson described his conversation with the King, 56; dines with Boswell to meet Johnson, 89; explains Johnson's free speaking of his friends, 284; lends his coach to Johnson and Boswell to go to Twickenham, 329; "When R. tells me something, I consider myself possessed of an idea the more," iii. 22; "the same all the year round," 61; Johnson and Boswell dine with, when Allan Ramsay related his observations on Horace's villa, 264; Johnson and Boswell dine with, and quarrel, 337; his discourses to the Royal Academy, iii. 365; for which the Empress of Russia presents him with a gold snuff-box, 365; Johnson dines with, 373; Johnson says he knows no one who has passed through life with more observation than, 430; communicates certain particulars to Boswell, iv. 124, *et seq.*; Johnson invites him to join a new club at the Essex Head, 182; his Discourses much admired by Johnson, 235; entertains Johnson, Boswell, Lord

Eliot, Dr. Beattie, &c., 244; Boswell dines with Johnson at R.'s for the last time, 248; Johnson's letters to, from Ashbourne, 276-8; Johnson makes three requests to him on his death-bed, 318; Boswell's letter to, inquiring about Johnson's health, 358.
Reynolds, Mrs. Frances, Johnson in his will requests her to choose a book to keep as a remembrance, 309; Johnson's letters to, on some literary work of hers, 349, 354, 360; accepting her proposal to dine with him, 357.
Rhetorical gesture, or action, Johnson ridicules, i. 260.
Rheumatism, receipt for, ii. 328.
Rhubarb, cultivated by Sir Alexander Dick, iv. 189.
Rhyme, Johnson's opinion of its superiority to blank verse, i. 340, ii. 123, iv. 8.
Richardson, Jonathan, the painter, i. 89.
—— Jonathan, the younger, i. 89.
—— Samuel, the author, i. 89, 105; Johnson's letters to, 391-4; assists Johnson out of a pecuniary difficulty, 394; described by Johnson in the Rambler, 150; his delight with the Rambler, 156; and Fielding compared, ii. 62-3, 169; an anecdote of, iii. 447.
Riches, the proper use of, ii. 163; and poverty, "The first approach to riches is security from poverty," iv. 260.
Riding-school, to be established at Oxford from the profits of the Clarendon Press, iii. 14.
Rights of humanity, the common, are not understood, iv. 131, 208.
Ring, diamond, a new year's gift from Johnson to Lucy Porter, ii. 376.
Riots, the Gordon, described by Johnson, iii. 413-15.
Ritter, Joseph, Boswell's Bohemian servant, ii. 371.
Robertson, Dr. William, his imitation of Johnson's style, iv. 296; Johnson's respect for, ii. 46, 66; his history like gold packed in wool, ii. 222; on Johnson's character, iii. 331; his first meeting with Johnson, 332.
—— Thomas, author of an essay on the character of Hamlet, iii. 445.
Robin Hood Society, debates at the Coachmakers' Hall, iv. 49; Boswell attends, 50.
Robinson, Dr. Richard, Archbishop of Armagh, ii. 130.
—— *tall* Sir Thomas, i. 345.
Rogers, Rev. Mr., Johnson leaves him £100 in trust for Eliz. Herne, iv. 309.
Rolt, his Dictionary of Trade and Commerce, ii. 315; to which Johnson writes an admirable preface, i. 284; publishes an edition of Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination, putting his own name to it, 284.
Rome, church of, Johnson supports her doctrines, but distinguishes them from her practice, ii. 106; Johnson rather prefers to Presbyterianism, 105; has a respect for the "old religion," 107; differs little in essentials, 148; Johnson on, iv. 213.
Romney, the painter, Cumberland's odes dedicated to, iii. 90.
Rooper, Rev. W. H., in 1882 owner of Mrs. Thrale's unfinished portrait of Johnson, iv. 405.
Roscommon, Life of, by Johnson, i. 141.
Rothes, Lady, Bennet Langton's wife, ii. 140, 143.
Round Robin, the famous, about Goldsmith's epitaph, iii. 121, 122.
Rousseau, J. J., his treatise on the inequality of mankind, i. 349;

his Dijon prize essay, *ibid.* n.; visited by Boswell, ii. 27, 203; Johnson's ill opinion of, 28; Boswell's admiration for, 28.
Rowley's poems, Johnson goes to see the "originals," iii. 94.
Rudd, Margaret, executed, iii. 34.
Ruddiman, Thomas, Boswell proposes to write his life, ii. 204, iii. 367.
Ruffhead, his Life of Pope, ii. 163.
Runts, Johnson would learn to talk of, iii. 357.
Russia, Johnson hears that the Empress of, will have the Rambler translated, iv. 201.
Rutty, John, M.D., his Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies, iii. 197; specimens of, 197.
Ryland, Mr., Johnson's old friend, attends to the putting up the stone to Johnson's wife, iv. 261.

Sacheverel, Johnson taken when a child to hear him preach, i. 13, 14.
Sagacity and intuition discussed, iv. 246.
Saints, invocation of, discussed, ii. 239.
"Salad, our Garrick's a," says Goldsmith, i. 149.
Salamanca, Johnson's admiration for the university of, i. 361.
Salisbury, the Bishop of, relates an anecdote of Johnson's Jacobitism, i. 342.
Salusbury, Mrs., death of, ii. 245; Johnson writes epitaph on, iv. 245; his last visit to her, 245 n.
Sandwich, Earl of, iii. 375.
Sansterre, the brewer in Paris who became so infamous, ii. 359.
Saratoga, the disaster of, in every one's mouth, iii. 352.
Sarpi, Father Paul, his history of the Council of Trent, translation meditated by Johnson, i. 95.
Sassenach More, the "big Englishman," Johnson's name in the Hebrides, ii. 248.
Sastres, Mr., his attendance on Johnson in his last illness, iv. 396-403; Johnson leaves, £5 to buy books, iv. 309.
Satires by Dr. Young, published, iv. 71.
Saunderson, Nicholas, the blind professor of mathematics, ii. 183.
Savage life, superior happiness of, considered, ii. 82; in New Zealand, discussed, iii. 93.
—— Richard, identification with the character of Thales in London, denied, i. 87; Life of, by Johnson begun, 113; published, 117-20, 198 n.; account of Savage, 118, 119; Johnson's Life of, described by Boswell, 121; his extraordinary story, 123-9; strange character, 127.
Saxon and Gothic Dictionary, by Edward Lye, ii. 32.
Sayings, it is notorious that Boswell collects Johnson's, iv. 43; repeated by everybody, but nobody knows where to find, iv. 124; Johnson's, vigorous even on his death-bed, iv. 316.
Scheme, Johnson's, for the classes of a grammar school, i. 64.
Schemes, literary, of Johnson, iv. 291, 380.
Schomberg, Dr., a Jew physician, iii. 48.
School, Johnson's account of his progress at, i. 22, 386-9.
—— master, authority of, ii. 154; a Scotch, tried for chastising his scholars, ii. 142.
Scissors, Johnson's horror at seeing a beautiful and accomplished girl take a pair in her left hand, iii. 97 n.
Scotchmen, Johnson's rude joke at their expense, i. 339; "a violent Scotchman," iii. 197; "much may be made of him if he be caught young," ii. 186;

Boswell the most unscottified of, ii. 226.
Scotch, Johnson admires everything Scotch, "but Scotch oatcakes and Scotch prejudices," ii. 343; Johnson's attacks on the, iv. 113; the cause of his antipathy to the, 114.
Scotland, Johnson's prejudice against, ii. 66, 284; only a worse England, iii. 262; Church of, two parties in, ii. 147; MS. account of parishes in, with full statistics by Dr. Webster, ii. 255; Johnson asserts that Scotchmen love, better than truth, ii. 289; Johnson's extravagant raillery against, iv. 55, 56; "a very vile country, to be sure," iv. 127.
Scott, John, of Amwell, his elegies, ii. 321; answered Johnson's political pamphlets, ii. 310.
—— George Lewis, a friend of Thomson, iii. 151.
—— Dr. William, afterwards Sir William, travels with Johnson in a post-chaise, i. 366; reports to Boswell a saying of Johnson, ii. 107; Johnson dines with, iii. 273; one of Johnson's executors, iv. 309.
Scoundrel, Johnson declares that Mrs. Thrale by her spoiling will make him one, iii. 57.
Scrimshaw, Charles, a relation whom Johnson inquires for before his death, iv. 307.
Scripture phrases, Johnson disliked the use of, ii. 201.
Scrofula, Johnson afflicted with, i. 16; Johnson "touched" for, 17.
Sea life, Johnson's horror of, iii. 25; Johnson declaims against the misery and corruption of, iv. 179.
Seal, Johnson's, ii. 127 n.
Seals with Johnson's head engraved on them, iv. 325.
Seasons, Johnson says "the distinction of seasons is produced only by imagination operating on luxury," i. 259.
Secker, Archbishop, quoted on conversation, i. 8.
Second sight, ii. 27; discussed, ii. 148; Johnson is willing to believe in, Boswell does believe, ii. 294.
Senilia, by Maittaire, iii. 428.
Sentimentality and pathos compared, iv. 10.
Seraglio, Johnson's, iii. 363.
Serious Call, Law's, Johnson thinks very fine, ii. 122.
Sermons, Johnson wrote about forty for different persons, i. 250; many for Dr. Taylor, iii. 206 n., 207; those of several writers compared, 262.
Servants, why do women have lower wages than men? ii. 204; Johnson's kindness to, iv. 134.
Settle, Elkanah, the last city poet, iii. 115.
"Severity may be the way to *govern*, I know not whether it be the way to *mend*," ii. 180.
Sevres, the manufactory of china at, visited, ii. 360.
Seward, Miss, her letters quoted, i. 15, 54; her verses on Lichfield please Johnson, iv. 243; he compliments her on her description of the Arctic Ocean, 243.
—— Rev. Mr., entertains Johnson and Boswell at Lichfield, iii. 49; his observations on volcanoes, 50.
—— William, account of, iii. 155 n.; Johnson gives him an introduction to Boswell, iii. 156.
Shakespeare, Johnson's edition of, published, ii. 18; admirable Preface to, 18; attacked by Kenrick, 19; occupied all Johnson's time in 1764, 1765; Johnson's proposals for a new edition of, i. 129; Jubilee in honour of, ii. 78, 79; jestingly compared with

Congreve, ii. 91; mistaken by Voltaire, 92; many of his plays the worse for being acted, 95; collection of translations accessible to him made by Steevens, ii. 114; Johnson requests Garrick to look over his edition of, ii. 376; two of Johnson's notes on, discussed, iii. 98; modern characters from, iii. 268; Johnson quotes in his illness, iv. 306.
Sharp, Dr. John, on Johnson's visit to Cambridge, ii. 9.
—— Mr. William, applied to by Johnson for particulars of Dr. Watts' Life, iii. 159.
Sharpe, Dr. Gregory, account of him and his ranting prayer, ii. 128 n.
Shaw, Cuthbert, publishes his poem The Race, ii. 47; his portrait of Johnson in verse, 48.
—— Samuel, his Letters on Italy, iii. 98.
—— Rev. William, his Erse Grammar, iii. 140, iii. 233; travels to obtain materials for a Gaelic Dictionary, iv. 180; denies the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, 180, 181; account of, and his Memoirs of Johnson, i. viii-ix.
Shawe, Col. Meyrick, ii. 154.
Shebbeare, Dr., in the pillory, iii. 318; his admirable Letters on the English Nation, under the name of Battista Angeloni, a Jesuit, iv. 64.
Sheep farming, in the Highlands, substituted for the old black cattle system, i. 325.
Shefford, Johnson and Boswell at, iv. 81.
Shelburne, Lord, a man of coarse manners but of abilities and information, iv. 118; Goldsmith's blundering speech to, 118.
Shenstone, quoted on deathbed repentance, iv. 158.
Sheridan, Thomas, i. 283 n.; his wife, 283 n., 308; her novels, 284 n., ii. 92; lectures at Edinburgh, i. 305; promises Boswell to introduce him to Johnson, i. 306; pensioned, *ibid.*; teaches Mr. Alexander Wedderburne pronunciation, i. 307; his breach with Johnson, 308; Foote's story, "Sherry is dull," i. 359; his attack on Johnson, quoted, 92 n.; gives a medal to Home for his tragedy of Douglas, ii. 295; explanation of this, 295 n.; invited in hopes of effecting a reconciliation with Johnson, iv. 242; Johnson wishes to renew their acquaintance, iv. 155; characterized by Johnson, iv. 113; his story of a victory over Johnson in conversation denied by Johnson, 113.
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, his prologue to Savage's play, complimenting Johnson, iii. 149; Byron's saying that whatever he did was the best of its kind, ii. 149; marries Miss Linley, ii. 334; she gives up her engagements, 335; his popularity in Ireland, iii. 370; threatens to go to America, iv. 150.
Sherlock, Bishop, his style elegant, iii. 262.
She Stoops to Conquer, performed for the first time, ii. 196 n.; thought not likely to succeed, 198 n.; dedicated to Johnson, 204.
Shiels, Robert, one of Johnson's amanuenses, the compiler of Cibber's Lives of the Poets, i. 139, iii. 80, 85, 470; his character by Mr. Griffiths, 472, 473.
Ship of Fools, Barclay's, contains the earliest English Eclogues, i. 215.
Shipley, Dr., Bishop of St. Asaph, iv. 175; chaplain to the Duke of Cumberland, iii. 265.
Shop, Johnson advises dealing with a "stately shop," in which it is not worth their while to take a petty advantage, iv. 234.

Short hand, Johnson cannot believe in the taking down of speeches in parliament, ii. 212; writes a preface or dedication of a book on, 212; Boswell's method of, iii. 279; experiments on, by Johnson, 279.
Sibbald, Sir Robert, the Scottish Antiquary, Life of, iii. 245.
Sibyl, "It has all the contortions of the, without the inspiration," said by Burke of an imitation of Johnson's style, iv. 21.
Siddons, Mrs., visits Johnson, and tells him the characters she is to play in the winter, iv. 172; Johnson jokes her about the want of seats; and she promises to play Queen Catharine, 172; talks of different actresses and of Garrick, 173.
Simpleton, a memorable, ii. 185 n.
Simpson, Mr. Charles, town clerk of Lichfield, iv. 282.
—— Joseph, Johnson's letter to, i. 274, 275; his tragedy The Patriot, iii. 72.
Sinclair, Sir John, a writer on agriculture and statistics, iv. 86.
Sister, Johnson deplores his want of a, i. 263; Gibbon on the relation of brother and sister, 263 n.; Johnson says, "Good brothers make good sisters," 264.
Sister, The, a comedy, by Mrs. Lennox, iii. 433.
"Sixpence, Boswell lend me, not to be repaid," iv. 131.
Skene, Sir John, a learned antiquary and ancestor of Boswell's, iii. 402.
Sketches of the History of Man, by Lord Kames, Johnson reads and criticizes, iii. 339.
Sleep. How much is necessary? iii. 195.
Smalbroke, Dr., i. 94 n.
Smalridge, his sermons commended, iii. 262.
Smart, Christopher, Johnson's account of, i. 315; his madness, 315; not included among the British poets, 315 n.
Smith, Dr. Adam, an upholder of rhyme as against blank verse, i. 340; elected to the Club, 340 n.; his Wealth of Nations, iii. 19; on the wealth of the Universities, iii. 66; his letter subjoined to Hume's Life, iii. 152; Johnson's rudeness to, iv. 127.
—— Edmund, Life of, by Johnson, quoted, iii. 379.
—— Lord Chief Baron, account of, iv. 101 n.
—— Rev. Mr., vicar of Southill, iv. 76.
Smithson, Sir Hugh, afterwards Earl of Northumberland, ii. 129.
Smollett, Tobias, for many years editor of the Critical Review, iii. 81.
Snakes, concerning, in the Natural history of Iceland, iii. 288.
Sociality, Johnson's, iv. 208.
Society, civilized and savage, compared, i. 349, 350; Johnson enjoys, as much as the youngest man, at intervals even during his illness, iv. 199, 200.
Solander, Dr., ii. 145 n.
Soldiers and sailors, their lives compared, iii. 277.
Solicitude, Johnson's, at not hearing from Boswell, iii. 385.
Solitude, Grainger's Ode on, iii. 219.
Somerville, Lord, says he had dined with Pope, and found him "gay and entertaining," iv. 14; his encouragement of Boswell as a young man, and Boswell's tribute to his memory, 14 n.
Songs, Boswell sings his own, in society, ii. 111 n.
Sorbonne library visited, ii. 360.
Sorrow, different effects of, iv. 44; "Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry," Mr. Wilkes's sentimental anecdote, iv. 256 n.
South, his sermons on Prayer re

commended by Johnson, ii. 106, 262.
Southill, Johnson's visit to Squire Dilly there, iv. 72.
Southwark, Johnson has an apartment in Mr. Thrale's house at, ii. 16.
Southwell, Lord (second), his good breeding and fine manners, iv. 118, 385; his son, "that right dishonourable and ignoble peer," 385.
—— Lady, Johnson's letters to, about Mauritius Lowe, iv. 385, 386.
Spain, Twiss's Travels in, "as good as Addison's, if you except the learning," ii. 315; Johnson advises Boswell to travel in, i. 360.
Spark, the electric, from the human body, Anna Williams claims to have been the first to observe and notify, ii. 43.
Speaking, public, Johnson's power of, ii. 136, 137.
—— Johnson's mode of, very impressive, ii. 300.
Spectator, The, an edition with notes proposed, ii. 201; praised by Johnson, ii. 336; the part not written by Addison full of bad papers, iii. 81; No. 626, On Novelty, by Grove, one of the finest pieces in the English language, 81.
Speculum Humanæ Salvationis, noticed by Johnson in Paris, ii. 359.
Speech, a good one has its effect, though not one vote be gained, iii. 250.
Spence, Rev. Joseph, his account of Blacklock, i. 370; his anecdotes, iv. 25.
Spencer, John George, second Earl, iii. 410.
Spenser, it is proposed to Johnson to write a life of, iv. 315.
Spleen, The, a poem by Matthew Green, iii. 393.
Spottiswoode, of *that ilk*, his conversation with Johnson, iii. 327.
—— Andrew and William, iv. 408.
Spurs, Johnson's, lost from the boat in Sky, iv. 315.
Staffa, the island of, sold, iii. 166.
Stage coach travelling, inconveniences of, i. 385.
Stanhope, Mr., Lord Chesterfield's son, iv. 244.
Stanton, Mr., manager of the Lichfield theatre, iii. 46.
Stanyan, Temple, author of an Account of Switzerland and Greece, iii. 353.
Statue of Johnson at Lichfield, i. 14; of Johnson by Bacon, the first monument placed in St. Paul's, iv. 411.
Staunton, Dr., Johnson's letter to, i. 291.
Steele, Joshua, his *Prosodia Rationalis*, ii. 300 n.
—— Sir Richard, his Christian Hero, iii. 34; Johnson's saying that he "practised the lighter vices," 34.
Steevens, George, the possessor of the dial plate of Johnson's watch in Boswell's time, ii. 70; makes a collection of the translations Shakespeare might have seen, 114; republishes Johnson's Shakespeare, with valuable additions, 194; Johnson proposes him for the Literary Club, 254, 255; his generous aid to a relative of Goldsmith, iii. 134; accused of underhand practices, iii. 290; supplies Johnson with anecdotes and quotations, iv. 3; contributed greatly to the Apophthegms, iv. 238; gives Boswell some particulars, 238, 239.
Stenography, Johnson writes a dedication for a book on, ii. 212.
Stephanorum Historia, by Maittaire, iii. 427.
Sterne, his popularity, ii. 209; Johnson says he would not have

deigned to look at his sermons, if he had been "at *large*," 209 n.
Stewart, Mr. Francis, one of Johnson's amanuenses, iii. 405-8.
—— Mrs., Johnson offers her a guinea for a letter in her possession, iv. 189, 192.
Stick, Johnson provides himself with an enormous one, in consequence of Macpherson's threats, ii. 277.
Still, Bishop, Sir John Harrington's fine character of, applied by Boswell to Johnson, iv. 323.
Stillingfleet, Mr. Benjamin, account of, iv. 61.
Stinton, Dr., Chaplain to Archbishop Secker, iii. 288.
Stockdale, Rev. Percival, his panegyric on Johnson, ii. 113.
Stone seats at Johnson's garden door, on which Johnson and Boswell sit and talk after church on Good Friday, iv. 140.
Stourbridge, the school at, i. 22.
Stories, untrue, circulated regarding Johnson, iv. 113.
Story, "the value of every story depends on its being true," iii. 22; Foote's and Reynolds' compared, 22 n.
Strahan, William, the printer, endeavours to get Johnson into the House of Commons, ii. 124, 296, 297; says, "small certainties are the bane of men of talents," 297; at school, i. 399-404; and Cadell purchase Blair's Sermons, iii. 132; a difference between him and Johnson, 359; a good judge of what is not an epigram, 271; his death, iv. 55; Johnson's letter to Mrs. Strahan, 55.
—— Rev. George, Johnson's letters to, at school, i. 399-404; at Oxford, advising him as to his reading, ii. 376; Johnson leaves him some books, iv. 309; attends Johnson carefully in his last illness, iv. 319; justified in the matter of the publication of Prayers and Meditations, iv. 378; Johnson visits at Islington, iv. 198.
Stratford-upon-Avon, visited, iii. 37.
Streatham, Johnson has an apartment in Mr. Thrale's house at, ii. 16; Johnson takes leave of, iv. 107.
Stuart, the family of, discussed, ii. 207.
—— Mr. Andrew, his letters to Lord Mansfield, ii. 216.
—— Rev. Mr. James, of Killin, translator of the Bible into Gaelic, ii. 45-7.
—— Rev. William, vicar of Luton, introduced to Johnson, iv. 136.
Studies, notes of Johnson's, ii. 244.
Style, Johnson's, i. 164-6; Johnson's opinion on the style of various writers, i. 166; several writers compared by Boswell, i. 170; Addison's, 170, 171; imitators of Johnson's, iv. 294-9; must be defined, before determining what is good and bad, ii. 183; different writers may be distinguished by their, iii. 288; Johnson's, in the Lives of the Poets, iv. 5; "I admire him, but I cannot bear his style," Warburton and Johnson say of each other, 12; Burke's witty sayings on imitations of Johnson's, 21.
St. Clement Danes, Church of, Johnson, having his seat there, attends with Boswell, ii. 202, 324, 325, iv. 140, 145.
St. Denis, visited, ii. 362.
St. Eustatia, visited, ii. 361.
St. Germain, the library of, ii. 361.
St. Gluvias, Cornwall, Boswell's friend Temple, vicar of, i. 347 n.
St. John's Gate, regarded with reverence by Johnson, i. 76.
St. Paul's, it is proposed to erect monuments to eminent persons in, ii. 223; Milton's should be the first, 224.

St. Roque's Church, ii. 352.
Succession, the rules of, purely legal, iii. 7.
Sugar-cane, The, Grainger's poem, iii. 37.
Suicide, in scorpions, maintained, but denied by Johnson, ii. 67; discussed, ii. 216; Johnson accused of recommending, iv. 98.
Summer house, the, at Streatham, the scene of Johnson's most solemn resolutions, iv. 85.
Supper-party invited by Boswell to meet Johnson at the Crown and Anchor, ii. 73.
Sutherland, the Duke of, the present owner of Lucy Porter's portrait of Johnson, iv. 405.
Swearing, the strange custom discussed, ii. 163.
Sweden, Daline's history of, ii. 153.
Swift, Dean, Johnson's abuse of, ii. 75; an instrument of much good to his country, 130; Johnson attacks him, but praises the Tale of a Tub, i. 359, ii. 294, 295; puts his name to only two things, 295; Johnson's Life of, his prejudice against, iv. 23; various readings in the Life of, 24; Delany's observation on, praised, iii. 263.
Swinfen, Dr, i. 30 n., 49; said he never saw any child reared with so much difficulty as Johnson, i. 383; Johnson's godfather, i. 9, 16, 30, 35, 46, 49, iii. 241.
Swinton, Mr., his list of authors of the Universal History, iv. 291.
Sydenham, the Life of, by Johnson, i. 111.
Sydney, Sir Philip, his sonnet quoted by Johnson, iii. 164, 165.
Sympathetic feeling, Johnson does not believe in the effect of, ii. 96, 97.
Synonymes, are there any perfect, in any language? iv. 144.

Table, Johnson's, on which he wrote the Dictionary, iv. 390; preserved in Pembroke College, Oxford, 393.
Tacitus, rather made notes for an historical work, than wrote a history, ii. 182.
Tailor, Hoole's uncle, the metaphysical, iv. 128; Goldsmith's, ii. 89.
Tale of a Tub, much superior to Swift's other writings, ii. 294.
Talk. Johnson loves to fold his legs, and have his talk out, iii. 247; and conversation distinguished, iv. 127.
Talking to himself, one of Johnson's singularities, ii. 6.
Tasker, Mr., his Ode to Warlike Genius of Britain, iii. 368.
Tasso, stanzas from his Jerusalem, repeated by Gen. Paoli, iii. 331.
Taste, difference of, is really difference of skill, ii. 183; theatrical, Johnson's was by no means refined, iii. 47.
Tavern-chair, the throne of human felicity, iii. 36.
Taxation no Tyranny, political pamphlet by Johnson, revised and corrected for the government, ii. 282-91; quoted, iii. 222.
Taylor, Demosthenes, iii. 320; the most silent man, 321.
—— Chevalier, a celebrated oculist, iii. 380.
—— Dr., by Johnson's advice enters at Christ Church, Oxford, i. 44; Johnson's schoolfellow and friend, i. 122, i. 48; summoned by Johnson on the death of his wife, 181; letter to, 182; sends his coach and four to take Johnson and Boswell from Lichfield to Ashbourne, iii. 55; Boswell's description of him and his household, 55; Johnson's description of, iii. 171; his fine cattle, 180; dissimilarity of character of Johnson and Taylor,

206; at Ashbourne, 169; his manner of life monotonous to Johnson, 184; Johnson's dispute with, 184, 185; his hospitality, 227; Johnson writes to, when a paralytic stroke deprives him of speech, iv. 160; Boswell writes down all he can tell about Johnson, 286; Johnson's letter to, in his last illness, 196.

Taylor, Jeremy, remarks on his prayer, iv. 216.

"*Te teneam moriens deficiente manu*," says Johnson to Bennet Langton, iv. 313.

Tea, Johnson's father considered very expensive and discouraged, i. 385; Johnson a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, 244; Hanway's essay on, 245; "*Te* veniente die, *te* decedente," 244; Mrs. Williams's tea-parties, ii. 100.

Tea-pot, Johnson's, held over two quarts, i. 244.

Telemachus, a Mask, by Rev. G. Graham, reviewed and commended by Johnson, i. 326.

Temperate, Johnson could be abstemious but not temperate, i. 372, iv. 33.

Temperature, Johnson denies the influence of, on the human frame, i. 339.

Temple, Sir William, thinks an inalienable estate should be connected with a peerage, iii. 11 n.; the first writer who gave cadence to English prose, 270; Johnson said he had formed his style on Temple's, 270 n.; makes his companions drink his bumpers for him, 330; his saying, "Be well when you are not ill, and pleased when you are not angry," iv. 289.

—— Rev. W. J., a friend of Boswell's whose correspondence was found in a singular manner, i. 347 n.; account of, 347; his character of Gray, 347; presented to Johnson, ii. 27; his condemnation of Johnson's political pamphlets, 293.

Tenderness, the want of, a proof of stupidity, ii. 122.

Testator, Johnson's joke about the, ii. 243; when his peals of laughter resound from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch, 244.

Testimony, common, the weight of, i. 341; compared with argument, i. 205.

"*Tête à tête*, a, man," iii. 370.

Tetrastick, on Goldsmith by Johnson, ii. 262.

Thames, the silver, Johnson and Boswell admire, i. 363.

Theatre at Lichfield, Johnson visits the, and receives the homage of his friends, iii. 53.

Themiseul, Hyacinthe de, author of the History of Prince Titi, account of, ii. 405, 407.

Theocritus, Johnson on, iii. 427.

Theodore, The Vision of, an allegory by Johnson, i. 141.

Thicknesse, Philip, His Journey through France and Spain, "entertaining," iii. 252.

Thinking, preaching, and acting, the three gradations exemplified, ii. 236.

Thirty-five, Johnson's verses to Mrs. Thrale with this refrain, iii. 1.

Thomas à Kempis, must be a good book, the world has opened its arms to receive it, iii. 244.

Thomas, Mr. Nathaniel, his collection of medals, iii. 129 n.

Thomson, sees every thing with a poetical eye, i. 359; Johnson's praise of, ii. 73; had true genius, his fault a cloud of words, iii. 85; Johnson reads a passage from, omitting every other line, 85; his sister gives information about Thomson to Boswell for Johnson, 150; materials for his Life, where to be found, 150; Boswell communicates some facts

about, to Johnson, 356; his sister, 356.
Thomson, Rev. James, arraignod for defamation, Boswell defends, on the ground of liberty of the pulpit, iii. 101, 106.
Thornton, Mr. Bonnell, i. 155; publishes a mock Rambler, 164; his burlesque Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, 333.
Thrale, Mr. and Mrs., in France, described by Johnson, ii. 347.
—— lose their only son, iii. 50; Johnson's great sorrow, 50, 51; and letter of condolence on, 52, 468; their rather cool reception of Johnson, 61.
—— Mr., successful in a contested election, ii. 265, 267; a good friend to Johnson for sixteen or seventeen years, iv. 250; contests the election for Southwark, iii. 423; Mrs. Piozzi's account of Johnson at his election, iii. 423; his death pathetically related by Johnson, iv. 43; Johnson one of his executors, *ibid.*
—— Mrs., Boswell meets her at Johnson's house, ii. 83; she invites him to Streatham, *ibid.*; Johnson's verses to, iii. 1; sometimes made Johnson angry, iii. 92; her second marriage, *ibid.* n.; has something of the insolence of wealth, iii. 319; at Bath, writes to Johnson, iii. 408, 409; copies select passages for Johnson, iv. 3; her beautiful handwriting, 3; her saying about Johnson's conversation, 68; Johnson writes to tell her of his having had a paralytic stroke, 161; "has done everything wrong since Thrale's bridle was off her neck," 202; informs Johnson of her marriage with Signor Piozzi, 250; extract from a letter of Johnson's on the occasion, 250; her change of tone regarding Johnson deplored, 251-6; instances of her inaccuracy, 251, 252, 253; censured for relating Johnson's rudeness to Mr. Cholmondeley, 254; for which he had expressed his regret, and apologized, 255; the report spread that Johnson wished to marry, 294.
Through. "Sir, do *you* read books *through?*" ii. 213.
Thuanus, Johnson contemplated a translation of, iv. 315.
Thurlow, Lord, his opinion on the matter of Mr. Thomson, iii. 106, 107; "is a fine fellow; he fairly puts his mind to yours," iv. 122; the only man Johnson would wish to prepare for meeting, iv. 240; Boswell's letter to, app. iv. 361, 362; his reply to Boswell, 247; calls on Sir J. Reynolds, to acquaint him of the failure of the "pious negotiation," 257; Johnson's letter to, 258, 259; his letter to Sir J. Reynolds, proposing to accept a mortgage on Johnson's pension, 259.
Tickell, Richard, his poem, The Project, iii. 320; various readings in Johnson's Life of, iv. 19.
Tillotson, much applauded, but not to be imitated, iii. 262.
Titi, Prince, and the Bibl. des Fées, ii. 354; Macaulay's note on, 403; Croker's note on, 404; editor's remarks on both, 404-10; *Histoire de, par Hyacinthe de Themiseul*, 405; extracts from, 407, 408; translation of, 407.
Tolcher, Mr., "a brisk young fellow of seventy-four," i. 398.
Toleration discussed, ii. 233.
Tongue, Government of the, Boswell quotes, iii. 372.
Tonson, Jacob, his edition of Rochester's Poems, iii. 215.
Tooke, Horne, his copy of the Dictionary, with notes by him, now in Lord Overstone's library, 229; account of, iii. 317 n.; his Diversions of Purley, iii. 351.

Toplady, Rev., A. M., vicar of Broad Hembury, ii. 232 n.
Torture practised in Holland, i. 371.
Tory, Boswell tells Johnson he is a zealous Tory, iv. 68; and Whig defined by Johnson, 68; feeling, Johnson's high, about family, ii. 311.
Tour to the Hebrides, decided on, ii. 245; carried out, 247.
Tower, the, a room at Streatham, where Johnson slept, ii. 305.
Towers, Dr. Joseph, his Letter to Johnson, against his political publications, ii. 292; extract from his Essay on Johnson's Life, iv. 6.
Town and country life compared, iii. 266.
Townley, Charles, his splendid collection of statues and pictures, iii. 152.
Townshend, Right Hon. Charles, his talents celebrated by Horace Walpole, and immortalized by Burke, ii. 209, 210 n.
—— Charles, the early friend of Akenside, iii. 59.
Townson, Rev. Dr., his Discourse on Evangelical History, ii. 241; rector of Malpas, iv. 375.
Trade, profits of, first calculated by Johnson for his father, i. 384.
—— does not bring so much money into a nation as is supposed, ii. 99; Johnson's Journey commended for its excellent sense on the subject of trade, iii. 170.
Translation, Boswell on style in, i. 52; of Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia, i. 51; of Father Paul Sarpi's History, 95; of Crousaz's Examen of Pope's Essay on Man, 98; of Abbé Guyon's Dissertation on the Amazons, 108; of Fontenelle's Panegyric on Dr. Morin, *ibid.*; of the Scriptures into the Gaelic language, proposed, ii. 43; Johnson's letters in favour of the latter, 43-47; Johnson once wrote six sheets of, in a day, iv. 77; Johnson on, iii. 84; in poetry, impossible to be perfect, iii. 269, 270.
Trapp, Dr., considerations on the case of his sermons, iv. 383.
Travelling and travellers, discussed, ii. 215.
—— Johnson's love of, iii. 37; Johnson's enthusiasm about, iii. 279; Boswell the best travelling companion in the world, 301.
Travels, Books of, "good in proportion to what a man previously has in his mind," iii. 306.
Traveller, Goldsmith's, reviewed by Johnson, ii. 5; "not so fine a poem since Pope's time," 24; Langton says there is not a bad line in it, iii. 266; Charles Fox called it one of the finest poems in the language, 266; Goldsmith's reputation after the publication of, iii. 322.
Travellers, their liability to mistake, iii. 253.
Trecothick, Mr. Alderman, iii. 115, 222.
"Tremendous companion," Johnson called a, iii. 171.
Trevelyan, Mr., quoted on Boswell's Corsica, ii. 60; on Boswell's admirable and rare talent, 61 n.
Trianon, visited, ii. 357.
Trimlestown, Lord, iii. 244, 245.
Trinity, Johnson's belief in the doctrine of, ii. 238.
Trinity College, Dublin, presents Johnson with the degree of doctor of laws, ii. 11.
Truth, to be ascertained only by persecution on the one hand, and enduring it on the other, ii. 234; "That truth which bears the semblance of a lie," Dante's lines on, quoted, iii. 247; physical and moral defined, 430; may it ever be violated? iv. 223.

Tyrwhitt, Professor, his edition of the ancient British laws, i. 278.

Tyson's Offices, Fust's edition the most curious, that of Grævius the most useful, ii. 391.

Tunbridge Wells, visited by Johnson, i. 241.

Turkish Spy, Boswell asks Johnson if this is a genuine book? iv. 157.

Turk's Head, The, Coffee House, in Gerrard Street, Soho, where The Club met one evening in every week, i. 374, ii. 2.

Turner, his genius first recognized by Maurice Lowe, iv. 393.

Twickenham, the great, Johnson compares Boswell to, iv. 132.

Twining, Mr., his translation of Aristotle's Poetics, iii. 86.

Tyers, Tom, his joke on Johnson's translating, "Te veneno dicis interfecisse," i. 244; Boswell meets, at Lord Mount Stuart's, iii. 311, 312; his biographical sketch, 312.

Tyrawley, Lord, Lord Chesterfield's witty saying about, ii. 201.

Tytler, Mr., his vindication of Mary Queen of Scots, i. 279; his commendation of Johnson's Journey, ii. 283.

Understanding, "Sir, I have found you an argument, but I am not obliged to find you an understanding," iv. 231.

Unhappiness, the only relief from, forgetting one's self for a little while, iii. 96.

Union, Johnson warns the Irish against the, iii. 394; few books printed in Scotland before the, ii. 204.

Universal History, list of authors of the, iv. 291.

Universal Passion, The, Young's, Johnson's high opinion of, iv. 22.

Universal Visitor, The, a miscellany to which Johnson sometimes contributed, ii. 315.

Universe, one of Johnson's masters published a spelling-book dedicated to the, i. 18.

Universities, English, impoverished of learning by the penury of their provisions, iii. 67.

Urban, Sylvanus, the name under which Mr. Edward Cave edited the Gentleman's Magazine, i. 75; Johnson's Latin verses to, 77.

Usher, the great luminary of the Irish Church, ii. 150.

Utrecht, Boswell finds dull after London, i. 375.

Uttoxeter, Johnson's expiatory penance at, iv. 283.

Vacuity, Johnson's excuse for being late, "Madam, I do not like to come down to vacuity," ii. 370.

Vallancy, Colonel, visits Johnson, iv. 198; dines at Mr. Dilly's, iv. 203.

Vanity, Goldsmith's virtues and vices both sprung from, iii. 84; Boswell's rebuked, iv. 132.

Vanity of Human Wishes, Johnson's poem in imitation of the tenth sat. Juvenal, published, i. 141; price paid for, 142, 143; Byron on, 143 n.; Johnson's emotion on reading, 143 n.; fine conclusion of, 144; Scott's testimony to the pathos of, iv. 10 n.

Vansittart, Dr. Robert, i. 275.

Vauxhall Gardens, founded by Mr. Jonathan Tyers, iii. 312 n.

Veal, Mrs., the appearance of, a fiction of Daniel Defoe's, ii. 160.

Vendome, Place de, ii. 352.

Veracity, Johnson's notorious, iii. 23; he commends "a dogged veracity," iii. 371.

Veritas, in vino, discussed, ii. 181.

Veronica, Boswell's daughter, iii. 163.

Versailles, visited, ii. 357.

Verses, Johnson questions the pleasure of writing, iv. 153.
—— Johnson's, To a Young Lady, i. 26; to a Young Author, 27; to a Lady on receiving a Sprig of Myrtle, 56; to Lady Firebrace on Robert Levett, iv. 87; to Mrs. Thrale on her thirty-fifth birthday, iii. 1.
—— by Lewis to Pope, iv. 224.
—— "A Young Miss's" on Ireland, iii. 321.
Vertot, René Aubert, Sieur de, author of *Revolutions Romaines*, ii. 222 n.
Vesey, Mr., elected a member of the Club, iii. 147.
Vestris, Johnson asked if it were true Vestris was teaching him to dance, iv. 39.
Vicar of Wakefield, expunged passages in the, iii. 370; Johnson tells of his selling it for Goldsmith, 322.
Vicious intromission, argument on, ii. 187, 191.
Village, The, by Crabbe, submitted to Johnson for revision, iv. 119; Johnson's letter to Crabbe on returning the MS., 119 n.
Vindication, Goldsmith's, for beating the bookseller, ii. 199.
Vine, Johnson prunes and waters one, iii. 387; and experiments with the leaves of, 388.
Virgil, translation of, i. 23; compared with Homer, by Johnson and Burke, iii. 216 n.; compared with Theocritus, 427; Baskerville's, presented by Johnson to the library of Trinity College, Oxford, ii. 77; a favourite quotation from, ii. 127.
Virtue and vice, never accustom your mind to mingle, ii. 231; discussed, iii. 348.
Vision of Theodore, i. 141.
Visits, list of, to be paid by Johnson, i. 186.
Voltaire, his generosity to Admiral Byng, i. 245 n.: his Candide, published before Rasselas, 270; quoted, 272; Boswell repeats to him Johnson's remarks on the King of Prussia, 346; he attacks Johnson in revenge for his remarks, ii. 19, 20 n.; his description of the difference between Pope and Dryden. 23; mistakes the meaning of Shakespeare, 92, 93 n.; on Dubos' *Reflexions Critiques*, 94; characterized by Johnson, 368; his dispute with St. Hyacinthe de Themiseul, 406.
Vows, Boswell defends the utility of, ii. 40; Johnson's horror of, iii. 354.
Voyage to Abyssinia, by Lobo, translated by Johnson, i. 51-53.
Vyse, Rev. Dr., i. 266, iii. 157, 158.

Wakefield, Vicar of, Goldsmith's, sold for him by Johnson, i. 329, 330; price given for it, 329; Johnson tells of his selling it, iii. 322; expunged passages in the, 370.
Wales, Johnson visits, with the Thrales, ii. 261, 262, 264; very much like England, 264; notes of the Tour published by Dr. Duppa, 265.
—— Prince of, his happy position, iv. 124.
Walford, Mr. Edward, claims to possess a replica of the Thrale portrait of Johnson, iv. 409.
Wall, Boswell wishes to have a good garden, but Johnson dissuades him, iv. 142.
—— Dr., a physician at Oxford, iv. 216.
Waller, his verses on Amoret quoted, ii. 328; Johnson's Life of, iv. 5; the excellence of the style of, 5; various readings in, 5; his Divine Poesie quoted on the Communion of Saints, iv. 213.

[illegible]

[illegible] Warburton [illegible] 211

[illegible] at Lichfield, and [illegible] by him [illegible] to get Johnson ap[illegible] master of a school 58; [illegible] to Johnson about [illegible] 65; recommends John[illegible] Mr. Colson, 67, 147.

Mrs. sister of Molly Aston, [illegible]

Walnut-tree, Johnson writes to Mrs. Aston describing one, ii. [illegible]

Walpole, Sir Robert, Boswell describes his character, i. 91; a minister given by the King to the people, ii. 187.

Horace, on the "new Parnassus," ii. 308, 309 n.; Johnson's opinion of, iv. 231.

Walsh, his poem the Retirement, quoted by Johnson, ii. 131.

Walton, Isaac, his Lives, one of Johnson's favourite books, ii. 330, 331 n.; a reprint of, proposed by Dr. Horne, ii. 260; new edition of proposed, iii. 31; republished by Rev. Mr. Zouch, iii. 141 n.

Wanderer, The, by Savage, praised by Johnson, iv. 211.

Wapping, Johnson recommends Windham and Boswell to explore, iv. 138; the visit recorded by Windham, 138 n.

Warburton, Dr., letter from, i. 3: praised Johnson at a time when praise was of value to him, [illegible] his commendation of Johnson's independence, 204: "the worst of Warburton is that he has a rage for saying something when there is nothing to be said," 257: Johnson praises his learning to George III., [illegible] his controversy with Lowth, [illegible] made a bishop by Pope, [illegible] Johnson's tribute [illegible] Dr. Parr's eulogy [illegible] met Johnson but once, [illegible] his genius and fertility [illegible] his Divine Legation praised, [illegible] his too strong expressions, [illegible]

Ward, Dr. Joshua, a celebrated quack, [illegible]

Warkworth, The Hermit of, Dr. Percy's ballad, i. 134 n.

Warley Camp, Johnson's visit to, [illegible]

Warnings, The Three, a poem by Mrs. Thrale, [illegible]

Warrants, General, the legality of, considered, [illegible]

Warren, Mr., the first bookseller in Birmingham, i. 50.

Warton, Dr. Joseph, his Essay on Pope, i. 356; the second volume published twenty-six years after the first, i. 356, iii. 246: Johnson's letters to, i. 193-5: letter to, on his opinion of Lear, ii. 115.

—— Rev. Mr. Thomas, letter to, on the way to study ancient authors, i. 209: notes of, on Johnson's visit to Oxford in 1754, 210-12: elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 253; letter to, introducing Baretti, 263; letters to, 216-8, 220-2, 227, 228; asking notes for the Shakespeare, ii. 114; "has powder without ball, Huggins has ball without powder," iii. 431; Johnson's parody of his

style, 187, 188; talks of biography with Johnson, 32.
Watch, the inscription on Johnson's, ii. 69, 70 n.
Waterfall, the, at Ashbourne, iii. 214.
Waters, Essay on, by Dr. Lucas, reviewed by Johnson, i. 243.
Watkinson, Dr., a friend of Dr. Campbell's, to whom his letters on Ireland were addressed, ii. 398.
Watson, Dr., Bishop of Llandaff, his Chemical Essays, iv. 69.
—— Robert, his History of Philip II., iii. 138.
Watts, Dr., Johnson endeavours to obtain particulars of his life, iii. 159.
Wealth of Nations, Adam Smith's, published, iii. 19.
Wealth and poverty discussed, i. 350, iii. 19, 20; the right enjoyment of, iv. 117.
Weather, Johnson will not allow that any one in health can be affected by the, i. 358; Johnson's contempt for those who talk of the, iv. 270.
Webster, Dr. Alexander, promises Johnson information about the Highlands, ii. 250; disappoints Johnson somewhat, 255.
Wedderburne, Mr. Alexander (Earl of Rosslyn, Lord Loughborough), his efforts to get rid of his Scotch accent, i. 307; afterwards Chief Justice, ii. 323; his practice in law, iii. 20; the high position he attained, iii. 58.
Wedding ring, Mrs. Johnson's, i. 180.
Welch, Mr. Saunders, dissuades Johnson from visiting the scene of the Cock Lane ghost story, i. 324; Johnson's friend, 235; letter to, on travelling, iii. 236, 237; "his swelling diction," iv. 126.
Welwyn, Mr. Young's residence at, iv. 70.
Wentworth, Mr., Johnson's schoolmaster, i. 22, 23.
Wesley, Mr. John, Boswell introduced to, by Johnson, iii. 384, 385; his conversation, iii. 247.
Western Islands of Scotland, Martin's account of, delights Johnson when a boy, i. 357; Johnson tells Boswell he will go to see them with him, 357.
Westminster, Boswell sends one of his boys to school at, iii. 66.
Westminster Abbey, Johnson buried in, iv. 322.
Wetherell, Dr., Master of University College, Oxford, ii. 325, iii. 28, iv. 226.
Whales. Goldsmith said, if Johnson were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales, ii. 218.
Wheeler, Dr. Benjamin, Johnson gives Dr. Burney a letter of introduction to him, iii. 362.
Whiggism, a negation of all principle, i. 343.
Whigs, "all made the same way," Johnson's story against Boswell, i. 343 n.
Whig and Tory defined by Johnson, iv. 68; enmity between, iv. 214; a bottomless Whig, iv. 156.
White, Rev. Henry, sacrist of Lichfield Cathedral, Johnson becomes intimate with, and relates to him the account of his penance at Uttoxeter, iv. 283.
—— Dr., of Pennsylvania, sends Johnson a copy of the American edition of Rasselas, ii. 197, 198 n.
—— Mrs., Johnson's servant, her legacy of £100 from Johnson, iv. 308.
Whitefoord, Mr. Caleb, his cross-readings of the newspapers, iv. 237.
Whitfield, George, his oratory, ii. 86; Johnson on his qualities and reputation, iii. 397.
Whitehead, Mr. William, i. 137 n.

Whitehead, Paul, i. 87; his complimentary verses to Garrick, i. 319.
"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," iv. 230.
"Who strives to mount Parnassus hill," verses by Dr. Bentley, commended by Johnson, iii. 443.
Whole Duty of Man, The. Who was the author? ii. 224.
Wife, on the loss of a, iii. 406; Johnson's sufferings on the loss of his, i. 215.
Wig, Johnson buys one in Paris, iii. 326; Johnson's always singed in front, 326 n.
Wilcox, Mr., bookseller, his advice to Johnson to "buy a porter's knot," i. 67.
Will. "Sir, we *know* our will is free, and there's an end on't," ii. 88.
Will, story of the destruction of the King's, told by Walpole, ii. 312 n.; Johnson makes his, iv. 308-10.
Wilkes, Mr., his *jeu d'esprit* on the Dictionary, i. 235; his exertions for the cause of freedom, ii. 81; and in the House of Commons, 112; Johnson describes as a scholar and a gentleman, iii. 208; gets Francis Barber discharged, when pressed, i. 277; Boswell's anxious desire to bring him and Johnson together, iii. 108; dines with Messrs. Dilly, to meet Johnson, 110; carried on the shoulders of the mob, Burke's classical pun on, iii. 324; joins Johnson in railing against Scotland, iv. 55, 56; Boswell negotiates for another dinner with Johnson and, iv. 157; his sentimental anecdote, iv. 256 n.
Williams, Mr. Zachariah, father of Anna Williams, received and assisted by Johnson, i. 236; account of, 237.
—— Mrs. Anna account of, and her being sheltered by Johnson, i. 177; Miss Hawkins's account of, 178; her account of Mrs. Johnson, i. 60; Johnson frequents her tea-table, i. 333, 334; her intimate acquaintance with Johnson enabled her to lead him on to talk, i. 368; makes tea for Johnson and his friends, ii. 100; a petitioner for Hetherington's Charity, ii. 266; her failing health, iii. 130, 131; her sad old age, iii. 161; Johnson's extreme kindness to her, 165; her death, iv. 165; Johnson feels her loss, 166, 169, 171; her legacy to a charity school, 171; Johnson on the death of, iv. 356.
Williams, Miss Helen Maria, her Ode on the Peace, repeated to her by Johnson, iv. 206.
Wilson, Florence, his *Tranquilitate Animi*, iii. 234.
—— Rev. Mr., dedicates his Archæological Dictionary to Johnson, iv. 108 n.; Johnson's letter to, 109.
Wilton, Miss, daughter of the sculptor, ii. 255.
Windham, Mr., Johnson expresses to him his wonder at the jealousy of the Scotch, ii. 284; goes forty miles out of his way to see Johnson and delights him with his charming conversation, iv. 266; Johnson's letter to, iv. 272; a friend both of Johnson and Boswell, iv. 127, 137; Johnson tells him before he goes to Ireland, "Don't be afraid, Sir, you will soon make a very pretty rascal," 138 n.; his attention to Johnson during his illness, iv. 313; at the Essex Head Club, iv. 201; Johnson leaves him some books, iv. 309.
Winds, Temple to the, at Moor Park, Johnson's Epigram on, iii. 369 n.
Wine, Johnson's abstinence from, ii. 25; the influence of, iii. 89;

the pleasure and danger of, iii. 260; discussion on its effects, bad and good, iii. 328, 329, 335; the merits of different kinds discussed, iii. 373; the moderate use of, favourable to composition, instanced by Addison and Blackstone, iv. 48.
Winter, Ode on, published in Gentleman's Magazine, i. 134.
Winter's Walk, The, a poem attributed to Johnson, i. 131, 132.
Wirgman, his toy shop, in St. James's Street, where Johnson buys his silver buckles, iii. 326.
Wise, Mr., Radclivian librarian, visited by Johnson at Ellesfield, i. 211, 215, 217.
Wise, A Word to the, Johnson writes a prologue to, iii. 148.
Wise man, Johnson would rather go 100 miles to see one, than 5 miles to see a fair town, i. 343.
Witches, the general belief of their having existed, ii. 173.
Wits, the, of Boswell's day, i. 313.
Wolf, Dr. Percy writes the History of the wolf in Great Britain, iii. 38.
Woman, Johnson carries a poor, home on his back, iv. 236; a, preaching, like a dog walking on its hind legs, i. 367.
Women, Johnson's joking depreciation of, iv. 215.
Wordy, Johnson said one of the Ramblers was too wordy, iii. 429.
Words. Johnson declares that in his Dictionary he has not added more than four or five of his own formation, i. 167.
Works, catalogue of Johnson's, Boswell gets Johnson to sanction and correct the one he drew up, iv. 334; of Johnson, catalogue of the prose, iv. 335; probable additions to, by Alexander Chalmers, 345; Johnson's, he contemplates a regular edition of, iv. 314; of Johnson, poetical, Boswell promises a complete edition of, iv. 335; Johnson's, he presents them to Pembroke College Library, i. 43.
World, The, a periodical paper, i. 334.
Wortley, Mr. Stuart, raises a regiment, and takes the command of it, iii. 388; he invites Boswell to accompany him, 389.
Woodhouse, Mr., the poetical shoemaker, ii. 16, 125.
Writers, several great writers characterized by Johnson, i. 166.
Writing, fine: "Read over your compositions, and whenever you meet with a passage which you think particularly fine, strike it out," ii. 223; a man should begin to write soon, iii. 434; no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money, iii. 72; Johnson denies that there is pleasure in, but only in having written well, iv. 153.
Wronghead, Sir Francis, a character in the Provoked Husband, described by Johnson, ii. 63.

Yonge, Sir William, writes the Epilogue to Irene, i. 146; his pronunciation, ii. 158.
Young, Dr., his Night Thoughts, ii. 98, iv. 22; Life of, by Mr. Herbert Croft, iv. 21; Johnson's account of his genius and writings, 21; not a gloomy man, 21; Mr. Langton's account of, 22.
—— Mr., son of the author of Night Thoughts, visited by Johnson and Boswell, iv. 70.
—— Mr., Professor of Greek at Glasgow, said to be the author of an imitation of Johnson's style, iv. 299.
Youth, Johnson thinks he knew as much as a youth of eighteen

as he did at fifty, i. 354; sketch of papers on, i. 152, 153.
Yvery, History of the House of, Boswell thinks a most meritorious work, iv. 136.
Zeck, George, Luke and Felicien, ii. 25.
Zenobia, Murphy's tragedy of, "too much Tig and Tirry in it," ii. 64.

END OF VOL. IV.

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

CATALOGUE OF

BOHN'S LIBRARIES.

736 *Volumes*, £158 9*s*.

The Publishers are now issuing the Libraries in a NEW AND MORE ATTRACTIVE STYLE OF BINDING. The original bindings endeared to many book-lovers by association will still be kept in stock, but henceforth all orders will be executed in the New binding, unless the contrary is expressly stated.

New Volumes of Standard Works in the various branches of Literature are constantly being added to this Series, which is already unsurpassed in respect to the number, variety, and cheapness of the Works contained in it. The Publishers beg to announce the following Volumes as recently issued or now in preparation :—

Johnson's Lives of the Poets. Edited by Mrs. Napier. 3 Vols. [*See p.* 6.

The Works of Flavius Josephus. Whiston's Translation. Revised by Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A. With Topographical and Geographical Notes by Colonel Sir C. W. Wilson, K.C.B. 5 volumes. [*See p.* 6.

North's Lives of the Norths. Edited by Rev. Dr. Jessopp. 3 vols. [*See p.* 7.

Goethe's Faust. Part I. The Original Text, with Hayward's Translation and Notes, carefully revised, with an Introduction and Bibliography, by C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D., Professor of German Language and Literature at King's College, London. [*In the Press.*

Arthur Young's Tour in Ireland. Edited by A. W. Hutton, Librarian, National Liberal Club. [*Preparing.*

Ricardo on the Principles of Political Economy and Taxation. Edited with Notes by E. C. K. Gonner, M.A., Lecturer, University College, Liverpool. [*In the press.*

Schopenhauer's Essays. Selected and Translated. By E. Belfort Bax. [*In the press.*

Edgeworth's Stories for Children. With 8 Illustrations by L. Speed. [*See p.* 4.

Racine's Plays. Second and Concluding Volume. Translated by R. B. Boswell. [*See p.* 7.

Hoffmann's Works. Translated by Lieut.-Colonel Ewing. Vol. II. [*In the press.*

Bohn's Handbooks of Games. New enlarged edition. In 2 vols. *See p.* 21.

Vol. I.—Table Games, by Major-General Drayson, R.A., R. F. Green, and 'Berkeley.'
II.—Card Games, by Dr. W. Pole, F.R.S., R. F. Green, 'Berkeley, and Baxter-Wray.

Bohn's Handbooks of Athletic Sports. [3 *vols. ready. See p.* 21.

By Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton, H. W. Wilberforce, Julian Marshall, Major Spens, Rev. J. A. Arnan Tait, W. T. Linskill, W. B. Woodgate, E. F. Knight, Martin Cobbett, Douglas Adams, Harry Vassall, C. W. Alcock, E. T. Sachs, H. H. Griffin, R. G. Allanson-Winn, Walter Armstrong, H. A. Colmore Dunn, C. Phillipps-Wolley, F. S. Creswell, A. F. Jenkin.

For BOHN'S SELECT LIBRARY, see p. 23.

BOHN'S LIBRARIES.

STANDARD LIBRARY.

336 *Vols. at* 3*s.* 6*d. each, excepting those marked otherwise.* (59*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*)

ADDISON'S Works. Notes of Bishop Hurd. Short Memoir, Portrait, and 8 Plates of Medals. 6 vols.
This is the most complete edition of Addison's Works issued.

ALFIERI'S Tragedies. In English Verse. With Notes, Arguments, and Introduction, by E. A. Bowring, C.B. 2 vols.

AMERICAN POETRY. — *See Poetry of America.*

BACON'S Moral and Historical Works, including Essays, Apophthegms, Wisdom of the Ancients, New Atlantis, Henry VII., Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Henry Prince of Wales, History of Great Britain, Julius Cæsar, and Augustus Cæsar. With Critical and Biographical Introduction and Notes by J. Devey, M.A. Portrait.

—— *See also Philosophical Library.*

BALLADS AND SONGS of the Peasantry of England, from Oral Recitation, private MSS., Broadsides, &c. Edit. by R. Bell.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. Selections. With Notes and Introduction by Leigh Hunt.

BECKMANN (J.) History of Inventions, Discoveries, and Origins. With Portraits of Beckmann and James Watt. 2 vols.

BELL (Robert).—*See Ballads, Chaucer, Green.*

BOSWELL'S Life of Johnson, with the TOUR in the HEBRIDES and JOHNSONIANA. New Edition, with Notes and Appendices, by the Rev. A. Napier, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Vicar of Holkham, Editor of the Cambridge Edition of the 'Theological Works of Barrow.' With Frontispiece to each vol. 6 vols.

BREMER'S (Frederika) Works. Trans. by M. Howitt. Portrait. 4 vols.

BRINK (B. ten). Early English Literature (to Wiclif). By Bernhard ten Brink. Trans. by Prof. H. M. Kennedy.

BROWNE'S (Sir Thomas) Works. Edit. by S. Wilkin, with Dr. Johnson's Life of Browne. Portrait. 3 vols.

BURKE'S Works. 6 vols.

—— **Speeches on the Impeachment** of Warren Hastings; and Letters. 2 vols.

—— **Life.** By Sir J. Prior. Portrait.

BURNS (Robert). Life of. By J. G. Lockhart, D.C.L. A new and enlarged edition. With Notes and Appendices by W. Scott Douglas. Portrait.

BUTLER'S (Bp.) Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature; with Two Dissertations on Identity and Virtue, and Fifteen Sermons. With Introductions, Notes, and Memoir. Portrait.

CAMOËN'S Lusiad, or the Discovery of India. An Epic Poem. Trans. from the Portuguese, with Dissertation, Historical Sketch, and Life, by W. J. Mickle. 5th edition.

CARAFAS (The) of Maddaloni. Naples under Spanish Dominion. Trans. from the German of Alfred de Reumont. Portrait of Massaniello.

CARREL. The Counter-Revolution in England for the Re-establishment of Popery under Charles II. and James II., by Armand Carrel; with Fox's History of James II. and Lord Lonsdale's Memoir of James II. Portrait of Carrel.

CARRUTHERS. — *See Pope, in Illustrated Library.*

CARY'S Dante. The Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Trans. by Rev. H. F. Cary, M.A. With Life, Chronological View of his Age, Notes, and Index of Proper Names. Portrait.
This is the authentic edition, containing Mr. Cary's last corrections, with additional notes.

CELLINI Benvenuto. **Memoirs of.** [illegible]

CERVANTES Saavedra. **Novels.** Portrait. [illegible]

— **Exemplary Novels.** Trans. by [illegible]

— **Don Quixote de la Mancha.** [illegible]

CHAUCER'S Poems. With Life. With Poems formerly attributed to him. With a Memoir, Glossarial Notes, and a Glossary by T. Tyrwhitt, improved edition, with Preliminary Essay by Rev. V. V. Jenner, M.A. Portrait. 2 vols.

CHARIC TALES. [illegible]

CHRISTIE'S 1848 France. A Series of Letters from Paris and Italy [illegible]

— **Alps in Relation.** Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit and Essays in Science and Common Prosperity. New Edition revised.

— **Table-Talk and Omniana.** By T. Ashe, B.A.

— **Lectures on Shakespeare and some Poets.** Edited by T. Ashe, B.A. [illegible]

— **Biographia Literaria; or, Biography of Literary Life and Opinions.** Two Lay Sermons.

— **Miscellanies, Æsthetic and Literary; to which is added, The Theory of Life.** Collected and arranged by T. Ashe, B.A.

COMMINES.—*See Philip.*

CONDÉ'S History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain. Trans. by Mrs. Foster. Portrait of Abderrahman ben Moawia. 2 vols.

COWPER'S Complete Works, Poems, Correspondence, and Translations. Edit. with Memoir by R. Southey. 45 Engravings. 8 vols.

COXE'S Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough. With his original Correspondence, from family records at Blenheim. Revised edition. Portraits. 3 vols.

*** An Atlas of the plans of Marlborough's campaigns, 4to. 10s. 6d.

CRAIK'S History of the House of Austria. From the Foundation of the Austrian or Austrian of Hapsburgh to the Death of Leopold II. [illegible] By Henry Craik. With Continuation from the accession of Francis I. to the Revolution of 1848. Portraits. 2 vols.

CUNNINGHAM'S Lives of the most Eminent British Painters. With Notes and a fresh Lives by Mrs. Heaton. 3 vols.

DEFOE'S Novels and Miscellaneous Works. With Prefaces and Notes, including those attributed to Sir W. Scott. Portrait. 7 vols.

DE LOLME'S Constitution of England, in which it is compared both with the Republican form of Government and the other Monarchies of Europe. Edit., with Life and Notes, by J. Macgregor.

DEVLIN'S History of Fortune. New Edition revised. By Henry Wilson. 1 vol. in cloth.

EDGEWORTH'S Stories for Children. With 8 Illustrations by L. Speed.

ELZE'S Shakespeare.—*See Shakespeare.*

EMERSON'S Works. 3 vols.

Vol. I.—Essays, Lectures, and Poems.

Vol. II.—English Traits, Nature, and Conduct of Life.

Vol. III.—Society and Solitude—Letters and Social Aims—Miscellaneous Papers (hitherto uncollected)—May-Day, &c.

FOSTER'S (John) Life and Correspondence. Edit. by J. E. Ryland. Portrait. 2 vols.

— **Lectures at Broadmead Chapel.** Edit. by J. E. Ryland. 2 vols.

— **Critical Essays contributed to the Eclectic Review.** Edit. by J. E. Ryland. 2 vols.

— **Essays: On Decision of Character; in a Man's writing Memoirs of Himself; on the epithet Romantic; on the aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion.**

— **Essays on the Evils of Popular Ignorance, and a Discourse on the Propagation of Christianity in India.**

— **Essay on the Improvement of Time, with Notes of Sermons and other Pieces.**

— **Fosteriana: selected from periodical papers, edit. by H. G. Bohn.**

FOX (Rt. Hon. C. J.)—*See Carrel.*

GIBBON'S Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Complete and unabridged, with variorum Notes; including those of Guizot, Wenck, Niebuhr, Hugo, Neander, and others. 7 vols. 2 Maps and Portrait.

GOETHE'S Works. Trans. into English by E. A. Bowring, C.B., Anna Swanwick, Sir Walter Scott, &c. &c. 14 vols.

Vols. I. and II.—Autobiography and Annals. Portrait.

Vol. III.—Faust. Complete.

Vol. IV.—Novels and Tales: containing Elective Affinities, Sorrows of Werther, The German Emigrants, The Good Women, and a Nouvelette.

Vol. V.—Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.

Vol. VI.—Conversations with Eckerman and Soret.

Vol. VII.—Poems and Ballads in the original Metres, including Hermann and Dorothea.

Vol. VIII.—Götz von Berlichingen, Torquato Tasso, Egmont, Iphigenia, Clavigo, Wayward Lover, and Fellow Culprits.

Vol. IX.—Wilhelm Meister's Travels. Complete Edition.

Vol. X.—Tour in Italy. Two Parts. And Second Residence in Rome.

Vol. XI.—Miscellaneous Travels, Letters from Switzerland, Campaign in France, Siege of Mainz, and Rhine Tour.

Vol. XII.—Early and Miscellaneous Letters, including Letters to his Mother, with Biography and Notes.

Vol. XIII.—Correspondence with Zelter.

Vol. XIV.—Reineke Fox, West-Eastern Divan and Achilleid. Translated in original metres by A. Rogers.

— Correspondence with Schiller. 2 vols.—*See Schiller.*

— Faust.—*See Collegiate Series.*

GOLDSMITH'S Works. 5 vols.

Vol. I.—Life, Vicar of Wakefield, Essays, and Letters.

Vol. II.—Poems, Plays, Bee, Cock Lane Ghost.

Vol. III.—The Citizen of the World, Polite Learning in Europe.

Vol. IV.—Biographies, Criticisms, Later Essays.

Vol. V.—Prefaces, Natural History, Letters, Goody Two-Shoes, Index.

GREENE, MARLOWE, and BEN JONSON (Poems of). With Notes and Memoirs by R. Bell.

GREGORY'S (Dr.) The Evidences, Doctrines, and Duties of the Christian Religion.

GRIMM'S Household Tales. With the Original Notes. Trans. by Mrs. A. Hunt. Introduction by Andrew Lang, M.A. 2 vols.

GUIZOT'S History of Representative Government in Europe. Trans. by A. R. Scoble.

— English Revolution of 1640. From the Accession of Charles I. to his Death. Trans. by W. Hazlitt. Portrait.

— History of Civilisation. From the Roman Empire to the French Revolution. Trans. by W. Hazlitt. Portraits. 3 vols.

HALL'S (Rev. Robert) Works and Remains. Memoir by Dr. Gregory and Essay by J. Foster. Portrait.

HAUFF'S Tales. The Caravan—The Sheikh of Alexandria—The Inn in the Spessart. Translated by Prof. S. Mendel.

HAWTHORNE'S Tales. 3 vols.

Vol. I.—Twice-told Tales, and the Snow Image.

Vol. II.—Scarlet Letter, and the House with Seven Gables.

Vol. III.—Transformation, and Blithedale Romance.

HAZLITT'S (W.) Works. 7 vols.

— Table-Talk.

— The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth and Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.

— English Poets and English Comic Writers.

— The Plain Speaker. Opinions on Books, Men, and Things.

— Round Table. Conversations of James Northcote, R.A.; Characteristics.

— Sketches and Essays, and Winterslow.

— Spirit of the Age; or, Contemporary Portraits. New Edition, by W. Carew Hazlitt.

HEINE'S Poems. Translated in the original Metres, with Life by E. A. Bowring, C.B.

— Travel-Pictures. The Tour in the Harz, Norderney, and Book of Ideas, together with the Romantic School. Trans. by F. Storr. With Maps and Appendices.

HOFFMANN'S Works. The Serapion Brethren. Vol. I. Trans. by Lt.-Col. Ewing. [*Vol. II. in the press.*

HOOPER'S (G.) Waterloo: The Downfall of the First Napoleon: a History of the Campaign of 1815. By George Hooper. With Maps and Plans. New Edition, revised.

[illegible] Dramatic Works. [illegible] Collected by [illegible]

[illegible] to History and Revo- [illegible] Portrait.

[illegible] Colonel. Memoirs [illegible] with her Autobio- [illegible] Siege of Lathom House. [illegible]

[illegible] Washington) Complete [illegible]

[illegible] and Letters. By his Nephew, [illegible] With Index and a [illegible]

[illegible] G. P. R. Life of Richard [illegible] Portraits of Richard and [illegible] 2 vols.

[illegible] XIV. Portraits. 2 vols.

[illegible] (Mrs.) Shakespeare's [illegible] Characteristics of Women. By [illegible]

[illegible] PAUL.—*See Richter.*

[illegible]'S Lives of the Poets. [illegible]

[illegible] (Ben). Poems of.—*See Greene.*

[illegible]PHUS (Flavius), The Works of. [illegible] Revised by Rev. [illegible] M.A. With Topographical [illegible] Notes by Colonel Sir [illegible] W. Wilson, K.C.B. 5 vols.

[illegible]IUS'S Letters. With Woodfall's [illegible] An Essay on the Authorship. Fac- [illegible] of Handwriting. 2 vols.

[illegible] FONTAINE'S Fables. In English [illegible] with Essay on the Fabulists. By [illegible] Wright.

[illegible]MARTINE'S The Girondists, or [illegible] Memoirs of the Patriots of the [illegible] Revolution. Trans. by H. T. [illegible] Portraits of Robespierre, Madame [illegible], and Charlotte Corday. 3 vols.

— The Restoration of Monarchy [illegible] France (a Sequel to The Girondists). Portraits. 4 vols.

— The French Revolution of 1848. Portraits.

[illegible]MB'S (Charles) Elia and Eliana. [illegible] Edition. Portrait.

LAMB'S (Charles) Specimens of English Dramatic Poets of the time of Elizabeth. With Notes and the Extracts from the Garrick Plays.

— Talfourd's Letters of Charles Lamb. New Edition, by W. Carew Hazlitt. 2 vols.

LANZI'S History of Painting in Italy, from the Period of the Revival of the Fine Arts to the End of the 18th Century. With Memoir and Portraits. Trans. by T. Roscoe. 3 vols.

LAPPENBERG'S England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings. Trans. by B. Thorpe. F.S.A. 2 vols.

LESSING'S Dramatic Works. Complete. By E. Bell, M.A. With Memoir by H. Zimmern. Portrait. 2 vols.

— Laokoon, Dramatic Notes, and Representation of Death by the Ancients. Trans. by E. C. Beasley and Helen Zimmern. Frontispiece.

LOCKE'S Philosophical Works, containing Human Understanding, Controversy with Bishop of Worcester, Malebranche's Opinions, Natural Philosophy, Reading and Study. With Introduction, Analysis, and Notes, by J. A. St. John. Portrait. 2 vols.

— Life and Letters, with Extracts from his Common-place Books. By Lord King.

LOCKHART (J. G.)—*See Burns.*

LUTHER'S Table-Talk. Trans. by W. Hazlitt. With Life by A. Chalmers, and LUTHER'S CATECHISM. Portrait after Cranach.

— Autobiography.—*See Michelet.*

MACHIAVELLI'S History of Florence, THE PRINCE, Savonarola, Historical Tracts, and Memoir. Portrait.

MARLOWE. Poems of.—*See Greene.*

MARTINEAU'S (Harriet) History of England (including History of the Peace) from 1800-1846. 5 vols.

MENZEL'S History of Germany, from the Earliest Period to the Crimean War. Portraits. 3 vols.

MICHELET'S Autobiography of Luther. Trans. by W. Hazlitt. With Notes.

— The French Revolution to the Flight of the King in 1791. Frontispiece.

MIGNET'S The French Revolution, from 1789 to 1814. Portrait of Napoleon.

MILTON'S Prose Works. With Preface, Preliminary Remarks by J. A. St. John, and Index. 5 vols. Portraits.

—— **Poetical Works.** With 120 Wood Engravings. 2 vols.

MITFORD'S (Miss) Our Village. Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery. 2 Engravings. 2 vols.

MOLIÈRE'S Dramatic Works. In English Prose, by C. H. Wall. With a Life and a Portrait. 3 vols.

'It is not too much to say that we have here probably as good a translation of Molière as can be given.'—*Academy.*

MONTAGU. Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Lord Wharncliffe's Third Edition. Edited by W. Moy Thomas. New and revised edition. With steel plates. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

MONTESQUIEU'S Spirit of Laws. Revised Edition, with D'Alembert's Analysis, Notes, and Memoir. 2 vols.

NEANDER (Dr. A.) History of the Christian Religion and Church. Trans. by J. Torrey. With Short Memoir. 10 vols.

—— **Life of Jesus Christ, in its Historical** Connexion and Development.

—— **The Planting and Training of** the Christian Church by the Apostles. With the Antignosticus, or Spirit of Tertullian. Trans. by J. E. Ryland. 2 vols.

—— **Lectures on the History of** Christian Dogmas. Trans. by J. E. Ryland. 2 vols.

—— **Memorials of Christian Life in** the Early and Middle Ages; including Light in Dark Places. Trans. by J. E. Ryland.

NORTH'S Lives of the Right Hon. Francis North, Baron Guildford, the Hon. Sir Dudley North, and the Hon. and Rev. Dr. John North. By the Hon. Roger North. Edited by A. Jessopp, D.D. With 3 Portraits. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

'Lovers of good literature will rejoice at the appearance of a new, handy, and complete edition of so justly famous a book, and will congratulate themselves that it has found so competent and skilful an editor as Dr. Jessopp.'—*Times.*

OCKLEY (S.) History of the Saracens and their Conquests in Syria, Persia, and Egypt. Comprising the Lives of Mohammed and his Successors to the Death of Abdalmelik, the Eleventh Caliph. By Simon Ockley, B.D., Portrait of Mohammed.

PASCAL'S Thoughts. Translated from the Text of M. Auguste Molinier by C. Kegan Paul. 3rd edition.

PERCY'S Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, consisting of Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of our earlier Poets, with some few of later date. With Essay on Ancient Minstrels, and Glossary. 2 vols.

PHILIP DE COMMINES. Memoirs of. Containing the Histories of Louis XI. and Charles VIII., and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. With the History of Louis XI., by Jean de Troyes. Translated, with a Life and Notes, by A. R. Scoble. Portraits. 2 vols.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES. Translated, with Notes and Life, by A. Stewart, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and G. Long, M.A. 4 vols.

POETRY OF AMERICA. Selections from One Hundred Poets, from 1776 to 1876. With Introductory Review, and Specimens of Negro Melody, by W. J. Linton. Portrait of W. Whitman.

RACINE'S (Jean) Dramatic Works. A metrical English version, with Biographical notice. By R. Bruce Boswell, M.A. Oxon. 2 vols.

RANKE (L.) History of the Popes, their Church and State, and their Conflicts with Protestantism in the 16th and 17th Centuries. Trans. by E. Foster. Portraits. 3 vols.

—— **History of Servia.** Trans. by Mrs. Kerr. To which is added, The Slave Provinces of Turkey, by Cyprien Robert.

—— **History of the Latin and Teutonic** Nations. 1494–1514. Trans. by P. A. Ashworth, translator of Dr. Gneist's 'History of the English Constitution.'

REUMONT (Alfred de).—*See Carafas.*

REYNOLDS' (Sir J.) Literary Works. With Memoir and Remarks by H. W. Beechy. 2 vols.

RICHTER (Jean Paul). Levana, a Treatise on Education; together with the Autobiography, and a short Memoir.

—— **Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces,** or the Wedded Life, Death, and Marriage of Siebenkaes. Translated by Alex. Ewing. The only complete English translation.

ROSCOE'S (W.) Life of Leo X., with Notes, Historical Documents, and Dissertation on Lucretia Borgia. 3 Portraits. 2 vols.

—— **Lorenzo de' Medici,** called 'The Magnificent,' with Copyright Notes, Poems, Letters, &c. With Memoir of Roscoe and Portrait of Lorenzo.

RUSSIA, History of, from the earliest Period to the Crimean War. By W. K. Kelly. 3 Portraits. 2 vols.

SCHILLER'S Works. 7 vols.
Vol. I.—History of the Thirty Years' War. Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M.A. Portrait.
Vol. II.—History of the Revolt in the Netherlands, the Trials of Counts Egmont and Horn, the Siege of Antwerp, and the Disturbance of France preceding the Reign of Henry IV. Translated by Rev. A. J. W. Morrison and L. Dora Schmitz.
Vol. III.—Don Carlos. R. D. Boylan—Mary Stuart. Mellish—Maid of Orleans. Anna Swanwick—Bride of Messina. A. Lodge, M.A. Together with the Use of the Chorus in Tragedy (a short Essay). Engravings.
These Dramas are all translated in metre.
Vol. IV.—Robbers—Fiesco—Love and Intrigue—Demetrius—Ghost Seer—Sport of Divinity.
The Dramas in this volume are in prose.
Vol. V.—Poems. E. A. Bowring, C.B.
Vol. VI.—Essays, Æsthetical and Philosophical, including the Dissertation on the Connexion between the Animal and Spiritual in Man.
Vol. VII.—Wallenstein's Camp. J. Churchill.—Piccolomini and Death of Wallenstein. S. T. Coleridge.—William Tell. Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., LL.D.

SCHILLER and GOETHE. Correspondence between, from A.D. 1794-1805. Trans. by L. Dora Schmitz. 2 vols.

SCHLEGEL (F.) Lectures on the Philosophy of Life and the Philosophy of Language. Trans. by A. J. W. Morrison.

—— **The History of Literature,** Ancient and Modern.

—— **The Philosophy of History.** With Memoir and Portrait. Trans. by J. B. Robertson.

—— **Modern History,** with the Lectures entitled Cæsar and Alexander, and The Beginning of our History. Translated by L. Purcell and R. H. Whitelock.

—— **Æsthetic and Miscellaneous** Works, containing Letters on Christian Art, Essay on Gothic Architecture, Remarks on the Romance Poetry of the Middle Ages, on Shakspeare, the Limits of the Beautiful, and on the Language and Wisdom of the Indians. By E. J. Millington.

SCHLEGEL (A. W.) Dramatic Art and Literature. By J. Black. With Memoir by Rev. A. J. W. Morrison. Portrait.

SCHUMANN (Robert), His Life and Works. By A. Reissmann. Trans. by A. L. Alger.

—— **Early Letters.** Translated by May Herbert. With Preface by Sir G. Grove.

SHAKESPEARE'S Dramatic Art. The History and Character of Shakspeare's Plays. By Dr. H. Ulrici. Trans. by L. Dora Schmitz. 2 vols.

SHAKESPEARE (William). A Literary Biography by Karl Elze, Ph.D., LL.D. Translated by L. Dora Schmitz. 5s.

SHERIDAN'S Dramatic Works. With Memoir. Portrait (after Reynolds).

SKEAT (Rev. W. W.)—*See Chaucer.*

SISMONDI'S History of the Literature of the South of Europe. Trans. by T. Roscoe. Portraits. 2 vols.

SMITH'S (Adam) Theory of Moral Sentiments; with Essay on the First Formation of Languages, and Critical Memoir by Dugald Stewart.

—— *See Economic Library.*

SMYTH'S (Professor) Lectures on Modern History; from the Irruption of the Northern Nations to the close of the American Revolution. 2 vols.

—— **Lectures on the French Revolution.** With Index. 2 vols.

SOUTHEY.—*See Cowper, Wesley, and (Illustrated Library) Nelson.*

STURM'S Morning Communings with God, or Devotional Meditations for Every Day. Trans. by W. Johnstone, M.A.

SULLY. Memoirs of the Duke of, Prime Minister to Henry the Great. With Notes and Historical Introduction. 4 Portraits. 4 vols.

TAYLOR'S (Bishop Jeremy) Holy Living and Dying, with Prayers, containing the Whole Duty of a Christian and the parts of Devotion fitted to all Occasions. Portrait.

TEN BRINK.—*See Brink.*

THIERRY'S Conquest of England by the Normans; its Causes, and its Consequences in England and the Continent. By W. Hazlitt. With short Memoir. 2 Portraits. 2 vols.

ULRICI (Dr.)—*See Shakespeare.*

VASARI. Lives of the most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Mrs. J. Foster, with selected Notes. Portrait. 6 vols., Vol. VI. being an additional Volume of Notes by Dr. J. P. Richter.

WERNER'S Templars in Cyprus. Trans. by E. A. M. Lewis.

WESLEY, the Life of, and the Rise and Progress of Methodism. By Robert Southey. Portrait. 5s.

WHEATLEY. A Rational Illustration of the Book of Common Prayer, being the Substance of everything Liturgical in all former Ritualist Commentators upon the subject. Frontispiece.

YOUNG (Arthur) Travels in France. Edited by Miss Betham Edwards. With a Portrait.

HISTORICAL LIBRARY.

22 *Volumes at* 5*s. each.* (5*l.* 10*s. per set.*)

EVELYN'S Diary and Correspondence, with the Private Correspondence of Charles I. and Sir Edward Nicholas, and between Sir Edward Hyde (Earl of Clarendon) and Sir Richard Browne. Edited from the Original MSS. by W. Bray, F.A.S. 4 vols. 45 Engravings (after Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, and Jamieson, &c.).

N.B.—This edition contains 130 letters from Evelyn and his wife, printed by permission, and contained in no other edition.

PEPYS' Diary and Correspondence. With Life and Notes, by Lord Braybrooke. 4 vols. With Appendix containing additional Letters, an Index, and 31 Engravings (after Vandyke, Sir P. Lely, Holbein, Kneller, &c.).

N.B.—This is a reprint of Lord Braybrooke's fourth and last edition, containing all his latest notes and corrections, the copyright of the publishers.

JESSE'S Memoirs of the Court of England under the Stuarts, including the Protectorate. 3 vols. With Index and 42 Portraits (after Vandyke, Lely, &c.).

—— **Memoirs of the Pretenders and** their Adherents. 6 Portraits.

NUGENT'S (Lord) Memorials of Hampden, his Party and Times. With Memoir. 12 Portraits (after Vandyke and others).

STRICKLAND'S (Agnes) Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest. From authentic Documents, public and private. 6 Portraits. 6 vols.

—— **Life of Mary Queen of Scots.** 2 Portraits. 2 vols.

—— **Lives of the Tudor and Stuart** Princesses. With 2 Portraits.

PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY.

16 *Vols. at* 5*s. each, excepting those marked otherwise.* (3*l.* 14*s. per set.*)

BACON'S Novum Organum and Advancement of Learning. With Notes by J. Devey, M.A.

BAX. A Handbook of the History of Philosophy, for the use of Students. By E. Belfort Bax, Editor of Kant's 'Prolegomena.'

COMTE'S Philosophy of the Sciences. An Exposition of the Principles of the *Cours de Philosophie Positive.* By G. H. Lewes, Author of 'The Life of Goethe.'

DRAPER (Dr. J. W.) A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. 2 vols.

HEGEL'S Philosophy of History. By J. Sibree, M.A.

KANT'S Critique of Pure Reason. By J. M. D. Meiklejohn.

—— **Prolegomena and Metaphysical** Foundations of Natural Science, with Biography and Memoir by E. Belfort Bax. Portrait.

LOGIC, or the Science of Inference. A Popular Manual. By J. Devey.

MILLER (Professor). History Philosophically Illustrated, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution. With Memoir. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

SCHOPENHAUER on the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason, and on the Will in Nature. Trans. from the German.

—— **Essays.** Selected and Translated by E. Belfort Bax. [*In the press.*

SPINOZA'S Chief Works. Trans. with Introduction by R. H. M. Elwes. 2 vols.

Vol. I.—Tractatus Theologico-Politicus —Political Treatise.

Vol. II.—Improvement o the Understanding—Ethics—Letters.

THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY.

15 *Vols. at* 5*s. each (except* [illegible] 5*s.* 6*d.*) (3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d. per set.*)

BLEEK. Introduction to the Old Testament. *By Friedrich Bleek.* Trans. under the supervision of Rev. E. Venables. Prebendary Canon of Lincoln. 2 vols.

CHILLINGWORTH'S Religion of Protestants. 3*s.* 6*d.*

EUSEBIUS. Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius Pamphilius, Bishop of Cæsarea. Trans. by Rev. C. F. Cruse, M.A. With Notes, Life, and Chronological Tables.

EVAGRIUS. History of the Church. —*See Theodoret.*

HARDWICK. History of the Articles of Religion; to which is added a Series of Documents from A.D. 1536 to A.D. 1615. Ed. by Rev. F. Procter.

HENRY'S (Matthew) Exposition of the Book of Psalms. Numerous Woodcuts.

PEARSON (John, D.D.) Exposition of the Creed. Edit. by E. Walford, M.A. With Notes, Analysis, and Indexes.

PHILO-JUDÆUS, Works of. The Contemporary of Josephus. Trans. by C. D. Yonge. 4 vols.

PHILOSTORGIUS. Ecclesiastical History of.—*See Sozomen.*

SOCRATES' Ecclesiastical History. Comprising a History of the Church from Constantine, A.D. 305, to the 38th year of Theodosius II. With Short Account of the Author, and selected Notes.

SOZOMEN'S Ecclesiastical History. A.D. 324-440. With Notes, Prefatory Remarks by Valesius, and Short Memoir. Together with the ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF PHILOSTORGIUS, as epitomised by Photius. Trans. by Rev. E. Walford, M.A. With Notes and brief Life.

THEODORET and EVAGRIUS. Histories of the Church from A.D. 332 to the Death of Theodore of Mopsuestia, A.D. 427; and from A.D. 431 to A.D. 544. With Memoirs.

WIESELER'S (Karl) Chronological Synopsis of the Four Gospels. Trans. by Rev. Canon Venables.

ANTIQUARIAN LIBRARY.

35 *Vols. at* 5*s. each.* (8*l.* 15*s. per set.*)

ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. — *See Bede.*

ASSER'S Life of Alfred. - *See Six O. E. Chronicles.*

BEDE'S (Venerable) Ecclesiastical History of England. Together with the ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. With Notes, Short Life, Analysis, and Map. Edit. by J. A. Giles, D.C.L.

BOETHIUS'S Consolation of Philo-sophy. King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon Version of. With an English Translation on opposite pages, Notes, Introduction, and Glossary, by Rev. S. Fox, M.A. To which is added the Anglo-Saxon Version of the METRES OF BOETHIUS, with a free Translation by Martin F. Tupper, D.C.L.

BRAND'S Popular Antiquities of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar and Provincial Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. By Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., F.R.S. Frontispiece. 3 vols.

CHRONICLES of the CRUSADES. Contemporary Narratives of Richard Cœur de Lion, by Richard of Devizes and Geoffrey de Vinsauf; and of the Crusade at Saint Louis, by Lord John de Joinville. With Short Notes. Illuminated Frontispiece from an old MS.

DYER'S (T. F. T.) British Popular Customs, Present and Past. An Account of the various Games and Customs associated with different Days of the Year in the British Isles, arranged according to the Calendar. By the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M.A.

EARLY TRAVE[illegible] PALES[illegible] Comprising the [illegible] Willibald, Berna[illegible] [illegible] jamin of Tudela, [illegible] De l[illegible] abrid[illegible]

ELLIS (G.) Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, relating to Arthur, Merlin, Guy of Warwick, Richard Cœur de Lion, Charlemagne, Roland, &c. &c. With Historical Introduction by J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S. Illuminated Frontispiece from an old MS.

ETHELWERD. Chronicle of.—*See Six O. E. Chronicles.*

FLORENCE OF WORCESTER'S Chronicle, with the Two Continuations: comprising Annals of English History from the Departure of the Romans to the Reign of Edward I. Trans., with Notes, by Thomas Forester, M.A.

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH. Chronicle of.—*See Six O. E. Chronicles.*

GESTA ROMANORUM, or Entertaining Moral Stories invented by the Monks. Trans. with Notes by the Rev. Charles Swan. Edit. by W. Hooper, M.A.

GILDAS. Chronicle of.—*See Six O. E. Chronicles.*

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS' Historical Works. Containing Topography of Ireland, and History of the Conquest of Ireland, by Th. Forester, M.A. Itinerary through Wales, and Description of Wales, by Sir R. Colt Hoare.

HENRY OF HUNTINGDON'S History of the English, from the Roman Invasion to the Accession of Henry II.; with the Acts of King Stephen, and the Letter to Walter. By T. Forester, M.A. Frontispiece from an old MS.

INGULPH'S Chronicles of the Abbey of Croyland, with the CONTINUATION by Peter of Blois and others. Trans. with Notes by H. T. Riley, B.A.

KEIGHTLEY'S (Thomas) Fairy Mythology, illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries. Frontispiece by Cruikshank.

LEPSIUS'S Letters from Egypt, Ethiopia, and the Peninsula of Sinai; to which are added, Extracts from his Chronology of the Egyptians, with reference to the Exodus of the Israelites. By L. and J. B. Horner. Maps and Coloured View of Mount Barkal.

MALLET'S Northern Antiquities, or an Historical Account of the Manners, Customs, Religions, and Literature of the Ancient Scandinavians. Trans. by Bishop Percy. With Translation of the PROSE EDDA, and Notes by J. A. Blackwell. - -- Abstract of the 'Eyrbyggia Saga' Walter Scott. With Glossary [illegible] Frontispiece.

MARCO POLO'S Travels; with Notes and Introduction. Edit. by T. Wright.

MATTHEW PARIS'S English History, from 1235 to 1273. By Rev. J. A. Giles, D.C.L. With Frontispiece. 3 vols.—*See also Roger of Wendover.*

MATTHEW OF WESTMINSTER'S Flowers of History, especially such as relate to the affairs of Britain, from the beginning of the World to A.D. 1307. By C. D. Yonge. 2 vols.

NENNIUS. Chronicle of.—*See Six O. E. Chronicles.*

ORDERICUS VITALIS' Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy. With Notes, Introduction of Guizot, and the Critical Notice of M. Delille, by T. Forester, M.A. To which is added the CHRONICLE OF ST. EVROULT. With General and Chronological Indexes. 4 vols.

PAULI'S (Dr. R.) Life of Alfred the Great. To which is appended Alfred's ANGLO-SAXON VERSION OF OROSIUS. With literal Translation interpaged, Notes, and an ANGLO-SAXON GRAMMAR and Glossary, by B. Thorpe. Frontispiece.

RICHARD OF CIRENCESTER. Chronicle of.—*See Six O. E. Chronicles.*

ROGER DE HOVEDEN'S Annals of English History, comprising the History of England and of other Countries of Europe from A.D. 732 to A.D. 1201. With Notes by H. T. Riley, B.A. 2 vols.

ROGER OF WENDOVER'S Flowers of History, comprising the History of England from the Descent of the Saxons to A.D. 1235, formerly ascribed to Matthew Paris. With Notes and Index by J. A. Giles, D.C.L. 2 vols.

SIX OLD ENGLISH CHRONICLES: viz., Asser's Life of Alfred and the Chronicles of Ethelwerd, Gildas, Nennius, Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Richard of Cirencester. Edit., with Notes, by J. A. Giles, D.C.L. Portrait of Alfred.

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY'S Chronicle of the Kings of England, from the Earliest Period to King Stephen. By Rev. J. Sharpe. With Notes by J. A. Giles, D.C.L. Frontispiece.

YULE-TIDE STORIES. A Collection of Scandinavian and North-German Popular Tales and Traditions, from the Swedish, Danish, and German. Edit. by B. Thorpe.

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY.

80 *Vols. at 5s. each, excepting those marked otherwise.* (19*l.* 17*s.* 6*d. per set.*)

ALLEN'S (Joseph, R.N.) Battles of the British Navy. Revised edition, with Indexes of Names and Events, and 57 Portraits and Plans. 2 vols.

ANDERSEN'S Danish Fairy Tales. By Caroline Peachey. With Short Life and 120 Wood Engravings.

ARIOSTO'S Orlando Furioso. In English Verse by W. S. Rose. With Notes and Short Memoir. Portrait after Titian, and 24 Steel Engravings. 2 vols.

BECHSTEIN'S Cage and Chamber Birds: their Natural History, Habits, &c. Together with SWEET'S BRITISH WARBLERS. 43 Coloured Plates and Woodcuts.

BONOMI'S Nineveh and its Palaces. The Discoveries of Botta and Layard applied to the Elucidation of Holy Writ. 7 Plates and 294 Woodcuts.

BUTLER'S Hudibras, with Variorum Notes and Biography. Portrait and 28 Illustrations.

CATTERMOLE'S Evenings at Haddon Hall. Romantic Tales of the Olden Times. With 24 Steel Engravings after Cattermole.

CHINA, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical, with some account of Ava and the Burmese, Siam, and Anam. Map, and nearly 100 Illustrations.

CRAIK'S (G. L.) Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties. Illustrated by Anecdotes and Memoirs. Numerous Woodcut Portraits.

CRUIKSHANK'S Three Courses and a Dessert; comprising three Sets of Tales, West Country, Irish, and Legal; and a Mélange. With 50 Illustrations by Cruikshank.

—— **Punch and Judy.** The Dialogue of the Puppet Show; an Account of its Origin, &c. 24 Illustrations and Coloured Plates by Cruikshank.

DANTE, in English Verse, by I. C. Wright, M.A. With Introduction and Memoir. Portrait and 34 Steel Engravings after Flaxman.

DIDRON'S Christian Iconography; a History of Christian Art in the Middle Ages. By the late A. N. Didron. Trans. by E. J. Millington, and completed, with Additions and Appendices, by Margaret Stokes. 2 vols. With numerous Illustrations.

Vol. I. The History of the Nimbus, the Aureole, and the Glory; Representations of the Persons of the Trinity.

Vol. II. The Trinity; Angels; Devils The Soul; The Christian Scheme. Appendices.

DYER (Dr. T. H.) Pompeii: its Buildings and Antiquities. An Account of the City, with full Description of the Remains and Recent Excavations, and an Itinerary for Visitors. By T. H. Dyer, LL.D. Nearly 300 Wood Engravings, Map, and Plan. 7*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Rome:** History of the City, with Introduction on recent Excavations. 8 Engravings, Frontispiece, and 2 Maps.

GIL BLAS. The Adventures of. From the French of Lesage by Smollett. 24 Engravings after Smirke, and 10 Etchings by Cruikshank. 612 pages. 6*s.*

GRIMM'S Gammer Grethel; or, German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories, containing 42 Fairy Tales. By Edgar Taylor. Numerous Woodcuts after Cruikshank and Ludwig Grimm. 3*s.* 6*d.*

HOLBEIN'S Dance of Death and Bible Cuts. Upwards of 150 Subjects, engraved in facsimile, with Introduction and Descriptions by the late Francis Douce and Dr. Dibdin.

INDIA, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical, from the Earliest Times. 100 Engravings on Wood and Map.

JESSE'S Anecdotes of Dogs. With 40 Woodcuts after Harvey, Bewick, and others; and 34 Steel Engravings after Cooper and Landseer.

KING'S (C. W.) Natural History of Precious Stones and Metals. Illustrations. 6*s.*

KRUMMACHER'S Parables. 40 Illustrations.

LODGE'S Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Biographical and Historical Memoirs. 240 Portraits engraved on Steel, with the respective Biographies unabridged. Complete in 8 vols.

LONGFELLOW'S Poetical Works, including his Translations and Notes. 24 full-page Woodcuts by Birket Foster and others, and a Portrait.

—— Without the Illustrations, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Prose Works.** With 16 full-page Woodcuts by Birket Foster and others.

LOUDON'S (Mrs.) Entertaining Naturalist. Popular Descriptions, Tales, and Anecdotes, of more than 500 Animals. Numerous Woodcuts.

MARRYAT'S (Capt., R.N.) Masterman Ready; or, the Wreck of the *Pacific.* (Written for Young People.) With 93 Woodcuts. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Mission; or, Scenes in Africa.** (Written for Young People.) Illustrated by Gilbert and Dalziel. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Pirate and Three Cutters.** (Written for Young People.) With a Memoir. 8 Steel Engravings after Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Privateersman.** Adventures by Sea and Land One Hundred Years Ago. (Written for Young People.) 8 Steel Engravings. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Settlers in Canada.** (Written for Young People.) 10 Engravings by Gilbert and Dalziel. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Poor Jack.** (Written for Young People.) With 16 Illustrations after Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Midshipman Easy.** With 8 full-page Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Peter Simple.** With 8 full-page Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

MAXWELL'S Victories of Wellington and the British Armies. Frontispiece and 4 Portraits.

MICHAEL ANGELO and RAPHAEL, Their Lives and Works. By Duppa and Quatremère de Quincy. Portraits and Engravings, including the Last Judgment, and Cartoons.

MILLER'S History of the Anglo-Saxons, from the Earliest Period to the Norman Conquest. Portrait of Alfred, Map of Saxon Britain, and 12 Steel Engravings.

MUDIE'S History of Brit [illegible] **ds.** Revised by W. C. L. Martin. [illegible] of Birds and 7 coloured Plates [illegible] 2 vols.

NAVAL and MILITARY HEROES of Great Britain; a Record of British Valour on every Day in the year, from William the Conqueror to the Battle of Inkermann. By Major Johns, R.M., and Lieut. P. H. Nicolas, R.M. Indexes. 24 Portraits after Holbein, Reynolds, &c. 6*s.*

NICOLINI'S History of the Jesuits: their Origin, Progress, Doctrines, and Designs. 8 Portraits.

PETRARCH'S Sonnets, Triumphs, and other Poems, in English Verse. With Life by Thomas Campbell. Portrait and 15 Steel Engravings.

PICKERING'S History of the Races of Man, and their Geographical Distribution; with AN ANALYTICAL SYNOPSIS OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN. By Dr. Hall. Map of the World and 12 coloured Plates.

PICTORIAL HANDBOOK OF Modern Geography on a Popular Plan. Compiled from the best Authorities, English and Foreign, by H. G. Bohn. 150 Woodcuts and 51 coloured Maps.

—— Without the Maps, 3*s.* 6*d.*

POPE'S Poetical Works, including Translations. Edit., with Notes, by R. Carruthers. 2 vols.

—— **Homer's Iliad,** with Introduction and Notes by Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A. With Flaxman's Designs.

—— **Homer's Odyssey,** with the BATTLE OF FROGS AND MICE, Hymns, &c., by other translators including Chapman. Introduction and Notes by J. S. Watson, M.A. With Flaxman's Designs.

—— **Life,** including many of his Letters. By R. Carruthers. Numerous Illustrations.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN, and other objects of Vertu. Comprising an Illustrated Catalogue of the Bernal Collection, with the prices and names of the Possessors. Also an Introductory Lecture on Pottery and Porcelain, and an Engraved List of all Marks and Monograms. By H. G. Bohn. Numerous Woodcuts.

—— With coloured Illustrations, 10*s.* 6*d.*

PROUT'S (Father) Reliques. Edited by Rev. F. Mahony. Copyright edition, with the Author's last corrections and additions. 21 Etchings by D. Maclise, R.A. Nearly 600 pages.

RE [illegible] **With**

RENNIE. Insect Architecture. Revised by Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. 186 Woodcuts.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. With Memoir of Defoe, 12 Steel Engravings and 74 Woodcuts after Stothard and Harvey.

—— Without the Engravings, 3*s.* 6*d.*

ROME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. An Account in 1817 of the Ruins of the Ancient City, and Monuments of Modern Times. By C. A. Eaton. 34 Steel Engravings. 2 vols.

SHARPE (S.) The History of Egypt, from the Earliest Times till the Conquest by the Arabs, A.D. 640. 2 Maps and upwards of 400 Woodcuts. 2 vols.

SOUTHEY'S Life of Nelson. With Additional Notes, Facsimiles of Nelson's Writing, Portraits, Plans, and 50 Engravings, after Birket Foster, &c.

STARLING'S (Miss) Noble Deeds of Women; or, Examples of Female Courage, Fortitude, and Virtue. With 14 Steel Portraits.

STUART and REVETT'S Antiquities of Athens, and other Monuments of Greece; with Glossary of Terms used in Grecian Architecture. 71 Steel Plates and numerous Woodcuts.

SWEET'S British Warblers. 5*s.*—*See Bechstein.*

TALES OF THE GENII; or, the Delightful Lessons of Horam, the Son of Asmar. Trans. by Sir C. Morrell. Numerous Woodcuts.

TASSO'S Jerusalem Delivered. In English Spenserian Verse, with Life, by J. H. Wiffen. With 8 Engravings and 24 Woodcuts.

WALKER'S Manly Exercises; containing Skating, Riding, Driving, Hunting, Shooting, Sailing, Rowing, Swimming, &c. 44 Engravings and numerous Woodcuts.

WALTON'S Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, by Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. With Memoirs and Notes by E. Jesse. Also an Account of Fishing Stations, Tackle, &c., by H. G. Bohn. Portrait and 203 Woodcuts, and 26 Engravings on Steel.

—— **Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker,** &c., with Notes. A New Edition, revised by A. H. Bullen, with a Memoir of Izaak Walton by William Dowling. 6 Portraits, 6 Autograph Signatures, &c.

WELLINGTON, Life of. From the Materials of Maxwell. 18 Steel Engravings.

—— **Victories of.**—*See Maxwell.*

WESTROPP (H. M.) A Handbook of Archæology, Egyptian, Greek, Etruscan, Roman. By H. M. Westropp. Numerous Illustrations.

WHITE'S Natural History of Selborne, with Observations on various Parts of Nature, and the Naturalists' Calendar. Sir W. Jardine. Edit., with Notes and Memoir, by E. Jesse. 40 Portraits and coloured Plates.

CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

Translations from the Greek and Latin.

103 *Vols. at* 5*s. each, excepting those marked otherwise.* (25*l.* 4*s.* 6*d. per set.*)

ACHILLES TATIUS.—*See Greek Romances.*

ÆSCHYLUS, The Dramas of. In English Verse by Anna Swanwick. 4th edition.

—— **The Tragedies of.** In Prose, with Notes and Introduction, by T. A. Buckley, B.A. Portrait. 3*s.* 6*d.*

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS. History of Rome during the Reigns of Constantius, Julian, Jovianus, Valentinian, and Valens, by C. D. Yonge, B.A. Double volume. 7*s.* 6*d.*

ANTONINUS (M. Aurelius), The Thoughts of. Translated, with Notes. Biographical Sketch, and Essay on the Philosophy, by George Long, M.A. 3*s.* 6*d.* Fine Paper edition on hand-made paper. 6*s.*

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 'The Argonautica.' Translated by E. P. Coleridge.

APULEIUS, The Works of. Comprising the Golden Ass, God of Socrates, Florida, and Discourse of Magic, &c. Frontispiece.

ARISTOPHANES' Comedies. Trans., with Notes and Extracts from Frere's and other Metrical Versions, by W. J. Hickie. Portrait. 2 vols.

ARISTOTLE'S Nicomachean Ethics. Trans., with Notes, Analytical Introduction, and Questions for Students, by Ven. Archdn. Browne.

— **Politics and Economics.** Trans., with Notes, Analyses, and Index, by E. Walford, M.A., and an Essay and Life by Dr. Gillies.

— **Metaphysics.** Trans., with Notes, Analysis, and Examination Questions, by Rev. John H. M'Mahon, M.A.

— **History of Animals.** In Ten Books. Trans., with Notes and Index, by R. Cresswell, M.A.

— **Organon**; or, Logical Treatises, and the Introduction of Porphyry. With Notes, Analysis, and Introduction, by Rev. O. F. Owen, M.A. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

— **Rhetoric and Poetics.** Trans., with Hobbes' Analysis, Exam. Questions, and Notes, by T. Buckley, B.A. Portrait.

ATHENÆUS. The Deipnosophists. Trans. by C. D. Yonge, B.A. With an Appendix of Poetical Fragments. 3 vols.

ATLAS of Classical Geography. 22 large Coloured Maps. With a complete Index. Imp. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

BION.—*See Theocritus.*

CÆSAR. Commentaries on the Gallic and Civil Wars, with the Supplementary Books attributed to Hirtius, including the complete Alexandrian, African, and Spanish Wars. Portrait.

CATULLUS, Tibullus, and the Vigil of Venus. Trans. with Notes and Biographical Introduction. To which are added, Metrical Versions by Lamb, Grainger, and others. Frontispiece.

CICERO'S Orations. Trans. by C. D. Yonge, B.A. 4 vols.

— **On Oratory and Orators.** With Letters to Quintus and Brutus. Trans., with Notes, by Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A.

— **On the Nature of the Gods,** Divination, Fate, Laws, a Republic, Consulship. Trans. by C. D. Yonge, B.A.

— **Academics,** De Finibus, and Tusculan Questions. By C. D. Yonge, B.A. With Sketch of the Greek Philosophers mentioned by Cicero.

CICERO'S Works.—*Continued.*

— **Offices**; or, Moral Duties. Cato Major, an Essay on Old Age; Lælius, an Essay on Friendship; Scipio's Dream; Paradoxes; Letter to Quintus on Magistrates. Trans., with Notes, by C. R. Edmonds. Portrait. 3*s.* 6*d.*

DEMOSTHENES' Orations. Trans., with Notes, Arguments, a Chronological Abstract, and Appendices, by C. Rann Kennedy. 5 vols. (One, 3*s.* 6*d*; four, 5*s.*)

DICTIONARY of LATIN and GREEK Quotations; including Proverbs, Maxims, Mottoes, Law Terms and Phrases. With the Quantities marked, and English Translations. With Index Verborum (622 pages).

— Index Verborum to the above, with the *Quantities* and Accents marked (56 pages), limp cloth. 1*s.*

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. Lives and Opinions of the Ancient Philosophers. Trans., with Notes, by C. D. Yonge, B.A.

EPICTETUS. The Discourses of. With the Encheiridion and Fragments. With Notes, Life, and View of his Philosophy, by George Long, M.A.

EURIPIDES. Trans. by T. A. Buckley, B.A. Portrait. 2 vols.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY. In English Prose by G. Burges, M.A. With Metrical Versions by Bland, Merivale, and others.

GREEK ROMANCES of Heliodorus, Longus, and Achilles Tatius; viz., The Adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea; Amours of Daphnis and Chloe; and Loves of Clitopho and Leucippe. Trans., with Notes, by Rev. R. Smith, M.A.

HELIODORUS.—*See Greek Romances.*

HERODOTUS. Literally trans. by Rev. Henry Cary, M.A. Portrait.

HESIOD, CALLIMACHUS, and Theognis. In Prose, with Notes and Biographical Notices by Rev. J. Banks, M.A. Together with the Metrical Versions of Hesiod, by Elton; Callimachus, by Tytler; and Theognis, by Frere.

HOMER'S Iliad. In English Prose, with Notes by T. A. Buckley, B.A. Portrait.

— **Odyssey,** Hymns, Epigrams, and Battle of the Frogs and Mice. In English Prose, with Notes and Memoir by T. A. Buckley, B.A.

HORACE. In Prose by Smart, with Notes selected by T. A. Buckley, B.A. Portrait. 3*s.* 6*d.*

JULIAN THE EMPEROR. Containing Gregory Mazianzen's Two Invectives and Libanus' Monody, with Julian's Theosophical Works. By the Rev. C. W. King, M.A.

JUSTIN, CORNELIUS NEPOS, and Eutropius. Trans., with Notes, by Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A.

JUVENAL, PERSIUS, SULPICIA, and Lucilius. In Prose, with Notes, Chronological Tables, Arguments, by L. Evans, M.A. To which is added the Metrical Version of Juvenal and Persius by Gifford. Frontispiece.

LIVY. The History of Rome. Trans. by Dr. Spillan and others. 4 vols. Portrait.

LONGUS. Daphnis and Chloe.—*See Greek Romances.*

LUCAN'S Pharsalia. In Prose, with Notes by H. T. Riley.

LUCIAN'S Dialogues of the Gods, of the Sea Gods, and of the Dead. Trans. by Howard Williams, M.A.

LUCRETIUS. In Prose, with Notes and Biographical Introduction by Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A. To which is added the Metrical Version by J. M. Good.

MARTIAL'S Epigrams, complete. In Prose, with Verse Translations selected from English Poets, and other sources. Dble. vol. (670 pages). 7*s.* 6*d.*

MOSCHUS.—*See Theocritus.*

OVID'S Works, complete. In Prose, with Notes and Introduction. 3 vols.

PAUSANIAS' Description of Greece. Trans., with Notes and Index, by Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A., sometime Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols.

PHALARIS. Bentley's Dissertations upon the Epistles of Phalaris, Themistocles, Socrates, Euripides, and the Fables of Æsop. With Introduction and Notes by Prof. W. Wagner, Ph.D.

PINDAR. In Prose, with Introduction and Notes by Dawson W. Turner. Together with the Metrical Version by Abraham Moore. Portrait.

PLATO'S Works. Trans. by Rev. H. Cary, H. Davis, and G. Burges. 6 vols.

—— **Dialogues.** A Summary and Analysis of. With Analytical Index to the Greek text of modern editions and to the above translations, by A. Day, LL.D.

PLAUTUS'S Comedies. In Prose, with Notes by H. T. Riley, B.A. 2 vols.

PLINY'S Natural History. Trans., with Notes, by J. Bostock, M.D., F.R.S., and H. T. Riley, B.A. 6 vols.

PLINY. The Letters of Pliny the Younger. Melmoth's Translation, revised, with Notes and short Life, by Rev. F. C. T. Bosanquet, M.A.

PLUTARCH'S Morals. Theosophical Essays. Trans. by Rev. C. W. King, M.A.

—— **Ethical Essays.** Trans. by Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A.

—— **Lives.** *See page 7.*

PROPERTIUS, The Elegies of. With Notes, translated by Rev. P. J. F. Gantillon, M.A., with metrical versions of Select Elegies by Nott and Elton. 3*s.* 6*d.*

QUINTILIAN'S Institutes of Oratory. Trans., by Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A. 2 vols.

SALLUST, FLORUS, and VELLEIUS Paterculus. Trans., with Notes and Biographical Notices, by J. S. Watson, M.A.

SENECA DE BENEFICIIS. Translated by Aubrey Stewart, M.A. 3*s.* 6*d.*

SENECA'S Minor Essays. Translated by A. Stewart, M.A.

SOPHOCLES. The Tragedies of. In Prose, with Notes, Arguments, and Introduction. Portrait.

STRABO'S Geography. Trans., with Notes, by W. Falconer, M.A., and H. C. Hamilton. Copious Index, giving Ancient and Modern Names. 3 vols.

SUETONIUS' Lives of the Twelve Cæsars and Lives of the Grammarians. The Translation of Thomson, revised, with Notes, by T. Forester.

TACITUS. The Works of. Trans., with Notes. 2 vols.

TERENCE and PHÆDRUS. In English Prose, with Notes and Arguments, by H. T. Riley, B.A. To which is added Smart's Metrical Version of Phædrus. With Frontispiece.

THEOCRITUS, BION, MOSCHUS and Tyrtæus. In Prose, with Notes and Arguments, by Rev. J. Banks, M.A. To which are appended the METRICAL VERSIONS of Chapman. Portrait of Theocritus.

THUCYDIDES. The Peloponnesian War. Trans., with Notes, by Rev. H. Dale. Portrait. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

TYRTÆUS.—*See Theocritus.*

VIRGIL. The Works of. In Prose, with Notes by Davidson. Revised, with additional Notes and Biographical Notice, by T. A. Buckley, B.A. Portrait. 3*s.* 6*d.*

XENOPHON'S Works. Trans., with Notes, by J. S. Watson, M.A., and Rev. H. Dale. Portrait. In 3 vols.

COLLEGIATE SERIES.

10 *Vols. at* 5*s. each.* (2*l.* 10*s. per set.*)

DANTE. The Inferno. Prose Trans., with the Text of the Original on the same page, and Explanatory Notes, by John A. Carlyle, M.D. Portrait.

—— **The Purgatorio.** Prose Trans., with the Original on the same page, and Explanatory Notes, by W. S. Dugdale.

DOBREE'S Adversaria. (Notes on the Greek and Latin Classics.) Edited by the late Prof. Wagner. 2 vols.

DONALDSON (Dr.) The Theatre of the Greeks. With Supplementary Treatise on the Language, Metres, and Prosody of the Greek Dramatists. Numerous Illustrations and 3 Plans. By J. W. Donaldson, D.D.

GOETHE'S Faust. Part I. German Text, with Hayward's Prose Translation and Notes. Revised, with Introduction and Bibliography, by Dr. C. A. Buchheim. [*In the Press.*

KEIGHTLEY'S (Thomas) Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy. Revised by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz. 12 Plates.

HERODOTUS, Notes on. Original and Selected from the best Commentators. By D. W. Turner, M.A. Coloured Map.

—— **Analysis and Summary of,** with a Synchronistical Table of Events—Tables of Weights, Measures, Money, and Distances—an Outline of the History and Geography—and the Dates completed from Gaisford, Baehr, &c. By J. T. Wheeler.

NEW TESTAMENT (The) in Greek. Griesbach's Text, with the Readings of Mill and Scholz, and Parallel References. Also a Critical Introduction and Chronological Tables. Two Fac-similes of Greek Manuscripts. 650 pages. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— or bound up with a Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament (250 pages additional, making in all 900). 5*s.*

The Lexicon separately, 2*s.*

THUCYDIDES. An Analysis and Summary of. With Chronological Table of Events, &c., by J. T. Wheeler.

SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY.

50 *Vols. at* 5*s. each, excepting those marked otherwise.* (13*l.* 6*s.* 0*d. per set.*)

AGASSIZ and GOULD. Outline of Comparative Physiology. Enlarged by Dr. Wright. With Index and 300 Illustrative Woodcuts.

BOLLEY'S Manual of Technical Analysis; a Guide for the Testing and Valuation of the various Natural and Artificial Substances employed in the Arts and Domestic Economy, founded on the work of Dr. Bolley. Edit. by Dr. Paul. 100 Woodcuts.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.

—— **Bell (Sir Charles) on the Hand;** its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, as evincing Design. Preceded by an Account of the Author's Discoveries in the Nervous System by A. Shaw. Numerous Woodcuts.

—— **Kirby on the History, Habits,** and Instincts of Animals. With Notes by T. Rymer Jones. 100 Woodcuts. 2 vols.

—— **Buckland's Geology and Mineralogy.** With Additions by Prof. Owen, Prof. Phillips, and R. Brown. Memoir of Buckland. Portrait. 2 vols. 15*s.* Vol. I. Text. Vol. II. 90 large plates with letterpress.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES. *Continued.*

—— **Chalmers on the Adaptation of** External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man. With Memoir by Rev. Dr. Cumming. Portrait.

—— **Prout's Treatise on Chemistry,** Meteorology, and the Function of Digestion, with reference to Natural Theology Edit. by Dr. J. W. Griffith. 2 Maps.

—— **Roget's Animal and Vegetable** Physiology. 463 Woodcuts. 2 vols. 6*s* each.

—— **Kidd on the Adaptation of External** Nature to the Physical Condition of Man. 3*s.* 6*d.*

CARPENTER'S (Dr. W. B.) Zoology. A Systematic View of the Structure, Habits, Instincts, and Uses of the principal Families of the Animal Kingdom, and of the chief Forms of Fossil Remains. Revised by W. S. Dallas, F.L.S. Numerous Woodcuts. 2 vols. 6*s.* each.

—— **Mechanical Philosophy, Astronomy,** and Horology. A Popular Exposition. 181 Woodcuts.

CARPENTER'S Works.—*Continued.*

— **Vegetable Physiology and Systematic Botany.** A Popular Introduction to the Knowledge of Plants. Revised by E. Lankester, M.D., &c. Numerous Woodcuts. 7s.

— **Animal Physiology.** Revised Edition. Numerous Woodcuts. 7s.

CHEVREUL on Colour. Containing the Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours, and their Application to the Fine Arts: including Painting, Dyeing, Tapestry, Carpets, Mosaics, Calico Printing, Paper Staining, Letterpress Printing, Map Colouring, Inlay, Landscape and Flower Gardening, &c. Trans. by C. Martel. Seventh Edition.

— **Whole Art of Colour.** Second Edition. 7s. 6d.

EMMEMOSER'S History of Magic. Trans. by W. Howitt. With an Appendix of the most remarkable and well authenticated Stories of Apparitions, Dreams, Second Sight, Table Turning, and Spirit-Rapping, &c. 2 vols.

ENCKE'S Introduction to Astronomy. With Vocabulary of the Terms in present use. Numerous Woodcuts. 5s. 6d.

HOGG'S (Jabez) Elements of Experimental and Natural Philosophy. Being an Easy Introduction to the Study of Mechanics, Pneumatics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Acoustics, Optics, Caloric, Electricity, Voltaism, and Magnetism. 400 Woodcuts.

HUMBOLDT'S Cosmos; or, Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. Trans. by E. C. Otté, B. H. Paul, and W. S. Dallas, F.L.S. Portrait. 5 vols. 5s. 6d. each, excepting vol. v., 5s.

— **Personal Narrative of his Travels** in America during the years 1799–1804. Trans., with Notes, by T. Ross. 3 vols.

— **Views of Nature; or, Contemplations of the Sublime Phenomena of Creation,** with Scientific Illustrations. Trans. by E. C. Otté.

HUNT'S (Robert) Poetry of Science; or, Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature. By Robert Hunt, Professor at the School of Mines.

JOYCE'S Scientific Dialogues. A Familiar Introduction to the Arts and Sciences. For Schools and Young People. Numerous Woodcuts.

JOYCE'S Introduction to the Arts and Sciences, for Schools and Young People. Divided into Lessons with Examination Questions. Woodcuts. 5s. 6d.

JUKES-BROWNE'S Student's Handbook of Physical Geology. By A. J. Jukes-Browne, B.A., F.G.S., of the Geological Survey of England and Wales. With numerous Diagrams and Illustrations. 6s.

— **The Student's Handbook of Historical Geology.** By A. J. Jukes-Browne, B.A., F.G.S., of the Geological Survey of England and Wales. With numerous Diagrams and Illustrations. 6s.

— **The Building of the British Islands.** A Study in Geographical Evolution. By A. J. Jukes-Browne, F.G.S. 7s. 6d.

KNIGHT'S (Charles) Knowledge is Power. A Popular Manual of Political Economy.

LILLY. Introduction to Astrology. With a Grammar of Astrology and Tables for calculating Nativities, by Zadkiel.

MANTELL'S (Dr.) Geological Excursions through the Isle of Wight and along the Dorset Coast. Numerous Woodcuts and Geological Map.

— **Petrifactions and their Teachings.** Handbook to the Organic Remains in the British Museum. Numerous Woodcuts. 6s.

— **Wonders of Geology; or, a Familiar Exposition of Geological Phenomena.** A coloured Geological Map of England, Plates, and 200 Woodcuts. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.

SCHOUW'S Earth, Plants, and Man. Popular Pictures of Nature. And Kobell's Sketches from the Mineral Kingdom. Trans. by A. Henfrey, F.R.S. Coloured Map of the Geography of Plants.

SMITH'S (Pye) Geology and Scripture; or, the Relation between the Scriptures and Geological Science. With Memoir.

STANLEY'S Classified Synopsis of the Principal Painters of the Dutch and Flemish Schools, including an Account of some of the early German Masters. By George Stanley.

STAUNTON'S Chess Works.—*See page 21.*

STÖCKHARDT'S Experimental Chemistry. A Handbook for the Study of the Science by simple Experiments. Edit. by C. W. Heaton, F.C.S. Numerous Woodcuts.

URE'S (Dr. A.) Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain, systematically investigated; with an Introductory View of its Comparative State in Foreign Countries. Revised by P. L. Simmonds. 150 Illustrations. 2 vols.

— **Philosophy of Manufactures,** or an Exposition of the Scientific, Moral, and Commercial Economy of the Factory System of Great Britain. Revised by P. L. Simmonds. Numerous Figures. 800 pages. 7s. 6d.

ECONOMICS AND FINANCE.

GILBART'S History, Principles, and Practice of Banking. Revised to 1881 by A. S. Michie, of the Royal Bank of Scotland. Portrait of Gilbart. 2 vols. 10*s.*

RICARDO on the Principles of Political Economy and Taxation. Edited by E. C. K. Gonner, M.A., Lecturer, University College, Liverpool. [*In the press.*

SMITH (Adam). The Wealth of Nations. An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of. Edited by E. Belfort Bax. 2 vols. 7*s.*

REFERENCE LIBRARY.

32 *Volumes at Various Prices.* (8*l.* 18*s. per set.*)

BLAIR'S Chronological Tables. Comprehending the Chronology and History of the World, from the Earliest Times to the Russian Treaty of Peace, April 1856. By J. W. Rosse. 800 pages. 10*s.*

—— **Index of Dates.** Comprehending the principal Facts in the Chronology and History of the World, from the Earliest to the Present, alphabetically arranged; being a complete Index to the foregoing. By J. W. Rosse. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

BOHN'S Dictionary of Quotations from the English Poets. 4th and cheaper Edition. 6*s.*

BOND'S Handy-book of Rules and Tables for Verifying Dates with the Christian Era. 4th Edition. 5*s.*

BUCHANAN'S Dictionary of Science and Technical Terms used in Philosophy, Literature, Professions, Commerce, Arts, and Trades. By W. H. Buchanan, with Supplement. Edited by Jas. A. Smith. 6*s.*

CHRONICLES OF THE TOMBS. A Select Collection of Epitaphs, with Essay on Epitaphs and Observations on Sepulchral Antiquities. By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A. 5*s.*

CLARK'S (Hugh) Introduction to Heraldry. Revised by J. R. Planché. 5*s.* 950 Illustrations.

—— *With the Illustrations coloured,* 15*s.*

COINS, Manual of.—*See Humphreys.*

COOPER'S Biographical Dictionary. Containing concise notices of upwards of 15,000 eminent persons of all ages and countries. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

DATES, Index of.—*See Blair.*

DICTIONARY of Obsolete and Provincial English. Containing Words from English Writers previous to the 19th Century. By Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., &c. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

EPIGRAMMATISTS (The). A Selection from the Epigrammatic Literature of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Times. With Introduction, Notes, Observations, Illustrations, an Appendix on Works connected with Epigrammatic Literature, by Rev. H. Dodd, M.A. 6*s.*

GAMES, Handbook of. Edited by Henry G. Bohn. Numerous Diagrams. 5*s.* (*See also page* 21.)

HENFREY'S Guide to English Coins. Revised Edition, by C. F. Keary, M.A., F.S.A. With an Historical Introduction. 6*s.*

HUMPHREYS' Coin Collectors' Manual. An Historical Account of the Progress of Coinage from the Earliest Time, by H. N. Humphreys. 140 Illustrations. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

LOWNDES' Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature. Containing an Account of Rare and Curious Books published in or relating to Great Britain and Ireland, from the Invention of Printing, with Biographical Notices and Prices, by W. T. Lowndes. Parts I.–X. (A to Z), 3*s.* 6*d.* each. Part XI. (Appendix Vol.), 5*s.* Or the 11 parts in 4 vols., half morocco, 2*l.* 2*s.* Also in 6 vols. cloth, 5*s.* each.

MEDICINE, Handbook of Domestic, Popularly Arranged. By Dr. H. Davies. 700 pages. 5*s.*

NOTED NAMES OF FICTION. Dictionary of. Including also Familiar Pseudonyms, Surnames bestowed on Eminent Men, &c. By W. A. Wheeler, M.A. 5*s.*

POLITICAL CYCLOPÆDIA. A Dictionary of Political, Constitutional, Statistical, and Forensic Knowledge; forming a Work of Reference on subjects of Civil Administration, Political Economy, Finance, Commerce, Laws, and Social Relations. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

PROVERBS, Handbook of. Containing an entire Republication of Ray's Collection, with Additions from Foreign Languages and Sayings, Sentences, Maxims, and Phrases. 5*s.*

—— **A Polyglot of Foreign.** Comprising French, Italian, German, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, and Danish. With English Translations. 5*s.*

SYNONYMS and ANTONYMS; or, Kindred Words and their Opposites, Collected and Contrasted by Ven. C. J. Smith, M.A. 5*s.*

WRIGHT (Th.)—*See Dictionary.*

NOVELISTS' LIBRARY.

13 *Volumes at* 3*s.* 6*d. each, excepting those marked otherwise.* (2*l.* 8*s.* 6*d. per set.*)

BJORNSON'S Arne and the Fisher Lassie. Translated from the Norse with an Introduction by W. H. Low, M.A.

BURNEY'S Evelina; or, a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. By F. Burney (Mme. D'Arblay). With Introduction and Notes by A. R. Ellis, Author of 'Sylvestra,' &c.

—— **Cecilia.** With Introduction and Notes by A. R. Ellis. 2 vols.

DE STAËL. Corinne or Italy. By Madame de Staël. Translated by Emily Baldwin and Paulina Driver.

EBERS' Egyptian Princess. Trans. by Emma Buchheim.

FIELDING'S Joseph Andrews and his Friend Mr. Abraham Adams. With Roscoe's Biography. *Cruikshank's Illustrations.*

—— **Amelia.** Roscoe's Edition, revised. *Cruikshank's Illustrations.* 5*s.*

—— **History of Tom Jones, a Foundling.** Roscoe's Edition. *Cruikshank's Illustrations.* 2 vols.

GROSSI'S Marco Visconti. Trans. by A. F. D.

MANZONI. The Betrothed: being a Translation of 'I Promessi Sposi.' Numerous Woodcuts. 1 vol. 5*s.*

STOWE (Mrs. H. B.) Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. 8 full-page Illustrations.

ARTISTS' LIBRARY.

9 *Volumes at Various Prices.* (2*l.* 8*s.* 6*d. per set.*)

BELL (Sir Charles). The Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression, as Connected with the Fine Arts. 5*s.* Illustrated.

DEMMIN. History of Arms and Armour from the Earliest Period. By Auguste Demmin. Trans. by C. C. Black, M.A., Assistant Keeper, S. K. Museum. 1900 Illustrations. 7*s.* 6*d.*

FAIRHOLT'S Costume in England. Third Edition. Enlarged and Revised by the Hon. H. A. Dillon, F.S.A. With more than 700 Engravings. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.
Vol. I. History. Vol. II. Glossary.

FLAXMAN. Lectures on Sculpture. With Three Addresses to the R.A. by Sir R. Westmacott, R.A., and Memoir of Flaxman. Portrait and 53 Plates. 6*s.*

HEATON'S Concise History of Painting. New Edition, revised by W. Cosmo Monkhouse. 5*s.*

LECTURES ON PAINTING by the Royal Academicians, Barry, Opie, Fuseli. With Introductory Essay and Notes by R. Wornum. Portrait of Fuseli. 5*s.*

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S Treatise on Painting. Trans. by J. F. Rigaud, R.A. With a Life and an Account of his Works by J. W. Brown. Numerous Plates. 5*s.*

PLANCHÉ'S History of British Costume, from the Earliest Time to the 10th Century. By J. R. Planché. 400 Illustrations. 5*s.*

LIBRARY OF SPORTS AND GAMES.

10 *Volumes at* 3*s.* 6*d. and* 5*s. each.* (2*l.* 6*s.* 0*d. per set.*)

BOHN'S Handbooks of Athletic Sports. With numerous Illustrations. In 7 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Vol. I.—Cricket, by Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton; Lawn Tennis, by H. W. W. Wilberforce; Tennis, Rackets, and Fives, by Julian Marshall, Major Spens, and J. A. Tait; Golf, by W. T. Linskill; Hockey, by F. S. Creswell.

Vol. II.—Rowing and Sculling, by W. B. Woodgate; Sailing, by E. F. Knight; Swimming, by M. and J. R. Cobbett.

Vol. III.—Boxing, by R. G. Allanson-Winn; Single Stick and Sword Exercise, by R. G. Allanson-Winn and C. Phillipps-Wolley: Wrestling, by Walter Armstrong; Fencing, by H. A. Colmore Dunn.

Vol. IV.—Skating, by Douglas Adams; Rugby Football, by Harry Vassall; Association Football, by C. W. Alcock. [*In the press.*

Vol. V.—Cycling and Athletics, by H. H. Griffin; Rounders, Field Ball, Baseball, Bowls, Quoits, Skittles, &c., by J. M. Walker, M.A., Assistant Master Bedford Grammar School. [*In the press.*

Vol. VI.—Gymnastics, by A. F. Jenkin; Clubs and Dumb-bells, by G. T. B. Cobbett and A. F. Jenkin. [*In the press.*

Vol. VII.—Riding, Driving, and Stable Management. By W. A. Kerr, V.C., and other writers. [*Preparing.*

BOHN'S Handbooks of Games. New Edition, entirely rewritten. 2 volumes. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Vol. I. TABLE GAMES.

Contents:—Billiards, with Pool, Pyramids, and Snooker, by Major-Gen. A. W. Drayson, F.R.A.S., with a preface by W. J. Peall—Bagatelle, by 'Berkeley'—Chess, by R. F. Green—Draughts, Backgammon, Dominoes, Solitaire, Reversi, Go Bang, Rouge et noir, Roulette, E.O. Hazard, Faro, by 'Berkeley.'

Vol. II. CARD GAMES.

Contents:—Whist, by Dr. William Pole, F.R.S., Author of 'The Philosophy of Whist, &c.'—Solo Whist, by R. F. Green: Piquet, Ecarté, Euchre, Bézique, and Cribbage, by 'Berkeley;' Poker, Loo, Vingt-et-un, Napoleon, Newmarket, Rouge et Noir, Pope Joan, Speculation, &c. &c., by Baxter-Wray.

CHESS CONGRESS of 1862. A collection of the games played. Edited by J. Löwenthal. New edition, 5*s.*

MORPHY'S Games of Chess, being the Matches and best Games played by the American Champion, with explanatory and analytical Notes by J. Löwenthal. With short Memoir and Portrait of Morphy. 5*s.*

STAUNTON'S Chess-Player's Handbook. A Popular and Scientific Introduction to the Game, with numerous Diagrams. 5*s.*

— **Chess Praxis.** A Supplement to the Chess-player's Handbook. Containing the most important modern Improvements in the Openings; Code of Chess Laws; and a Selection of Morphy's Games. Annotated. 636 pages. Diagrams. 5*s.*

— **Chess-Player's Companion.** Comprising a Treatise on Odds, Collection of Match Games, including the French Match with M. St. Amant, and a Selection of Original Problems. Diagrams and Coloured Frontispiece. 5*s.*

— **Chess Tournament of 1851.** A Collection of Games played at this celebrated assemblage. With Introduction and Notes. Numerous Diagrams. 5*s.*

BOHN'S CHEAP SERIES.

Price 1s. *each.*

A Series of Complete Stories or Essays, mostly reprinted from Vols. in Bohn's Libraries, and neatly bound in stiff paper cover, with cut edges, suitable for Railway Reading.

ASCHAM (Roger). Scholemaster. By Professor Mayor.

CARPENTER (Dr. W. B.). Physiology of Temperance and Total Abstinence.

EMERSON. England and English Characteristics. Lectures on the Race, Ability, Manners, Truth, Character, Wealth, Religion. &c. &c.

—— **Nature:** An Essay. To which are added Orations, Lectures, and Addresses.

—— **Representative Men:** Seven Lectures on PLATO, SWEDENBORG, MONTAIGNE, SHAKESPEARE, NAPOLEON, and GOETHE.

—— **Twenty Essays on Various Subjects.**

—— **The Conduct of Life.**

FRANKLIN (Benjamin). Autobiography. Edited by J. Sparks.

HAWTHORNE (Nathaniel). Twice-told Tales. Two Vols. in One.

—— **Snow Image,** and Other Tales.

—— **Scarlet Letter.**

—— **House with the Seven Gables.**

—— **Transformation;** or the Marble Fawn. Two Parts.

HAZLITT (W.). Table-talk: Essays on Men and Manners. Three Parts.

—— **Plain Speaker:** Opinions on Books, Men, and Things. Three Parts.

—— **Lectures on the English Comic** Writers.

—— **Lectures on the English Poets.**

—— **Lectures on the Characters of** Shakespeare's Plays.

—— **Lectures on the Literature of** the Age of Elizabeth, chiefly Dramatic.

IRVING (Washington). Lives of Successors of Mohammed.

—— **Life of Goldsmith.**

—— **Sketch-book.**

—— **Tales of a Traveller.**

—— **Tour on the Prairies.**

—— **Conquests of Granada and** Spain. Two Parts.

—— **Life and Voyages of Columbus.** Two Parts.

—— **Companions of Columbus:** Their Voyages and Discoveries.

—— **Adventures of Captain Bonneville** in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West.

—— **Knickerbocker's History of New** York, from the beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty.

—— **Tales of the Alhambra.**

—— **Conquest of Florida under Hernando** de Soto.

—— **Abbotsford & Newstead Abbey.**

—— **Salmagundi;** or, The Whim-Whams and Opinions of LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, Esq.

—— **Bracebridge Hall;** or, The Humourists.

—— **Astoria;** or, Anecdotes of an Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains.

—— **Wolfert's Roost,** and other Tales.

LAMB (Charles). Essays of Elia. With a Portrait.

—— **Last Essays of Elia.**

—— **Eliana.** With Biographical Sketch.

MARRYAT (Captain). Pirate and the Three Cutters. With a Memoir of the Author.

Bohn's Select Library of Standard Works.

Price 1*s.* in paper covers, and 1*s.* 6*d.* in cloth.

1. BACON'S ESSAYS. With Introduction and Notes.
2. LESSING'S LAOKOON. Beasley's Translation, revised, with Introduction, Notes, &c., by Edward Bell, M.A. With Frontispiece.
3. DANTE'S INFERNO. Translated, with Notes, by Rev. H. F. Cary.
4. GOETHE'S FAUST. Part I. Translated, with Introduction, by Anna Swanwick.
5. GOETHE'S BOYHOOD. Being Part I. of the Autobiography. Translated by J. Oxenford.
6. SCHILLER'S MARY STUART and THE MAID OF ORLEANS. Translated by J. Mellish and Anna Swanwick.
7. THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH. By the late Dean Alford.
8. LIFE AND LABOURS OF THE LATE THOMAS BRASSEY. By Sir A. Helps, K.C.B.
9. PLATO'S DIALOGUES: The Apology—Crito—Phaedo—Protagoras. With Introductions.
10. MOLIÈRE'S PLAYS: The Miser—Tartuffe—The Shopkeeper turned Gentleman. Translated by C. H. Walt, M.A. With brief Memoir.
11. GOETHE'S REINEKE FOX, in English Hexameters. By A. Rogers.
12. OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S PLAYS.
13. LESSING'S PLAYS: Nathan the Wise—Minna von Barnhelm.
14. PLAUTUS'S COMEDIES: Trinummus — Menaechmi — Aulularia — Captivi.
15. WATERLOO DAYS. By C. A. Eaton. With Preface and Notes by Edward Bell.
16. DEMOSTHENES—ON THE CROWN. Translated by C. Rann Kennedy.
17. THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.
18. OLIVER CROMWELL. By Dr. Reinhold Pauli.
19. THE PERFECT LIFE. By Dr. Channing. Edited by his nephew, Rev. W. H. Channing.
20. LADIES IN PARLIAMENT, HORACE AT ATHENS, and other pieces, by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart.
21. DEFOE'S THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.
22. IRVING'S LIFE OF MAHOMET.
23. HORACE'S ODES, by various hands. [*Out of Print.*
24. BURKE'S ESSAY ON 'THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.' With Short Memoir.
25. HAUFF'S CARAVAN.
26. SHERIDAN'S PLAYS.
27. DANTE'S PURGATORIO. Translated by Cary.
28. HARVEY'S TREATISE ON THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD
29. CICERO'S FRIENDSHIP AND OLD AGE.
30. DANTE'S PARADISO. Translated by Cary.

THE NEW WEBSTER.

AN ENTIRELY NEW EDITION,
Thoroughly Revised, considerably Enlarged, and reset in new type from beginning to end.

2118 PAGES. 3500 ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRICES: *Cloth, £1 11s. 6d.; Sheep, £2 2s.; Half Russia, £2 5s.; Calf, £2 8s.*

Editorial work upon this revision has been in active progress for over **10 years.**
Not less than **100** editorial labourers have been engaged upon it.
Over **60,000***l.* was expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed.
Webster is the Standard in our Postal Telegraph Department.
Webster is the Standard in the U.S. Government Printing Office.
The *Times* said of the last edition: 'It has all along kept a leading position.'
The *Quarterly Review* said: 'Certainly the best practical dictionary extant.'
The *Lord Chief Justice of England* said: 'I have looked, so that I may not go wrong, at WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, a work of the greatest learning, research, and ability.'
The *Chief Justice of the U.S.A.* said: 'I have used and relied on WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY for many years, and entirely concur in the general commendation it has received.'

The only Authorised and Complete Edition.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 03075 4041

828
J690
B7
1889
v.4

Boswell

The life of Samuel

Johnson

Alice Gabriel
1214 Hill

R Olsen
1924 Lorrain